THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
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JULY 15, 1911

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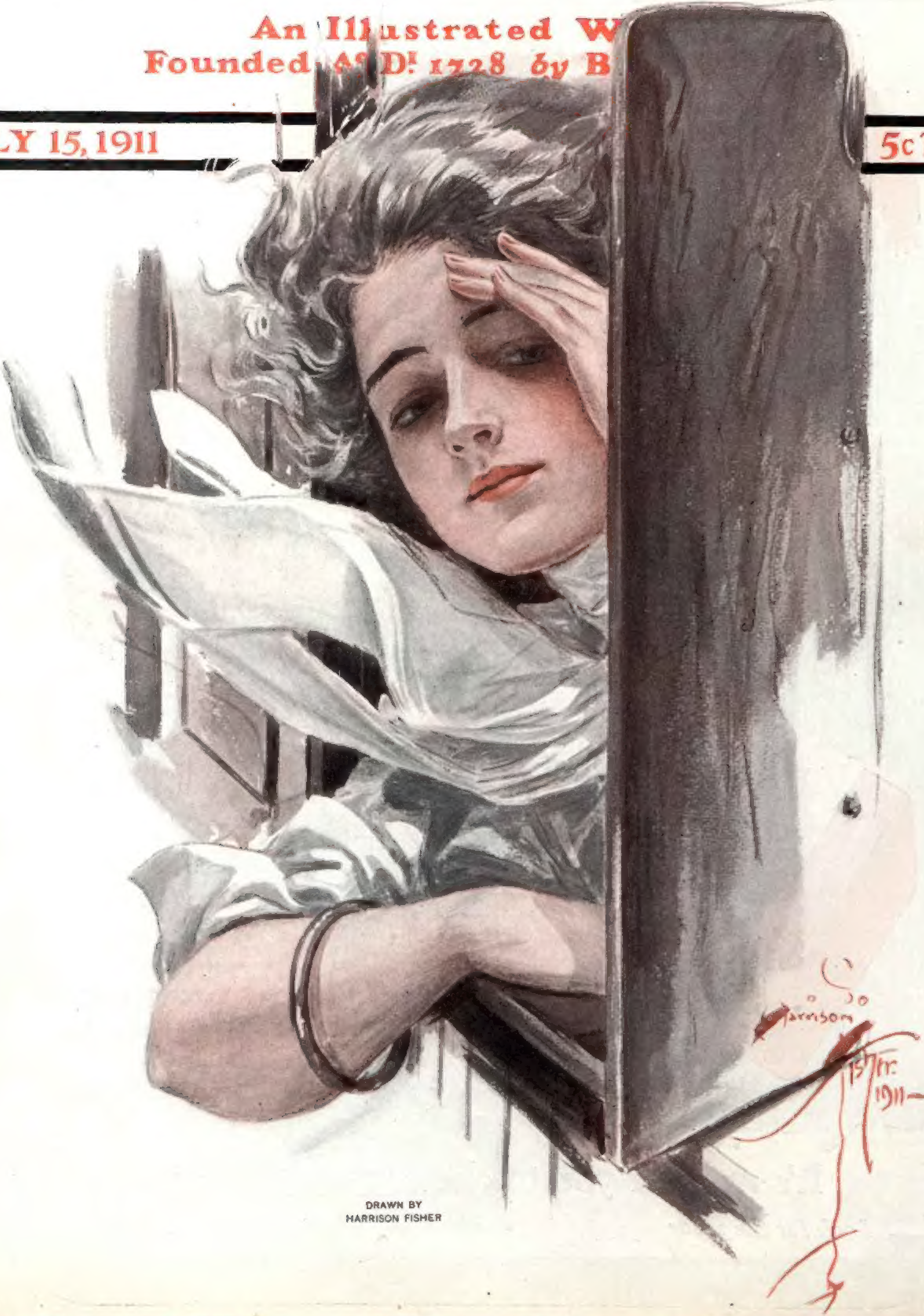
Harrison Fisher 1911

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly

"How many times a day do you chew SPEARMINT?"

"Once! I start mornings and stop evenings!"

"I could do it all night if I wanted to, 'cause the flavor lasts longer'n I can chew!"

WRIGLEY'S
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THE FLAVOR LASTS
THE FLAVOR LASTS
Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co.
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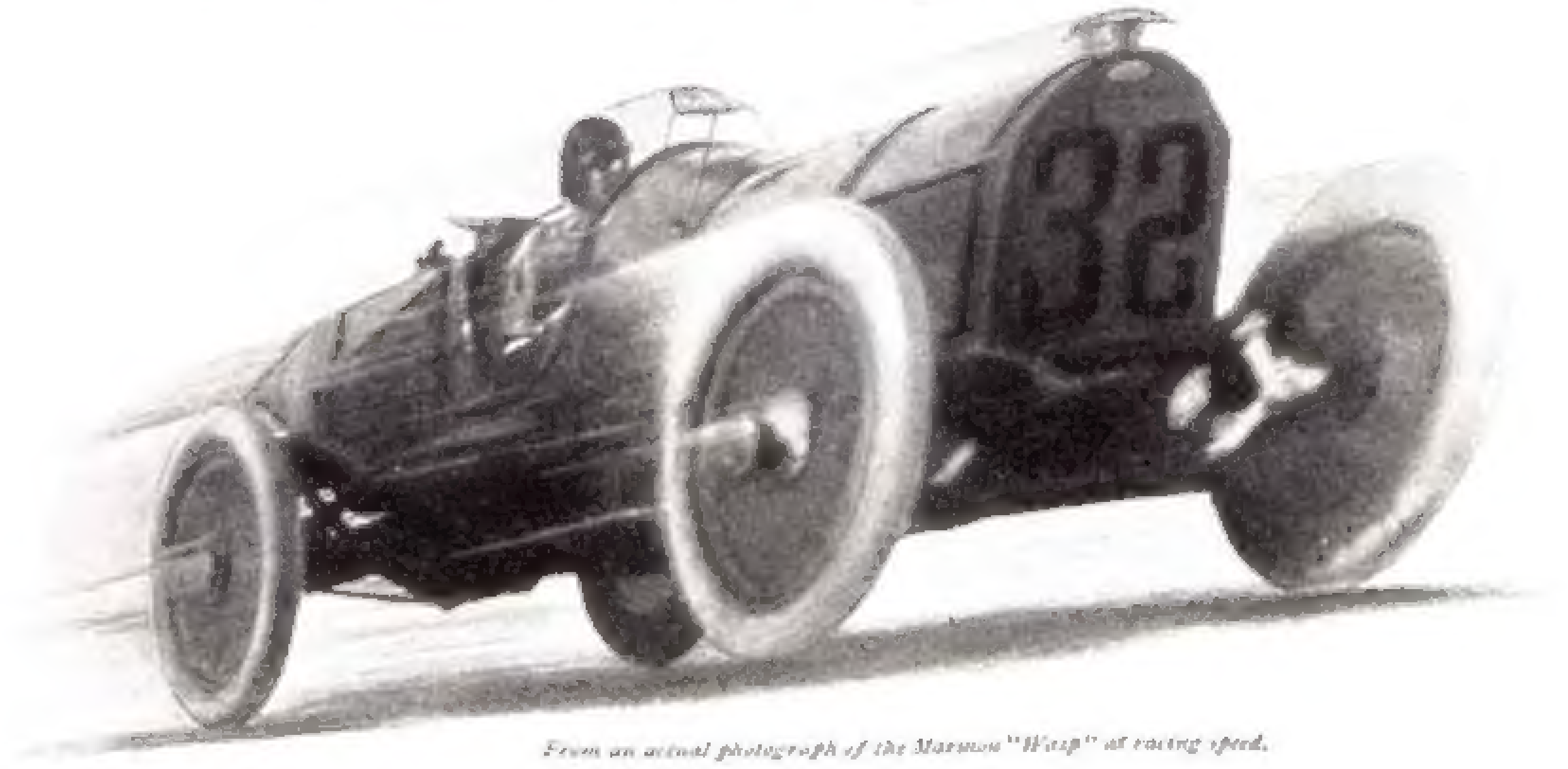
This helpful tid-bit purifies breath immediately.
Whitens teeth, too.

It's *well* for you to chew SPEARMINT

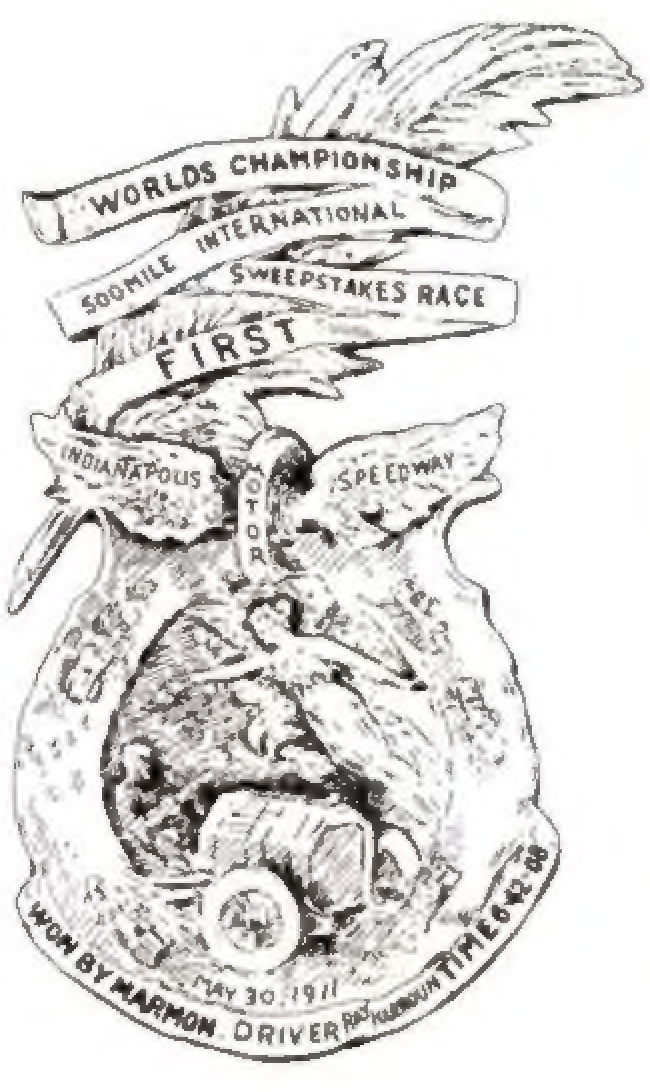
Look for the spear *The flavor lasts*

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



From an actual photograph of the Marmon "Wasp" at racing speed.



Oft-Proved Supremacy Among the World's Best

The Marmon won the world's championship by going 500 miles at the savage, record-breaking pace of 74.61 miles per hour. Had the Marmon won but this race, it might be attributed to chance, but when one make of car, repeatedly wins the lion's share of the great races, it may justly claim the credit due to correct design, intelligent selection of materials and unsurpassed workmanship.

The Speed Combat of the Ages

The flower of motordom gathered on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30th, to participate in the greatest speed tourney in history. Among the forty cars that faced the starter were the finest creations produced by the world's foremost motor manufacturers, driven by the most famous of drivers. Among them were:

Car	*Driver*	*Car*	*Driver*	*Car*	*Driver*
Benz	Burman	Pope-Hartford	Fox	Simplex	De Palma
Benz	Knipper	Pope-Hartford	Disbrow	National	Aitken
Fiat	Bruce-Brown	Knox	Belcher	National	Merz
Fiat	Bragg	Lozier	Tetzlaff	National	Wilcox
Fiat	Hearne	Lozier	Mulford	Marquette-Buick	L. Chevrolet
Mercedes	Wishart	Simplex	Beardsley	Marquette-Buick	A. Chevrolet
Alco	Grant				

Two Marmons participated, one (Harroun driving) winning first and the other (Dawson driving) taking fifth place. How fierce the competition was may be judged when it required almost 75 miles per hour for 500 miles to win. The Marmon system of lubrication, perfect ignition, efficient cooling, entire absence of mechanical trouble and remarkable ease on tires due to well balanced, easy riding qualities, were factors in the Marmon success. Harroun made

500 Miles in 402 Min. 8 Sec.

Do you realize that this is *faster than the world's fastest trains*; though they move on smooth steel tracks with flanged wheels to hold them on? In other words, to paraphrase Arthur Brisbane, the noted editorial writer: Harroun, driving his Marmon "Wasp" at the same rate of speed on the open road, would have run from New York to Chicago in thirteen hours, cutting five hours off the best time the finest and fastest trains make. From New York to San Francisco his time at this rate would have been 44 hours. The best railroad time is 105 hours.

And at that the Marmon "Wasp" was never pushed to the limit of its speed at any stage of the race. Think of the marvelous perfection of machinery that will endure this terrific pace for 500 miles. Think of the wonderful tire economy. Only four tire changes. Three of the original tires lasted through the entire race. And then remember that *every Marmon* is as well and as carefully made, as easy on tires, as the winning Marmon "Wasp."

The Long Distance Records

Among the many records held by the Marmon car are:

500 Mile—World's Speedway Record—Regardless of Class—402 min. 8 sec.

400 Mile—World's Speedway Record—Regardless of Class—323 min. 15 sec.

300 Mile—American Speedway Record—Regardless of Class—241 min. 25 sec.

Some of the Other Marmon Victories

The victorious Marmon won more long and important races during the season of 1909-10 than any other make of car. Among them were: the Cobe Trophy Race—200 miles in 163½ minutes; the Wheeler-Schebler Trophy Race—200 miles in 166½ minutes; Atlanta Speedway Trophy—200 miles in 182½ minutes; Atlanta A. A. Trophy—120 miles in 109½ minutes; Los Angeles Motordrome—148 miles in 2 hours; Los Angeles Motordrome—100 miles in 85⅓ minutes; Savannah Challenge Race—276.08 miles in 263⅔ minutes; City of Atlanta Race—200 miles in 171 1-5 minutes; Kane County, Elgin Road Race—167 miles in 184¾ minutes; Los Angeles Motordrome—100 miles in 76⅛ minutes; Vanderbilt-Wheatley Hills, 1909—189.6 miles in 190⅓ minutes; Vanderbilt 1910, Second place (Donor's Trophy) only 25 seconds behind first car—278.08 miles in 256⅓ minutes.

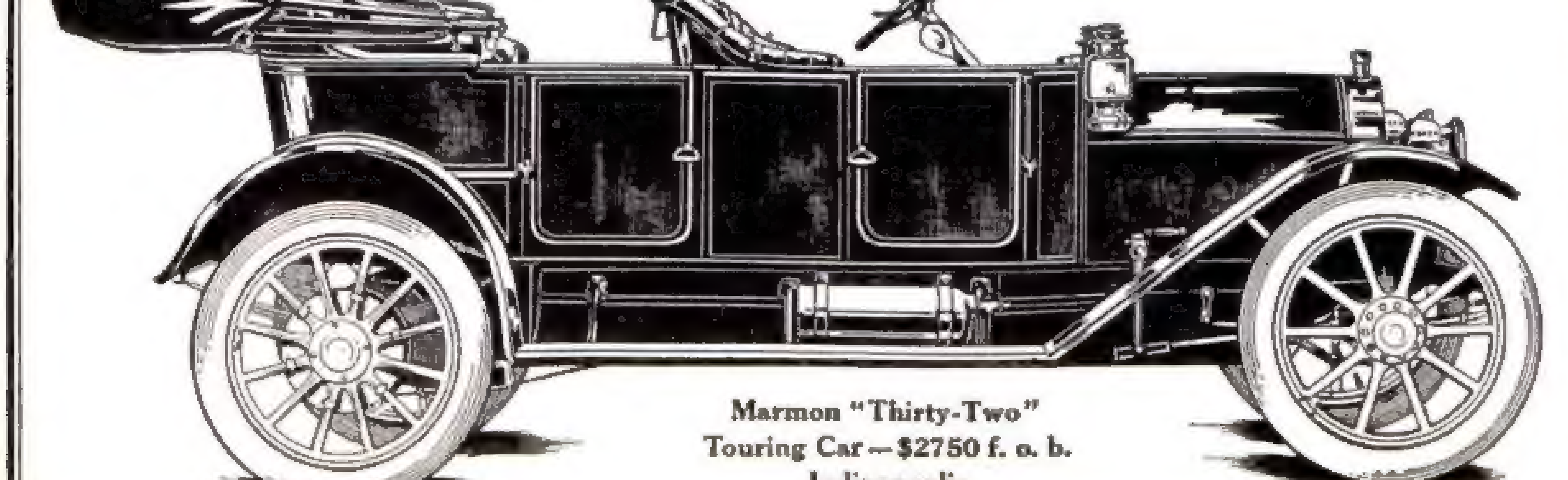
The Severest Test of All

Automobile racing, clean and attractive sport though it be, has a higher purpose than mere sport. No other test will search out a weakness of construction, a flaw of material or a mistake of design so surely, so quickly as the terrific strain of top speed. Racing, more than any other factor, has brought about the marvelous mechanical perfection of the motor car within a decade.

The car that will endure the tremendous strain of speed above 70 miles per hour, not merely for a few miles but for hundreds of miles, *must* be *good*—and a dozen cars proved good enough to finish in this great race. All honor to their makers! Even had the Marmon lost, instead of winning, this institution would still have been proud to be classed in such company.

What It Proves

Most of the Marmon's victories in long races have been won without a stop from any cause. Nearly all of them have been won by regular four-cylinder motor stock chasses. The Marmon "Wasp" winning this great International Sweepstakes race and also the Wheeler-Schebler Trophy Race was a six cylinder car of only 48 H. P. The chassis, with very slight alterations, and the motor, aside from the crankshaft and crankcase, were made up of the regular Marmon production of parts. Therefore, its performance, in conjunction with the numerous victories of the Marmon stock chassis in long races, affords most convincing proof of the thorough correctness of Marmon design, the superiority of Marmon materials and the uniform excellence of Marmon construction throughout.



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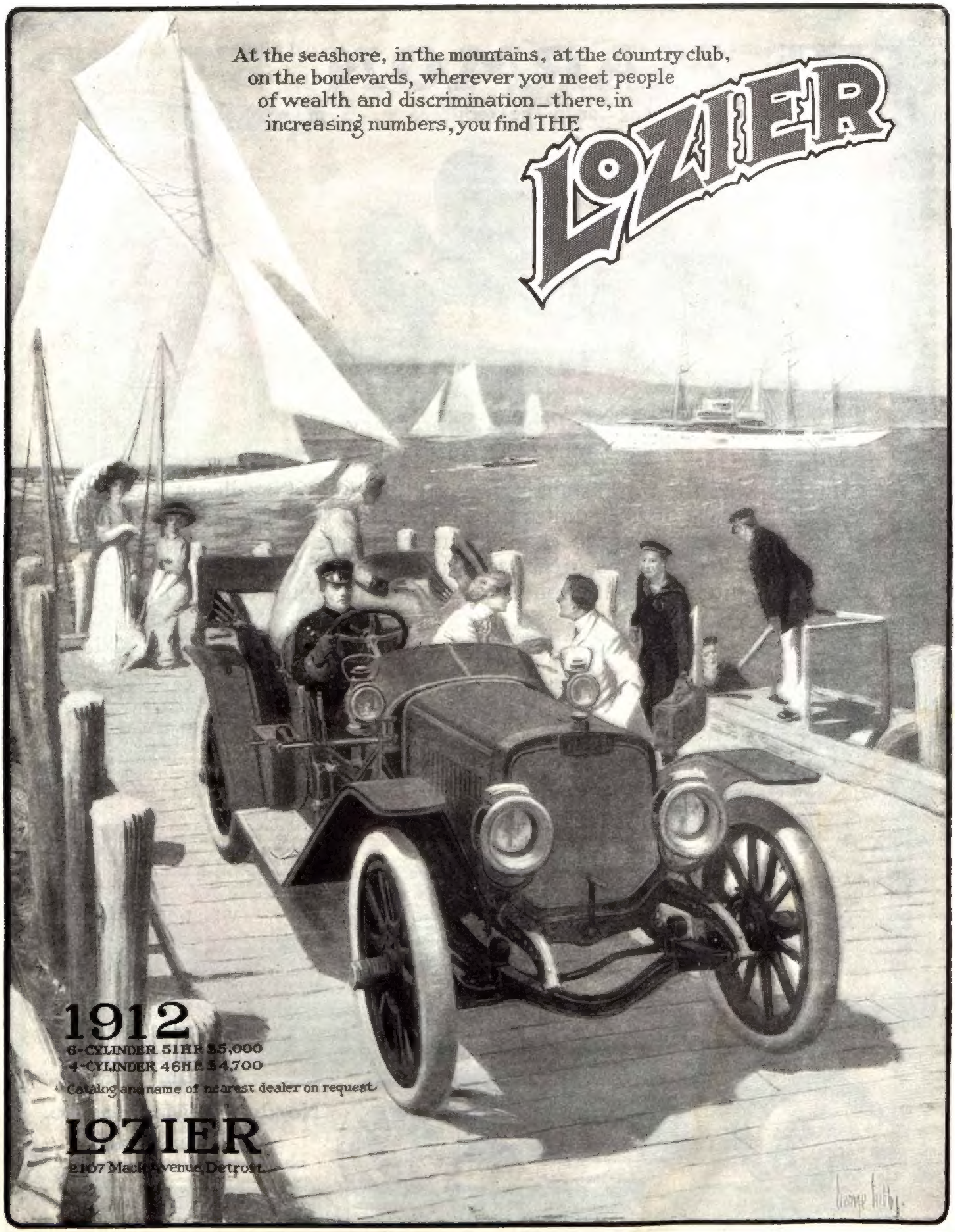

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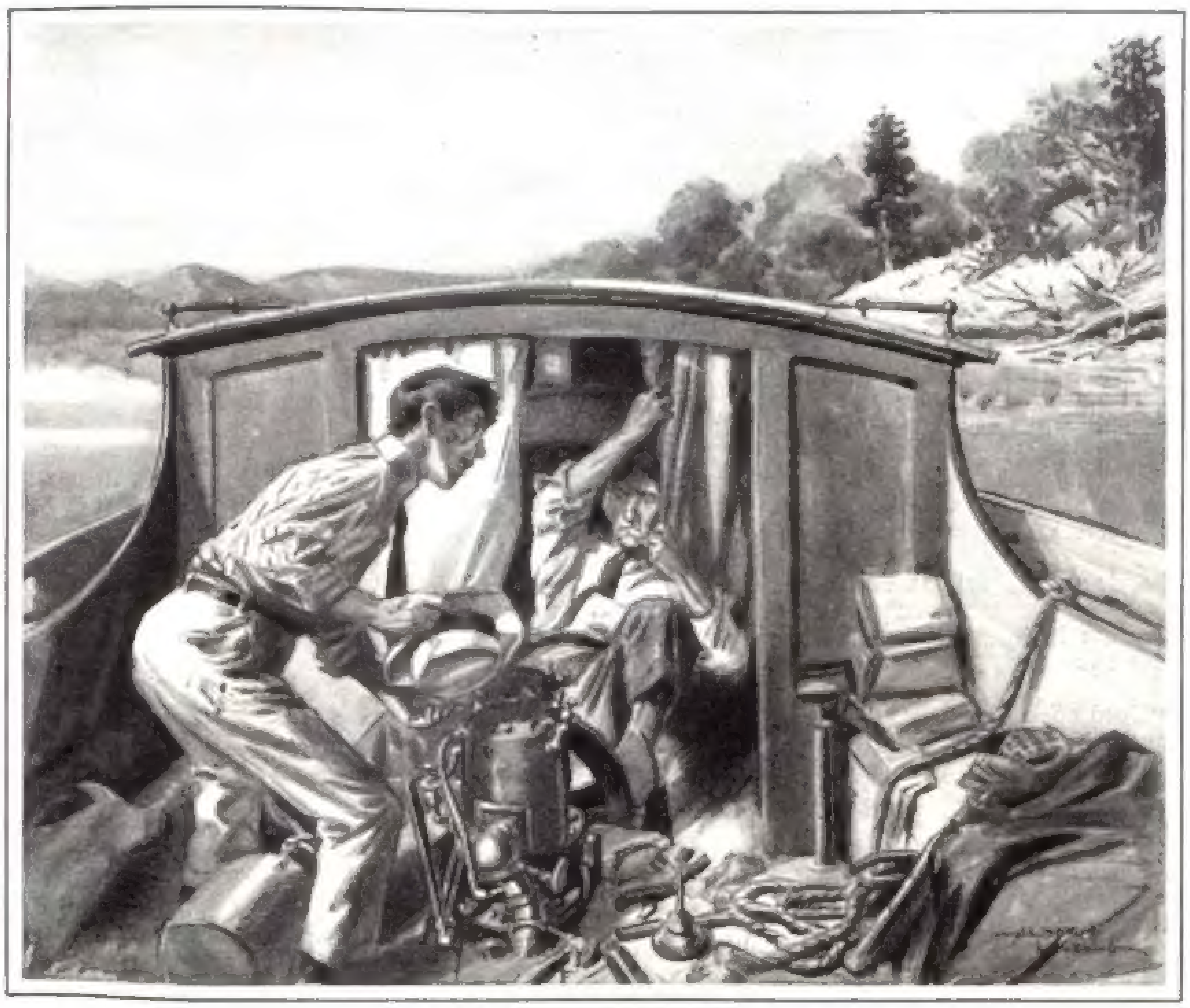
How I Learned to Run a Motor Boat

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING

ONE June evening, a few years ago, when I was sitting on my porch with peace in my soul and nothing to do in the golden future but work and rest and ride the whirling earth contentedly on into old age, a friend of mine, Doc Wright by name, came around and persuaded me to buy a half-interest in the motor boat "Imp."

Doc Wright, by the way, is absurdly named. He is a human compendium of misinformation on everything worth talking about. He has never been anything but wrong on everything we have discussed. This has been our only disagreement in an otherwise perfect friendship. I like Doc through and through. I like him so well that I would lend him money and dodge him if I felt that he couldn't afford to pay it back. We agree perfectly on everything but the simple fact that he is never right on anything. When it comes to this he is as stubborn as a mule. He won't admit it. We have argued it for hours. Time and again I have pointed out to him the utter pifflishness of his political views, his taste in art, his opinions on short stories and his theories on putting. But you can't tell a chap of this sort anything that will stick. All the thanks I have ever got from him have been in the shape of gratuitous insults regarding my own opinions. I never saw such a man.



"You Go to Thunder!" Said I. "She May Start Again"

When Wright asked me to go in with him and buy a motor boat which the owner was willing to part with for three hundred dollars, including tools, good-will and all the language necessary to run her, I laughed in his face.

"You'd make a fine motor-boat skipper," I said to him. "Nature designed you intellectually to chauffeur a vacuum cleaner. If you ever got into a motor boat you'd get confused and drown yourself in gasoline."

Just as usual, Doc couldn't take a friendly suggestion. He flared up in a minute. "That's a nice thing to take from you," he snorted. "I want you to know that when I want any information about motor boats I'll not come to you. I'll go to my little boy. He's never seen one, but he's a better authority than you. Why, man, kitchen pumps are beyond your mechanical horizon. What I want you to do is to pay half the cost of this boat and watch me run it. If you show aptitude I'll let you hold the steering wheel sometimes. But I doubt if you'll ever be equal to the job."

"Thanks," I said grimly. "I'll run that boat myself. I happen to know something like forty times as much about motor boats as you do. You give me a good easy boat with a two-phase rudder and I'll get as much speed out of her as the next fellow."

I could see that that impressed him, but he wouldn't admit it. "Rats!" he snorted. "You'd starve to death in a motor boat fifty feet from shore. If any one gave you a cross-compound spark plug you'd try to shave with it. I tell you I'll run the boat. Boats are a bore to me, but I want to get out in the air more. And I want you to get out too. Mooning around the library as you do, trying to look up all the words I stick you on from day to day is making you hump-shouldered."

We had a good deal of conversation along this line and, though I had never been near enough to a motor boat to hit it with a brick, I flattered myself that I bluffed him pretty well off his feet. That's a sad thing about Doc. When he does know something you can persuade him in half an hour that he doesn't. I was so well pleased with myself after he had shut up that I gave him a check for one hundred and fifty dollars and told him to go and buy the boat—which he did the next day.

During the following week I also gave my checks for various amounts for a gallon of paint and a bushel of fittings; for new batteries and a caulking bill; for hauling the boat down to the water and tying her up to a stout float; for polishing her brass, and putting new engines in, and replacing the hull, and enlarging the lake on the east side, and varnishing the fifth congressional district and soaking Pike's Peak in gasoline. I had worn out one checkbook and had started on another when Saturday a terrible thing happened. The docktender, who was doing the spending for us, was seized with emotional insanity. It was a sad case. They told me afterward that he was determined to break all his previous records for stuffing repairs into a boat, but that just as success was in his grasp his mind gave way under the strain and he declared that she didn't need a single thing for years to come. Then, of course, they knew he was crazy and took him away.

This threw a gloom over the whole affair; and, as there was no use of waiting for any more repairs, we decided to run the boat. I didn't know any more about motor boats than I did about Sanskrit, but I thought I could let Wright start the thing and I could pick up the necessary points while criticising him. We got away early on Saturday afternoon and went down to the dock to take the Imp out and run her up the lake about twenty miles for a duck supper.

I had never seen the Imp up to this time and I must confess I was a little disappointed. From the repairs we had put into her I had got the idea that she had been an ocean liner cut down a little to fit the river. But she wasn't at all. She was a sharp-nosed little affair about twenty-five feet long, with a sort of roof over the engine and an automobile steering wheel with seats for two behind it. She didn't look big enough by about three hundred tons to me, but I never express any doubts to Wright. It doesn't pay. He sits on them and hatches them into panics. We found the Imp lying alongside the dock, and while Wright was casting off the ropes I sat down and took the wheel in my hands.

"Where's the brake?" I asked of the dockkeeper's assistant, who was standing on the dock with a band of crêpe on his arm.

"The brake?" he repeated.

"Yes, the brake," I said. "You don't suppose I want to run this boat full tilt all over the lake in a crowd without a brake, do you?"

"You don't need a brake," he said after some time. "You need a nurse."

I got up to step ashore and kill him, when I noticed that we had left the dock. Wright had untied the boat and was now crawling toward the engine over the deck ahead. I grasped the wheel, pulled my cap down over my eyes to get ready for the rush of wind, and called to Wright to crank her.

"All right," said Wright in a sort of moody voice, "as soon as I find the crank."

He squeezed his way past the engine into the cubby-hole in which it was located and pawed about in a manner that was exasperating to me. When I issue an order on board ship I want it to be carried out, and right away at that. I made a lot of trouble on a Mississippi River steamboat once because an order of mine was neglected. I wanted a cup of coffee. When the waiter forgot it I carried the case clear to the captain. I'm a stern man in many ways, and it's dangerous to cross me.

I sat with that wheel in my hands while we tossed gently in the ripples and Wright looked in the tool box, the oil can, the lantern and in other unlikely places for that crank. I stood it for about three minutes. Then I unlimbered.

"You misplaced deckhand," said I kindly, "will you please start that engine? Or perhaps you didn't know it was an engine. Perhaps it isn't. You'd be just the man to have a cream separator palmed off on you for an engine. If you think you're going to find that crank in your vest pocket I can tell you now you're mistaken. A crank is a long crooked thing that you use to turn an engine over. An engine is a thingumajig that runs the boat. A boat is something that floats on the water like a duck. If you think you can make a boat go by messing around the oil cans and wiping your hands on your pocket handkerchief, you've got another think coming."

"Shut up," said Wright, with what seemed to me to be very little spirit. "I never ran a boat with a poll parrot in it yet and I don't want to now. If you have to talk, go and talk in the gasoline tank. That will be cheaper than buying gas."

"Are you going to start this engine?" I asked politely.

"How do I know?" said Wright. "If a sneak thief wants to come along and steal this crank, how am I going to help it? There's no crank here. Did you do anything with it?"

"There was a thing that looked like the handle of an ice-cream freezer here on the seat when I got in," I said: "I threw it out on the dock. It was taking up room that I needed to sit on."

Wright crawled out and waved his arms in the air until I counted as many as half a dozen of them at a time. "Of all the triple-expansion prehistoric lunatics in captivity you are the prize," he shrieked. "That was the crank. I remember now, I put it there myself. Why didn't you throw yourself out and leave the crank in the boat? That crank has more sense than you'll ever have."

This irritated me, and besides I didn't believe it was the crank. I know a crank when I see it. It is a pendulous affair that hangs from the lower lip of an automobile. It is carnivorous and hits beginners on the head when they trifle with it, but it doesn't roam around hunting for them. At any rate, I wasn't going to take anything from Doc Wright. So I braced right up and fired back at him.

"I suppose you aren't man enough to start it without a crank," I said sarcastically. "Some skippers have to have a crank and a lever and a team of horses and a legal adviser to start a motor boat. Others use a pinch of brains. Can you spare any?"

Wright stood up and looked at me with perfectly annihilating scorn. "Some people don't know the difference between a bi-cycle and a tri-cycle engine," he hissed. "But that doesn't prevent them from giving advice. Have you any more ignorance to display?"

I considered a minute. I can almost always tell when Wright is bluffing, but I didn't want to go wrong this time. Finally I decided to call him. "Well," said I, "this is the first bi-cycle engine I ever saw with the flywheel in front. But then, perhaps they make them different at your house."

"'Tain't a bi-cycle engine, it's a tri-cycle engine," said Wright viciously.

"Then," said I triumphantly, "why has it got two cylinders? Bi, my boy, is Sanskrit for two—*zwei*, you know." I held up two fingers.

It was a glorious victory. Wright wiped off his hand again in silence. "If you know so much about engines, come and start this one," he said. "Some people could run a gasoline engine a thousand miles an hour if their tongues could stand the strain. If you don't need a crank come and start this one with your fountain-pen."

"Certainly," said I, feeling just as confident as a man who has been billed to swim up Niagara Falls. "It gives me pleasure to accommodate you. I thought that after a while you'd get tired of exposing your ignorance and would turn the job over to a man who knows a gasoline engine from a gasoline stove. You just come right back here and sit down. And don't touch the steering wheel either. A good many lives are lost because children and women and things like you get to fooling with steering wheels."

Wright glared at me in a way that was warming to my soul. I didn't have the slightest idea how to start the fool thing, but now that I had him on the run I proposed to keep him there as long as possible. After I had worked a while I could sprain a wrist or something and then he could start it.

Anyway I had bluffed out a man familiar with machinery and had made him go back to the stern and hold on with both hands, and I felt as proud as a brand-new Democratic congressman. I squeezed in past the engine and cleared things around in a businesslike manner. Did you ever see the engine of a motor boat at rest when you didn't know how to start it? It is the coldest, deadest, most dishearteningly indifferent piece of machinery that was ever invented. This one had two cylinders, with a hedge of wires, pipes, hose, springs, nuts, elbows, oilcups and other débris around it. It stood in a small lake of grease. Half a wagonload of tools, fittings and rope were piled around where you couldn't help falling over them. I would just as soon have tried to start a pyramid. But the worst of it was that I was afraid, if I fooled around it too much, I might start it. What to do with it after it once started was a paralyzing puzzle to me. I cleared the junk away while Wright sat in the stern and sulked. "It's lucky you didn't start this thing," I called out, just to keep him under my feet. "You've piled tools all over it. Some people like to have a flywheel throw wrenches and things through their legs, but I've got a prejudice against it."

"Aw, shut up and start it!" said Wright in his most satisfactory tones. There was an oil can handy, and I squirted some oil wherever I thought it would do the most good. I unscrewed everything that would unscrew and then screwed everything up again very carefully. I twiddled a couple of levers and went back to the steering wheel and set the levers I found there exactly on the spot. What spot it was I didn't have the slightest idea. I could see, however, that Wright was immensely impressed. Up to a certain point I believe I could handle even a locomotive in an expert-appearing manner. But I wouldn't tackle it unless the engine was chained to the track.

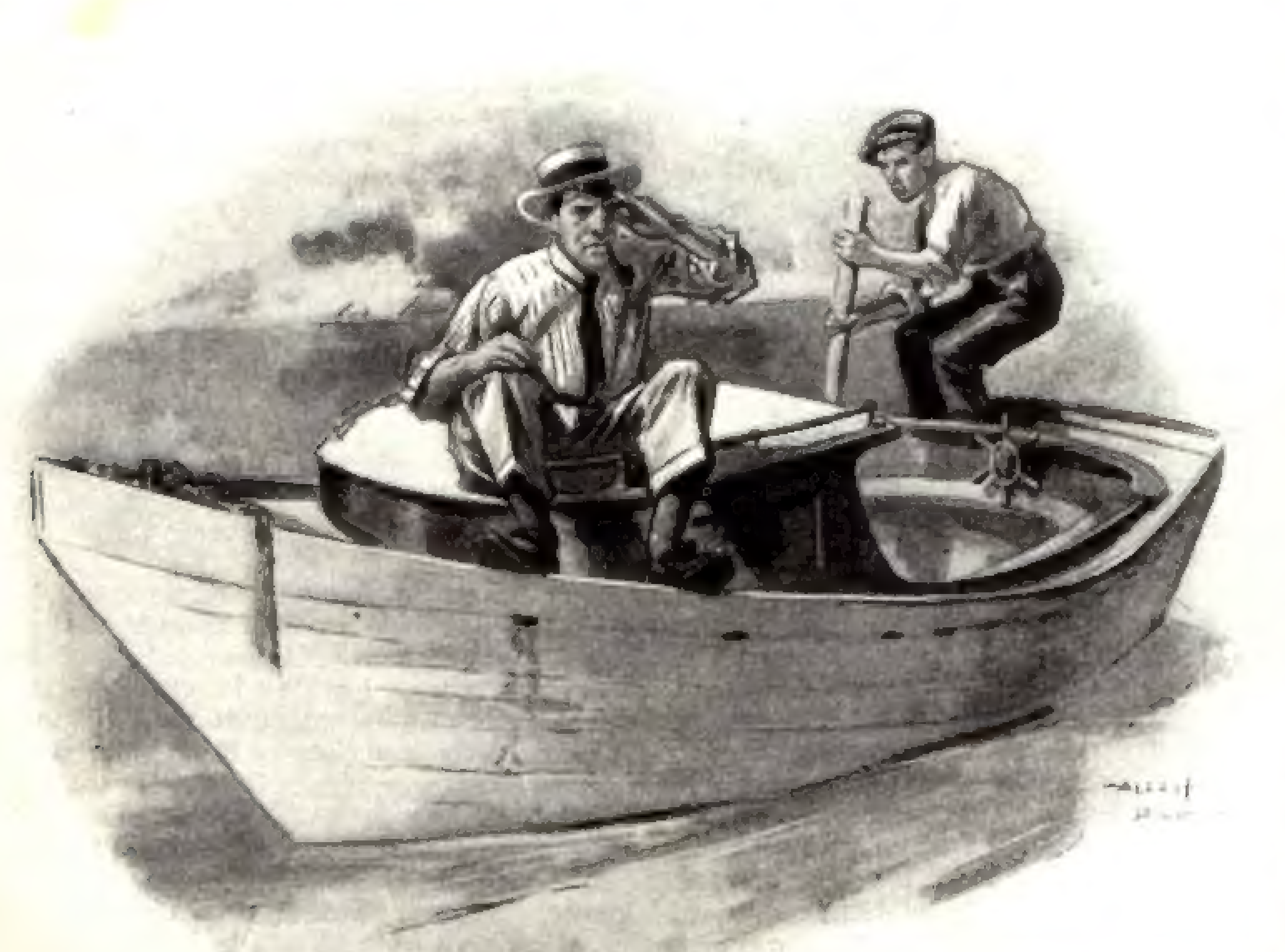
After I had adjusted the steering wheel and looked over the side of the boat, and had coiled up the ropes and looked in the gasoline tank I ran out of things to do and began unscrewing the bolts again. Presently I found Wright glaring at me.

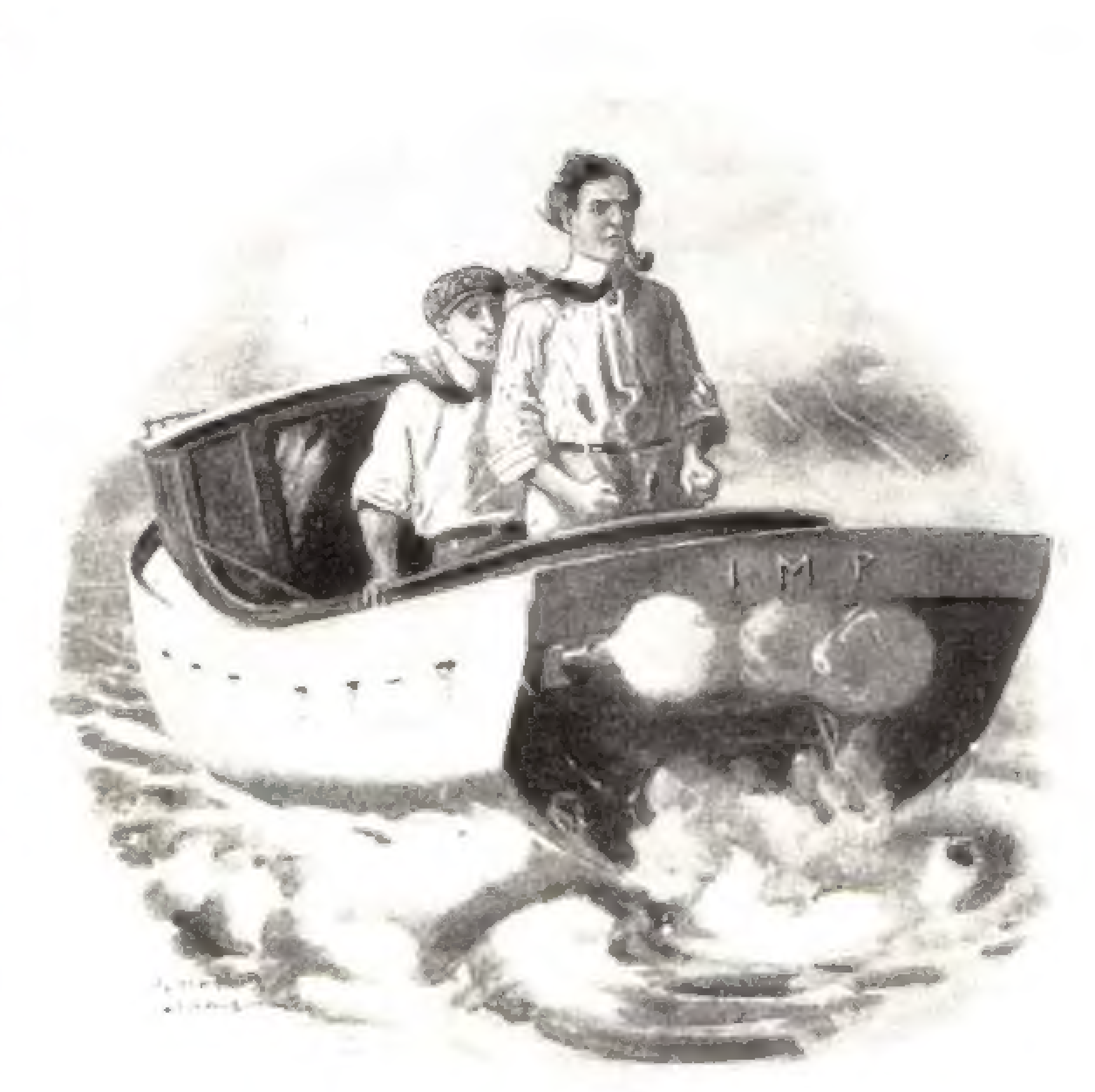
"Some people use an engine to run a boat and some people use it to practice on with a monkey-wrench," he said sarcastically. "After you've screwed all those screws up once more you might take the flag off and nail it on again. We're in no hurry. We're making pretty good progress anyway."

I looked at the shore. We had drifted down a quarter of a mile. A skiff with a one-lunged engine in it was bearing down on us. "Want a tow?" the owner asked.

"No," I answered, "we're just resting."

The navigator looked at me curiously and went on. I turned to Wright. "Now, if you will get out of the way," I said, "I'll start this boat. Some potato raisers would start an engine without going over the bolts, but no one who has ever seen a piece of machinery except in the back of a dictionary would think of doing it."


"At the Rate You're Moving Us," Said Doc, "I Figure That We'll Get to Shore Just in Time to Vote Next November"


Go Home Backward We Did

"Slush," said Wright. "Go ahead and start it. We'll drift out of this state if you don't stop talking and get busy."

I had a wild idea that maybe I could turn the flywheel over by hand fast enough to start the engine. I rolled up my sleeves, wiggled everything movable in a businesslike manner and gave a mighty heave at the wheel. It moved over about six inches. I gave another and got it halfway over. I braced myself sideways, took hold of it with both hands and put all the vim of my vigorous young nature into a titanic pull. There was a snapping, ripping sound. For a minute my heart stood still for fear the thing had started. But no. It was only two suspender buttons. I got up to repair the damages.

"Some people try to start a motor boat as if they were moving a piano," said Wright meditatively. "You better wait until I screw that engine down tighter. You'll yank it clean out, first thing you know."

I didn't say much. My inning was about over. I went back to the steering wheel, turned the levers over the other way and gave one of them a quick jerk. Nothing happened. The entire universe remained absolutely quiescent.

"Try winding your watch," said Wright.

"Who's running this boat?" I barked back.

"Nobody," said Wright. "But an eminent young safety-razor artist is making an awful ass of himself trying to."

I found a piece of waste, swabbed myself off and crawled out, laved in perspiration. "Well, I give up," I said to him. "Go ahead and start her. I won't bother you any more."

"Me?" said Wright. "I can't start her."

"You can't!" I said scornfully. "Why not? Don't you know enough about motor boats to start an engine?"

"I never was in a motor boat in my life," said Wright calmly.

I looked at him for about half a minute. "Oh, well," I said, getting up and looking longingly at the shore, "you haven't any the better of me. This is the first time I've ever been in one."

"The deuce you say!" said Wright. "Why, I thought you ——"

"And I was fool enough to believe you," I broke in bitterly.

"Can you row, you landlubber?" said Doc after a long pause.

"I did once in the park," I said, "but I'm no steam engine."

"Besides," said Wright, looking hastily around, "there don't seem to be any oars in the boat."

I stood up and looked around the horizon. We had drifted around the bend below the town and were far out on the broad bosom of the river, peacefully headed for the Gulf of Mexico.

. . . .

"This is what comes of associating with a man who never learned to drive anything but a baby buggy," said Wright finally with some emphasis.

"Sure," said I; "this is also what comes of buying a boat on the recommendation of a man who puts on a life preserver when he gets into a bathtub."

(Continued on Page 24)

THE WRONG HAND

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

ABNER never would have taken me into that house if he could have helped it. He was on a desperate mission and a child was the last company he wished; but he had to do it. It was an evening of early winter—raw and cold. A chilling rain was beginning to fall; night was descending and I could not go on. I had been into the upcountry and had taken this short cut through the hills that lay here against the mountains. I would have been home by now, but a broken shoe had delayed me.

I did not see Abner's horse until I approached the crossroads, but I think he had seen me from a distance. His great chestnut stood in the grassplot between the roads, and Abner sat upon him like a man of stone. He had made his decision when I got to him.

The very aspect of the land was sinister. The house stood on a hill; round its base, through the sodded meadows, the river ran—dark, swift and silent; stretching westward was a forest and for background the great mountains stood into the sky. The house was very old. The high windows were of little panes of glass and on the ancient white door the paint was seamed and cracked with age.

The name of the man who lived here was a byword in the hills. He was a hunchback, who sat his great roan as though he were a spider in the saddle. He had been married more than once; but one wife had gone mad, and my Uncle Abner's drovers had found the other on a summer morning swinging to the limb of a great elm that stood before the door, a bridle-rein knotted around her throat and her bare feet scattering the yellow pollen of the ragweed. That elm was to us a duletree. One could not ride beneath it for the swinging of this ghost.

The estate, undivided, belonged to Gaul and his brother. This brother lived beyond the mountains. He never came until he came that last time. Gaul rendered some accounting and they managed in that way. It was said the brother believed himself defrauded and had come finally to divide the lands; but this was gossip. Gaul said his brother came upon a visit and out of love for him.

One did not know where the truth lay between these stories. Why he came we could not be certain; but why he remained was beyond a doubt.

One morning Gaul came to my Uncle Abner, clinging to the pommel of his saddle while his great horse galloped, to say that he had found his brother dead, and asking Abner to go with some others and look upon the man before one touched his body—and then to get him buried.

The hunchback sniveled and cried out that his nerves were gone with grief and the terror of finding his brother's throat cut open and the blood upon him as he lay ghastly in his bed. He did not know a detail. He had looked in at the door—and fled. His brother had not got up and he had gone to call him. Why his brother had done this thing he could not imagine—he was in perfect health and he slept beneath his roof in love. The hunchback had blinked his red-lidded eyes and twisted his big, hairy hands, and presented the aspect of grief. It looked grotesque and loathsome; but—how else could a toad look in his extremity?

Abner had gone with my father and Elnathan Stone. They had found the man as Gaul said—the razor by his hand and the marks of his fingers and his struggle on him and about the bed. And the country had gone to see him buried. The hills had been afire with talk, but Abner and my father and Elnathan Stone were silent. They came silent from Gaul's house; they stood silent before the body when it was laid out for burial; and, bareheaded, they were silent when the earth received it.

A little later, however, when Gaul brought forth a will, leaving the brother's share of the estate to the hunchback, with certain loving words, and a mean allowance to the man's children, the three had met together and Abner had walked about all night.

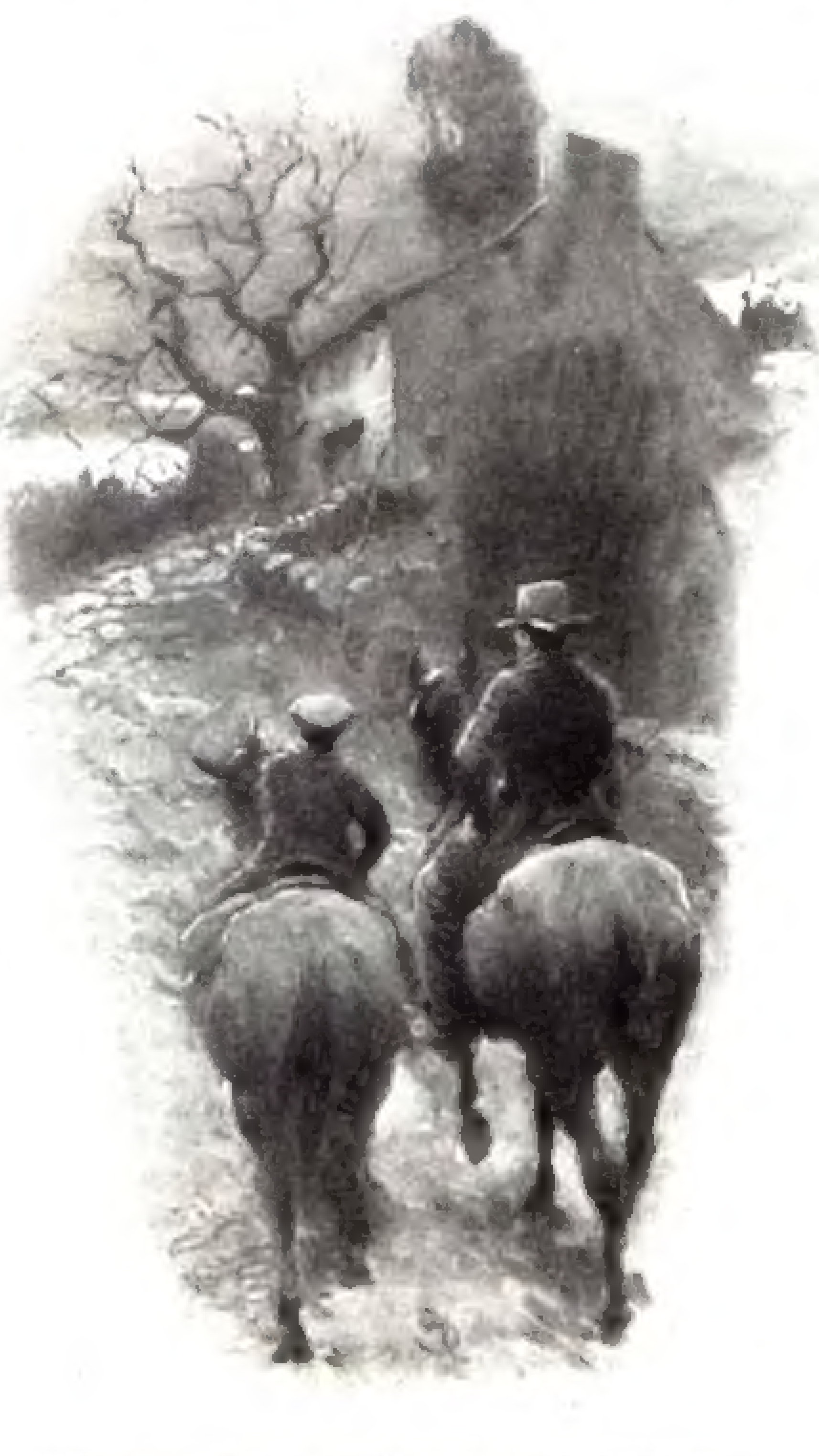
. . . .

As we turned in toward the house Abner asked me if I had got my supper. I told him "Yes"; and at the ford he stopped and sat a moment in the saddle.

"Martin," he said, "get down and drink. It is God's river and the water clean in it."

Then he extended his great arm toward the shadowy house.

"We shall go in," he said; "but we shall not eat nor drink there, for we do not come in peace."



"Martin, Get Down and Drink. It is God's River and the Water Clean in It"

I do not know much about that house, for I saw only one room in it; that was empty, cluttered with dust and rubbish, and preëmpted by the spider. Long double windows of little panes of glass looked out over the dark, silent river slipping past without a sound, and the rain driving into the forest and the loom of the mountains. There was a fire—the trunk of an apple tree burning, with one end in the fireplace. There were some old chairs with black haircloth seats, and a sofa—all very old. These the hunchback did not sit on, for the dust appeared when they were touched. He had a chair beside the hearth, and he sat in that—a high-backed chair, made like a settle and padded—the arms padded too; but there the padding was worn out and ragged, where his hands had plucked it.

He wore a blue coat, made with little capes to hide his hump, and he sat tapping the burning tree with his cane. There was a goldpiece set into the head of this black stick. He had it put there, the gossips said, that his fingers might be always on the thing he loved. His gray hair lay along his face and the draft of the chimney moved it.

He wondered why we came, and his eyes declared how the thing disturbed him; they flared up and burned down—now gleaming in his head as he looked us over, and now dull as he considered what he saw.

The man was misshapen and doubled up, but there was strength and vigor in him. He had a great, cavernous mouth, and his voice was a sort of bellow. One has seen an oak tree, dwarfed and stunted into knots, but with the toughness and vigor of a great oak in it. Gaul was a thing like that.

He cried out when he saw Abner. He was taken by surprise; and he wished to know if we came by chance or upon some errand.

"Abner," he said, "come in. It's a devil's night—rain and the driving wind."

"The weather," said Abner, "is in God's hand."

"God!" cried Gaul. "I would shoestrap* such a God! The autumn is not half over and here is winter come, and no pasture left and the cattle to be fed."

Then he saw me, with my scared white face—and he was certain that we came by chance. He craned his thick neck and looked.

"Bub," he said, "come in and warm your fingers. I will not hurt you. I did not twist my body up like this to frighten children—it was Abner's God."

We entered and sat down by the fire. The apple tree blazed and crackled; the wind outside increased; the rain turned to a kind of sleet that rattled on the window-glass like shot. The room was lighted by two candles in tall brass candlesticks. They stood at each end of the mantelpiece, smeared with tallow. The wind whooped and spat into the chimney; and now and then a puff of wood-smoke blew out and mounted up along the blackened fireboard.

Abner and the hunchback talked of the price of cattle, of the "blackleg" among yearlings—that fatal disease that we had so much trouble with—and of the "lump-jaw."

Gaul said that if calves were kept in small lots and not all together the "blackleg" was not so apt to strike them; and he thought the "lump-jaw" was a germ. Fatten the bullock with green corn and put it in a car, he said, when the lump begins to come. The Dutch would eat it—and what poison could hurt the Dutch! But Abner said the creature should be shot.

"And lose the purchase money and a summer's grazing?" cried Gaul. "Not I! I ship the beast."

"Then," said Abner, "the inspector in the market ought to have it shot and you fined to boot."

"The inspector in the market!" And Gaul laughed. "Why, I slip him a greenback—thus!"—and he set his thumb against his palm. "And he is glad to see me. 'Gaul, bring in all you can,' said one; 'it means a little something to us both.'" And the hunchback's laugh clucked and chuckled in his throat.

And they talked of renters, and men to harvest the hay and feed the cattle in the winter. And on this topic Gaul did not laugh; he cursed. Labor was a lost art and the breed of men run out. This new set were worthless—they had hours—and his oaths filled all the rafters. Hours! Why, under his father men worked from dawn until dark and cleaned their horses by a lantern. . . . These were decadent times that we were come on. In the good days one bought a man for two hundred eagles; but now the creature was a citizen and voted at the polls—and could not be kicked. And if one took his cane and drubbed him he was straightway sued at law, in an action of trespass on the case, for damages. . . . . Men had gone mad with these newfangled notions, and the earth was likely to grow up with weeds!

Abner said there was a certain truth in this—and that truth was that men were idler than their fathers. Certain preachers preached that labor was a curse and backed it up with Scripture; but he had read the Scriptures for himself and the curse was idleness. Labor and God's Book would save the world; they were two wings that a man could get his soul to Heaven on.

"They can all go to hell, for me," said Gaul, "and so I have my day's work first."

And he tapped the tree with his great stick and cried out that his workhands robbed him. He had to sit his horse and watch or they hung their scythes up; and he must put sulphur in his cattle's meal or they stole it from him; and they milked his cows to feed their scurvy babies. He would have their hides off if it were not for these tender laws.

Abner said that, while one saw to his day's work done, he must see to something more; that a man was his brother's keeper in spite of Cain's denial—and he must keep him; that the elder had his right to the day's work, but the younger had also his right to the benefits of his brother's guardianship. The fiduciary had One to settle with. It would go hard if he should shirk the trust.

"I do not recognize your trust," said Gaul. "I live here for myself."

"For yourself!" cried Abner. "And would you know what God thinks of you?"

"And would you know what I think of God?" cried Gaul.

"What do you think of Him?" said Abner.

"I think He's a scarecrow," said Gaul. "And I think, Abner, that I am a wiser bird than you are. I have not sat cawing in a tree, afraid of this thing. I have seen its wooden spine under its patched jacket, and the crosspiece peeping from the sleeves, and its dangling legs. And I have gone down into its field and taken what I liked in spite of its flapping coattails. . . . Why, Abner, this thing your God depends on is a thing called fear; and I do not have it."

Abner looked at him hard, but he did not answer. He turned, instead, to me.

"Martin," he said, "you must go to sleep, lad." And he wrapped me in his greatcoat and put me to bed on the sofa—behind him in the corner. I was snug and warm there and I could have slept like Saul, but I was curious to know what Abner came for and I peeped out through a buttonhole of the greatcoat.

Abner sat for a long time, his elbows on his knees, his hands together and his eyes looking into the fire. The hunchback watched him, his big, hairy hands moving on the padded arms of his chair and his sharp eyes twinkling like specks of glass. Finally Abner spoke—I judged he believed me now asleep.

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* Referring to the custom of flogging a slave with a shoemaker's strap.

"And so, Gaul," he said, "you think God is a scarecrow?"

"I do," said Gaul.

"And you have taken what you liked?"

"I have," said Gaul.

"Well," said Abner, "I have come to ask you to return what you have taken—and something besides, for usury."

He got a folded paper out of his pocket and handed it across the hearth to Gaul.

The hunchback took it, leaned back in his chair, unfolded it at his leisure and at his leisure read it through.

"A deed in fee," he said, "for all these lands . . . to my brother's children. The legal terms are right: 'Doth grant, with covenants of general warranty' . . . It is well drawn, Abner; but I am not pleased to 'grant.'"

"Gaul," said Abner, "there are certain reasons that may move you."

The hunchback smiled.

"They must be very excellent to move a man to alienate his lands."

"Excellent they are," said Abner. "I shall mention the best one first."

"Do," said Gaul, and his grotesque face was merry.

"It is this," said Abner: "You have no heirs. Your brother's son is now a man; he should marry a wife and rear up children to possess these lands. And, as he is thus called upon to do what you cannot do, Gaul, he should have the things you have, to use."

"That's a very pretty reason, Abner," said the hunchback, "and it does you honor; but I know a better."

"What is it, Gaul?" said Abner.

The hunchback grinned. "Let us say, my pleasure!"

Then he struck his bootleg with his great black stick.

"And now," he cried, "who's back of this tomfoolery?"

"I am," said Abner.

The hunchback's heavy brows shot down. He was not disturbed, but he knew that Abner moved on no fool's errand.

"Abner," he said, "you have some reason for this thing. What is it?"

"I have several reasons for it," replied Abner, "and I gave you the best one first."

"Then the rest are not worth the words to say them in," cried Gaul.

"You are mistaken there," replied Abner; "I said that I would give you the best reason, not the strongest. . . . Think of the reason I have given. We do not have our possessions in fee in this world, Gaul, but upon lease and for a certain term of service. And when we make default in that service the lease abates and a new man can take the title."

Gaul did not understand and he was wary.

"I carry out my brother's will," he said.

"But the dead," replied Abner, "cannot retain dominion over things. There can be no tenure beyond a life estate. These lands and chattels are for the uses of men as they arrive. The needs of the living overrule the devises of the dead."

Gaul was watching Abner closely. He knew that this was some digression, but he met it with equanimity. He put his big, hairy fingers together and spoke with a judicial air.

"Your argument," he said, "is without a leg to stand on. It is the dead who govern. Look you, man, how they work their will upon us! Who have made the laws? The dead! Who have made the customs that we obey and that form and shape our lives? The dead! And the titles to our lands—have not the dead devised them? . . . If a surveyor runs a line he begins at some corner that the dead set up; and if one goes to law upon a question the judge looks backward through his books until he finds out how the dead have settled it—and he follows that. And all the writers, when they would give weight and authority to their opinions, quote the dead; and the orators and all those who preach and lecture—are not their mouths filled with words that the dead have spoken? Why, man, our lives follow grooves that the dead have run out with their thumbnails!"

He got on his feet and looked at Abner.

"What my brother has written in his will I will obey," he said. "Have you seen that paper, Abner?"

"I have not," said Abner, "but I have read the copy in the county clerk's book. It bequeathed these lands to you."

The hunchback went over to an old secretary standing against the wall. He pulled it open, got out the will and a pack of letters and brought them to the fire. He laid the letters on the table beside Abner's deed and held out the will.

Abner took the testament and read it.

"Do you know my brother's writing?" said Gaul.

"I do," said Abner.

"Then you know he wrote that will."

"He did," said Abner. "It is in Enoch's hand." Then he added: "But the date is a month before your brother came here."

"Yes," said Gaul; "it was not written in this house. My brother sent it to me. See—here is the envelope that it came in, postmarked on that date."

Abner took the envelope and compared the date.

"It is the very day," he said, "and the address is in Enoch's hand."

"It is," said Gaul; "when my brother had set his signature to this will he addressed that cover. He told me of it." The hunchback sucked in his cheeks and drew down his eyelids. "Ah, yes," he said, "my brother loved me!"

"He must have loved you greatly," replied Abner, "to thus disinherit his own flesh and blood."

"And am not I of his own flesh and blood too?" cried the hunchback. "The strain of blood in my brother runs pure in me; in these children it is diluted. Shall not one love his own blood first?"

"Love!" echoed Abner. "You speak the word, Gaul—but do you understand it?"

"I do," said Gaul; "for it bound my brother to me."

"And did it bind you to him?" said Abner.

I could see the hunchback's great white eyelids drooping and his lengthened face.

"We were like David and Jonathan," he said. "I would have given my right arm for Enoch and he would have died for me."

"He did!" said Abner.

I saw the hunchback start, and, to conceal the gesture, he stooped and thrust the trunk of the apple tree a little farther into the fireplace. A cloud of sparks sprang up. A gust of wind caught the loose sash in the casement behind us and shook it as one, barred out and angry, shakes a door. When the hunchback rose Abner had gone on.

"If you loved your brother like that," he said, "you will do him this service—you will sign this deed."

"But, Abner," replied Gaul, "such was not my brother's will. By the law, these children will inherit at my death. Can they not wait?"

"Did you wait?" said Abner.

The hunchback flung up his head.

"Abner," he cried, "what do you mean by that?" And he searched my uncle's face for some indicatory sign; but there was no sign there—the face was stern and quiet.

"I mean," said Abner, "that one ought not to have an interest in another's death."

"Why not?" said Gaul.

"Because," replied Abner, "one may be tempted to step in before the providence of God and do its work for it."

Gaul turned the innuendo with a cunning twist.

"You mean," he said, "that these children may come to seek my death?"

I was astonished at Abner's answer.

"Yes," he said; "that is what I mean."

"Man," cried the hunchback, "you make me laugh!"

"Laugh as you like," replied Abner; "but I am sure that these children will not look at this thing as we have looked at it."

"As who have looked at it?" said Gaul.

"As my brother Rufus and Elnathan Stone and I," said Abner.

"And so," said the hunchback, "you gentlemen have considered how to save my life. I am much obliged to you." He made a grotesque, mocking bow. "And how have you meant to save it?"

"By the signing of that deed," said Abner.

"I thank you!" cried the hunchback. "But I am not pleased to save my life that way."

I thought Abner would give some biting answer; but, instead, he spoke slowly and with a certain hesitation.

"There is no other way," he said. "We have believed that the stigma of your death and the odium on the name and all the scandal would in the end wrong these children more than the loss of this estate during the term of your natural life; but it is clear to me that they will not so regard it. And we are bound to lay it before them if you do not sign this deed. It is not for my brother Rufus and Elnathan Stone and me to decide this question."

"To decide what question?" said Gaul.

"Whether you are to live or die!" said Abner.

The hunchback's face grew stern and resolute. He sat down in his chair, put his stick between his knees and looked my uncle in the eyes.

"Abner," he said, "you are talking in some riddle. . . . Say the thing out plain. Do you think I forged that will?"

"I do not," said Abner.

"Nor could any man!" cried the hunchback. "It is in my brother's hand—every word of it; and, besides, there is neither ink nor paper in this house. I figure on a slate; and when I have a thing to say I go and tell it."

"And yet," said Abner, "the day before your brother's death you bought some sheets of foolscap of the postmaster."

"I did," said Gaul—"and for my brother. Enoch wished to make some calculations with his pencil. I have the paper with his figures on it."

He went to his desk and brought back some sheets.

"And yet," said Abner, "this will is written on a page of foolscap."

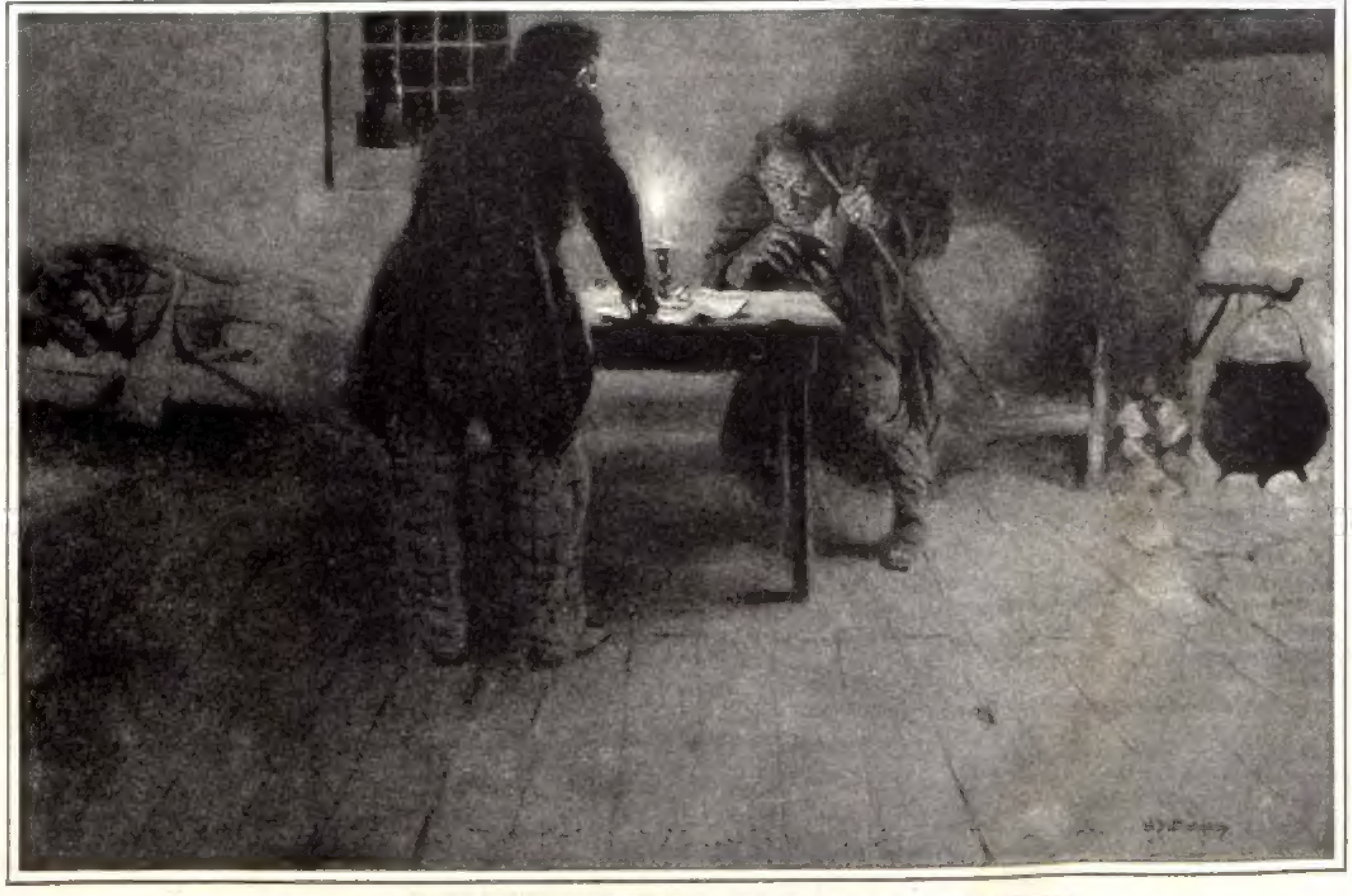
"And why not?" said Gaul. "Is it not sold in every store to Mexico?"

It was the truth—and Abner drummed on the table.

"And now," said Gaul, "we have laid one suspicion by looking it squarely in the face; let us lay the other. What did you find about my brother's death to moon over?"

"Why," said Abner, "should he take his own life in this house?"

(Concluded on Page 40)

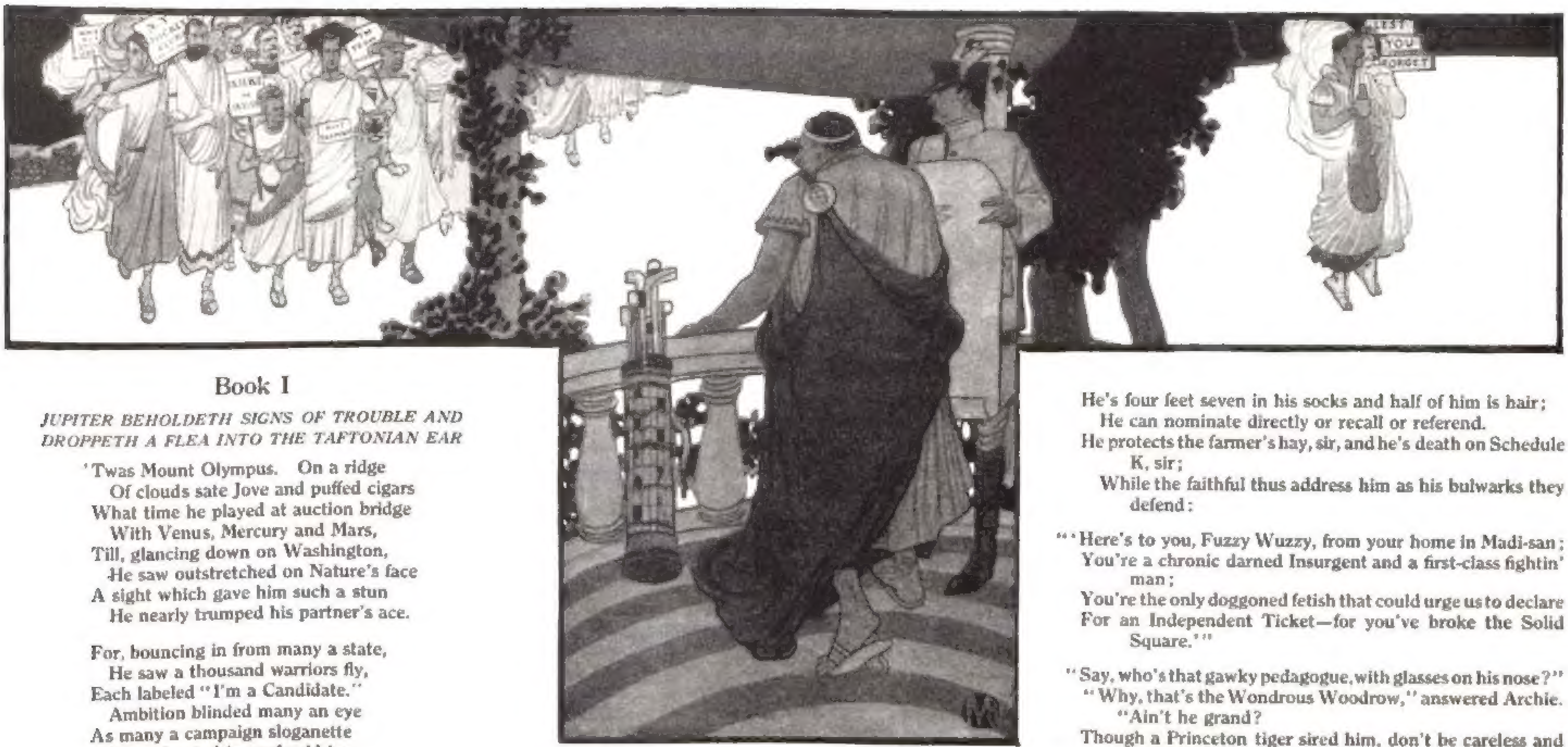


"The Hand That Wrote This Will Shook. See How the Letters Wave and Jerk!"

THE BILLYAD

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



*"Who are the Chiefs of This Madero Horde,
These Almost-Near-Prospective-Candidates?"*

Book I

JUPITER BEHOLDETH SIGNS OF TROUBLE AND DROPPETH A FLEA INTO THE TAFTONIAN EAR

'Twas Mount Olympus. On a ridge
Of clouds sate Jove and puffed cigars
What time he played at auction bridge
With Venus, Mercury and Mars,
Till, glancing down on Washington,
He saw outstretched on Nature's face
A sight which gave him such a stun
He nearly trumped his partner's ace.

For, bouncing in from many a state,
He saw a thousand warriors fly,
Each labeled "I'm a Candidate."
Ambition blinded many an eye
As many a campaign sloganette
They shouted in perfervid joy—
E'en so the Argive hosts beset
The topless towers of ancient Troy.

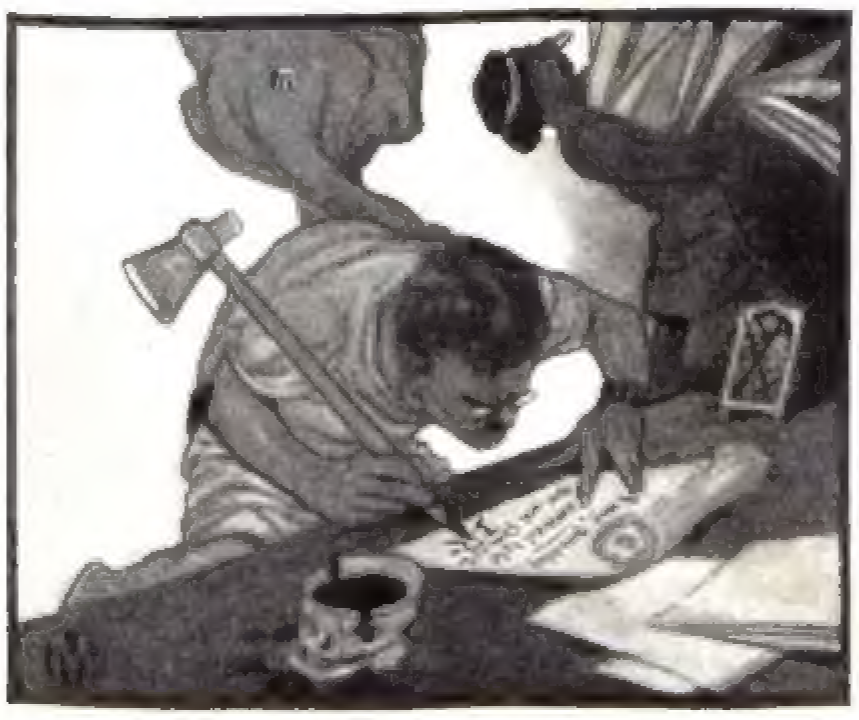
"Apollo!" thundered Jove, sore het,
"Who now attempts Our Bill to shelve?
For nigh four years he's been our pet
And must again in Nineteen Twelve.
Go, Phoebus of the shining crest,
Descend at once to Washington,
Poke William in his globelike vest
And bid him get a wiggle on.

"For if some vile Insurgent wight
Should gain the Presidential chair,
Or if some Democratic blight
Should settle on the White House fair,
We gods, who cannot bribe the Fates,
Must pack our lugs and hustle hence;
And Heaven must close its golden gates
For lack of business confidence."

Apollo heard. A slight disguise
He donned, of U. S. Army plan,
In which the world might recognize
A Certain Military Man.
Time's loud alarm clock next he took,
And this at 1912 he set;
And being thus equipped, he snook
Earthward to warn Jove's Special Pet.

TAFTONIS HEARETH THE FATAL NUMERALS AND AWAKENETH TO THE BIG SIEGE

"Awake, Taftonis! Broadening Bill, arise!
O'er thy White Home the orb of day 'gins rise —
The Dove of Peace is cackling in her nest
And picking buckshot from her snowy breast.
Why dost thou lie in Dreamland's idle clutch,
Dreaming of batting averages and such,
Or Gridiron dinners, where the comic crew
Come stuffed with pillows, imitating You?"
So spake Apollo, poising on the floor
Nigh to the couch where the Taftonian snore
Mimicked old Ocean with its rumble deep.
"Gee!" said the god, "how these fat heroes sleep!
While gaunt Insurgents rise at morning's dew
Bill pounds his ear—and gains a pound or two."
The god of day no doubt had further said,
But broad Taftonis raised his kingly head
And to Apollo spake, with eyes half shut:
"Well, what's the row this morning, Archie Butt?"
The Heavenly Archer, militant as starch,
Was hard, indeed, to tell from Heavenly Arch,
And so replied: "Thy foes their arts employ
To storm the gates of Washingtonian Troy.
Full many a Seeker for thy Job has riz,
Intending for to put thee out of biz;
Full many feet yearn in thy shoes to delve
And nail thy throne for Nineteen Hundred Twelve."



*Our Hero Heard the Sound That All Men Dread—
Tedysses Rumbling From the Outlook Desk*

E'en as a wounded hippo spurns the sod,
Punctured from ambush by stern Teddy's wad,
So leaped Taftonis in majestic pride,
Tall as a god—and several times as wide—
Seized his bright opera glasses and looked down
Upon the heroes who besieged the town.
From every stone a champion seemed to jump;
Thundering loud defis from every stump;
They flocked from Texas and they soared from Maine
By motor car, by mule, by aeroplane,
Aiming their fusils at the Tariff's height,
With slugs of oratoric dynamite.
And when our Hero full an hour had gazed,
His mustache drawn with pain, his features glazed,
To Archibald Apollo spake the lord:
'Who are the chiefs of this Madero horde,
These almost-near-prospective-Candidates,
Who hammer at my well-protected gates?"
Apollo from his belt, with nimble wrist,
Pulled forth a lengthy alphabetic list.

TAFTONIS SURVEYETH THE NEAR-CANDIDATES WHILE APOLLO-BUTT TELLETH OF THEIR DEEDS OF ARMS AND LEGS

"Oh, who's that sawed-off feller with the rising pompadour?"
"Why, that's Wisconsin Bobbie," answered Archie, with a sigh.
"He's a homeopathic Dreadnought, with a record target score.
In the words of Abr'am Lincoln: 'He is little—but, Oh, My!'
He's four feet seven in his socks and half of him is hair;
He can nominate directly or recall or referend.
He protects the farmer's hay, sir, and he's death on Schedule K, sir;
While the faithful thus address him as his bulwarks they defend:

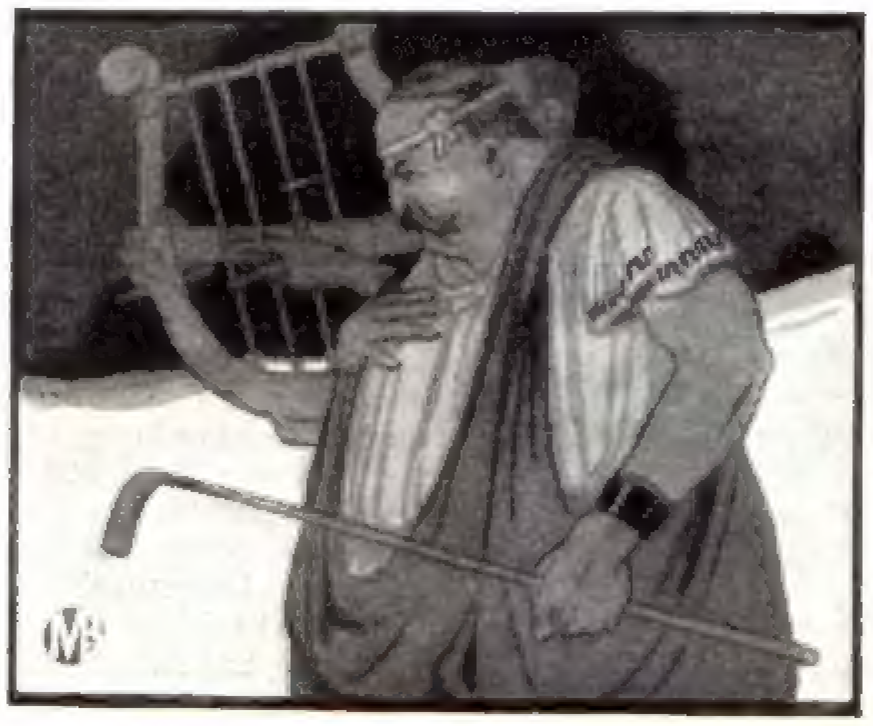
"'Here's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, from your home in Madi-san;
You're a chronic darned Insurgent and a first-class fightin' man;
You're the only doggoned fetish that could urge us to declare
For an Independent Ticket—for you've broke the Solid Square.'"

"Say, who's that gawky pedagogue, with glasses on his nose?"
"Why, that's the Wondrous Woodrow," answered Archie. "Ain't he grand?
Though a Princeton tiger sired him, don't be careless and suppose
That the Jungle-Cat of Tammany laps butter from his hand.
He's a blend of Doctor Syntax, Grover Cleveland, Henry George;
He can scold a Plutocrat in Greek or beat him to a jell,
While the low-browed son of tillage bids him welcome to the village
With a sort of Labor-Union-Democratic-Princeton yell:

"'Woodrow, Woodrow, who is he?
Progress and Princeton with a capital P.
None o' yer flimflams!
Give 'em the jimjams!
Smash the Trusts with yer football slimslams!
Right hand, left hand, one-two-three!
Land another on the G. O. P.'"

"Gosh! Who's His Regal Whiskers, riding madly down the course?"
"Why, that's Supreme Court Charley," Archie cried, with trembling voice.
"He's a Standard Oil dissolver and a brother to the horse,
And he's cheered at Saratoga as the Sporting Public's choice.
If he cops the Nomination—and, of course, I think he will—
All the rottenness of Denmark will be dragged from out cold storage;
Wrong will get it in the koko while the angels sit *in loco*
Warbling Hughes' Reformed Selections as they sip celestial porridge:

"'Foe of Senatorial Shylocks,
Saint in heart as well as li-locks,
Who'll comb out Columbia's wry locks?
Charley? Charley?



*What Pen Can Limn the Oriental State
Through Which They Passed!*

Champion of long endurance,
Payer of enormous pew-rents—
Keep an eye on Life Insurance
When you vote for Charley!'"

So, o'er the plain Taftonis cast his orb,
Beholding the ambitious heroes come,
Bearing the seeking look of Candidates.
Some were Progressives, others favored sons;
Yet some there were who had no good Excuse
Except old P. T. Barnum's favorite maxim:
"It does no harm to get your Name in print."
Harmon, of Cincinnati, safe and sane,
Flourished his sword of well-protected steel,
Bidding his men be wise, but not too wise.
Hearstus, the King of Willies, strode amain,
Bearing a sheaf of fireworks in his pocket,
And now and then he lightly touched one off—
So stood he in the midst of sparks and noise,
All-glorying in his self-created boom.
And see! the champion of all the Champs!
Champing his bit and calling loud for war,
Trying to roar the way that Uncle Joseph
Did in those sad, bad sessions when the Speaker
Was something more than Servant in the House.
And in the distance, scowling o'er the host
While flourishing a tarnished cross of gold,
Stood Bill of Lincoln, with an air detached.
"Ye gods!" he murmured. "Can it truly be
That I, the Tireless Orator, must quit?
Oh! hath Perpetual Motion quite run down?
Ain't there some way to wind the darned thing up,
So I and It can make a farewell run?"

These things Taftonis saw. And o'er his chest
He girt nine ells of armor roundabout;
While distant, rumbling like a sportive bull
Taking high hurdles through a china shop,
Our Hero heard the sound that all men dread—
Tedysses rumbling from the Outlook desk.

TAFTONIS, GIRT FOR BATTLE, FARETH TO SEE THE ADMINISTRATION ORACLE; THE FAITHFUL HILLES SINGETH A SECRETARIAL ODE

"Charley Hilles, faithful Hilles, don thy coat and come with me;
For I'm going to see the Oracle who all things knows, and more.
There is bound to be a battle;
And before the javelins rattle,
Faith, I want to get the inside dope upon the final score."

So the faithful Charley Hilles donned the ceremonial coat,
And he helped his Kingly Master in the chariot of gas;
Then, by many Babylonian
Halls and temples Washingtonian,
Toward the Grotto of the Oracle the gloomy twain did pass.

Past the Temple of the Navy, where the Steel Trust comes to pray;
Past the Temple of the Army, where excitement comes so slow
That the embryo Napoleons,
As they count their sparse simoleons,
Famish for a fight with some one—if it's only Mexico.

Past the Sacred Hall of Whitewash, where the faithful toil by day
Kalsomining smutty sinners from the snow-producing pond;
Where the vocal Joseph Bailey
Holds forensic classes daily,
Now excusing, now abusing, many a jackpot-blackened blond.

Such they passed. At length Taftonis to the faithful Hilles cried:
"Smite thy harp, O Charles! I would a song to speed us on our way."
So the genius secretarial
Plucked a dozen chords funereal
And delivered in a hag-rid voice this executioner's lay:

SONG

"Secretaries come and go—
Hi! Ho! Look at me!
Doubtless I'm the April snow
Or the sand beside the sea.
Permanency is a fable;
Nothing's really very stable.
Carpenter departed snortin'
And was followed by a Norton.
All too rashly Charley vaunted—
Soon appeared the sign, 'Boy Wanted.'
Now another happy face
Smiles in the accustomed place
Where a Loeb or Cortel-you
Gave official How-de-doo?
As for me—
Who can tell?
Though I be
Doing well,
All too soon I may be flittin', like a wet and wounded kitten, with the Pink Slip in my mitten, and my soul profoundly smitten with a fund of thoughts unwritten;
And upon my chest tomorrow
They may hang this tag of sorrow:
'Such is fame;
Quickly spent.
He has came—
He has went.'

(Continued on Page 24)

How the French Do Business

The Ways of Paris—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN PARIS it is often difficult for the stranger to find the firm he is looking for. He has the street number, to be sure; but that merely designates the entrance to a large courtyard. The door is big enough for automobiles to go in, and horse cabs, which take away boxes and crates of bonnets and even machinery, by the only quick delivery service that Paris seems to know in this line.

The stranger walks into this court. At one side he sees an ornamental fountain, formerly a pump over the well from which tenants get water. Even now, though connected with the Paris mains, it may be the sole supply for the unpiped flats and offices. Various kinds of work are going on in this courtyard. Knives and scissors are being ground; goods are being packed. New covers are being put on mattresses in sight of owners, so that there may be no trickery with the valuable wool filling—which suggests to the American a market for cotton-fiber mattresses.

There are many doors and alleys, with few signs or nameplates. Through a door the stranger sees an elevator. He walks in. Nobody in sight. But there is a button. He pushes it, thinking the janitor will answer. The empty elevator starts upward all by itself—it is automatic. He sees another button, labeled "*Descente*," and pushes that. But the elevator still rises grimly. He concludes that he had better get out of the place before the thing goes through the roof, and he slinks into the courtyard again, hoping that nobody has seen him. Then, probably, the *concierge* or his wife comes out of a dark lodge and helps him find the firm he wants. Not always, though, for sometimes even the *concierge* is at a loss.

One day the Paris representative of an American locomotive-building concern was asked over the telephone to call for an order. On arriving at the street address given he could find no sign bearing the name as he had caught it on the wire, and the *concierge* did not recognize it. The customer was there, undoubtedly; but that order is still unfilled. It was only for a two-dollar lamp, to be sure. Yet had the lamp been satisfactory it might have led the customer to buy a railroad locomotive.

The Paris business man, when finally located, is found doing business among velvet upholstery, lace curtains and other feminine fittings not known in our business establishments. But he is kindly and accessible, and rather partial to Americans.

More Americans do business in Paris than in either London or Berlin. Many of them are buyers of French goods for export. The artistic and luxurious nature of French products generally leads the Frenchman to worry less about price competition than the Englishman or the German, so that he is not inclined to be resentful when he sees Americans selling in his market.

Then it might be said that the Frenchman and the Yankee understand each other because they are both men of ideas in greater degree than the German or Englishman. The German feels more at home in copying than in originating, outside of scientific research; while the Englishman will usually value a precedent before an idea.

Again, the Frenchman's conservative scheme of business leads him to like American energy and daring. When the Yankee department-store buyer rapidly sorts the Frenchman's samples into three piles, says that those in the first he does not want at all, those in the second he will order, and those in the third pile he wishes to consider again tomorrow, the French brother is full of admiration at his decision. Nowadays it is considered wise to put French lads into business houses managed by Americans in Paris, so that they can catch some of this spirit.

The French scheme of business demands considerable study and experience before the stranger is at home in it. An American is somewhat at a loss for a time in a land where checks are seldom used, and large sums in cash must always be kept in the office safe with, perhaps, ten or twenty thousand dollars in bonds as security for more cash in an emergency.

When goods are sold to the trade, in France, a bill is sent at the end of the month. Instead of the customer paying by check, however, the seller waits until the following month, to give the buyer time to correct any errors, and then draws upon the buyer through his bank.

A very large proportion of the banking business of France is done through a few large financial institutions having branches in every important center. The manufacturer in Paris has sold goods to the merchant in Lyons, for example. He makes out a draft for the amount, sends it to his own bank in Paris, and the bank forwards it to Lyons. There a collector brings the draft to the merchant and it is paid in cash, which is then transferred and credited to the manufacturer in Paris. In many cases, though, the merchant keeps his funds in the local branch of the manufacturer's bank, in which event the merchant merely accepts the draft and the bank transfers the cash. Much of the business of the country is so conducted.

Yet large sums in cash are also passing from hand to hand all the time. Around the first of each month millions of francs are drawn from the banks to pay bills, and are returned in a few days. The landlord and small tradesmen want cash and distrust a check. Checks are little used. The banks make heavier charges for collecting them than they do for drafts, and assume no responsibility for paying the money to the proper person, so that checks do not give the security we associate with them. No identification is asked for, nor can checks be crossed as on the English system. A check will be paid by the bank to whatever person presents it; and French banks keep the canceled checks when paid, so that they do not come back to the depositor as receipts.

Where longer credit is given the buyer of goods, or where the seller needs cash immediately, a bill of exchange is drawn for the amount of the purchase, signed by both parties, indorsed by a third business firm to make it "three-name paper," and then sold to a bank. The seller of the goods pays the discount, which is probably smaller in France than in any other country. French caution is satisfied with a low rate of interest on extremely safe securities. Many people are glad to leave money with the banks on time deposit for as little as one per cent. So the French banks always have vast sums of cheap money with which to buy good commercial paper.

Perhaps the most interesting form of commercial paper in France is the kind that is too small to get into the banks at all. The small merchant in the provinces buys a modest order of goods and wants three months' credit. The wholesale merchant from whom he purchases cannot tie up capital that long. But the goods are sent, and the country merchant makes out a bill of exchange for the amount, which is virtually a promise to pay three months from date. He signs it, the wholesaler signs it, and then a third signature is secured as further assurance—a thing easy to get in a country where everybody is used to doing business in this way. But, instead of taking the bill to the bank, the wholesaler puts it in his cash box and treats it as so much money. These "little bills" are in sums so small that the banks would not discount them—they are often drawn for as little as five dollars. By-and-by the wholesaler, in turn, wants goods from a manufacturer. He purchases, and sends sufficient of these little bills to meet the cost. The wholesaler adds his signature to each bill, thus binding himself in turn to pay the amounts if the three names on each should prove worthless, and deposits them in his bank, to be collected when the dates fall due. Then the bank sends them to the original makers, who liquidate them in cash. If the maker of a bill cannot take it up, he is declared bankrupt and the wholesaler is responsible. If the latter has become bankrupt, too, the third signer pays. If he were also bankrupt, the manufacturer would pay, and so on. These little bills often pass from hand to hand many times during their three months of existence, gathering a new signature every time they are handed to a new person in payment for goods. When their backs are not large enough for all the signatures more are added on a piece of paper pasted to the margin. Each new signature means just so much security. Before anybody could possibly lose through a little bill bearing half a dozen signatures it must necessarily follow that half the mercantile trade of France had been thrown into bankruptcy by some great catastrophe.

The excellent credit system of French commerce is also behind this bill machinery. Every business concern is kept track of by the banks or merchants, who keep a *dossier*, or portfolio of data, relating to its commercial history. Each time it has refused payment of a bill, even for a technical cause, or done anything in any way reflecting on sound credit, the record goes into its *dossier*, to turn up twenty or thirty years later if wanted. When a business man's standing is such that his bills of exchange will be discounted by one of the big banks he is extremely solicitous about what may go down in the *dossier;* for he knows that in a matter of the slightest irregularity he will hear from the bank, not within a few days or hours, but within a few minutes. So France has been truly described as a country where the sheer goodwill of a business is seldom worth anything when one comes to sell out, and yet at the same time a land where there is the most liberal margin in which to do business on credit.

Long credit goes hand in hand with the French cash payment system to such an extent that too prompt settlement of a bill may cause alarm. An American called in a Paris doctor for one visit. As treatment went no farther than a single prescription, he sent the usual fee by messenger next morning. The doctor was not at home. His wife did not want to accept the money. The messenger left it. Two hours later the doctor hurried in to ask what was wrong. This prompt payment was so irregular that he feared there was some dissatisfaction with his services. If one insists upon paying a bill before the customary time, a second bill will often be sent at the end of the month, as though the amount were still due; for payment out of the regular routine seems to disorganize the French accounting system. Some American corporations doing business in France insist upon using checks to pay their bills, for the sake of having uniform accounts. But it takes months of explanation to bring French business houses to accept such a method.

The general scheme of French finance is amusingly illustrated in the restaurant waiter. The French waiter is a veritable cornerstone of the national life. He has his regular customers, and calls them "clients." They sit in the same places at the same hour every day; and if a stranger takes one of the seats sacred to a client, he is promptly moved down to some obscure corner of the restaurant. The strange customer has so little standing that he is often neglected until he shows that he is going to be a fixture. When its regular clients get old enough to die off, a restaurant often goes out of business.

The waiter knows when the client's digestion is good and when it is bad, and he knows how things are running at home or in the office. He can tell him which dishes are well cooked today and condemn those that are not by a French shrug that says everything. He is the client's friend and confidant, and when funds are low he will extend him credit for a week or a month, paying the bill out of his own pocket each day and accepting a double tip for interest when the client is in funds again.

Because checks are little used the bill collector is another important figure in France. Occasionally one of these men is murdered for the large sum he is carrying around. Such a murderer was recently guillotined at Lille; and when efforts were made to secure a reprieve after his sentence the united bill collectors of the town threatened a demonstration against the authorities.

A Collector Who Collected

AN AMERICAN woman, new to French ways, had an amusing controversy with a bill collector. She had bought garments to the value of a hundred dollars from a large Paris department store, but had sent them back for minor alterations. When they came home again they were brought by the store's bill collector, who stated that there was a charge of some eighty cents for the alterations. The American woman, not accustomed to the French system of petty charges, retained the goods and refused to pay. The collector entreated. She walked away from the door. He followed. She shut herself in the bathroom. He hammered at the door and begged her to pay. He argued that he had no authority to adjust the matter; but that she could submit it to the store. She, however, held the fort like a woman, and finally the collector went to her kitchen, took the largest saucepan there, and bore it triumphantly away as security. It was his business to collect.

French commercial affairs are full of petty detail, chiefly because the laws are very strict. The tradesman must keep strict account of all purchases, sales and extensions of credit. Even the large department stores enter small sales items with an exactness unknown in the United States. Books must be kept without blanks, erasures or marginal additions, and signed once each year by a special commercial judge. When a merchant marries, he must publish his marriage contract, so that those who sell him goods may know just what his wife's interests are and how far her dowry is involved in the business. All letters must be filed and all records preserved for ten years. These precautions protect creditors in case of bankruptcy, but they involve an enormous amount of small detail.

A Chicago company leased offices in Paris. Some alterations were necessary. An architect drew up a plan and a builder estimated that the work could be done for five hundred dollars. He was given the job. When the work was completed he brought in a long bill, the total of which was more than one thousand dollars. Practically every screw was charged for separately. The manager spread it out before the architect.

"Is that the way Frenchmen do business?" he asked hotly. "What sort of deal do you call that—asking one price and charging twice as much?"

"Oh, Monsieur does not comprehend," said the architect. "It is not intended that you pay this bill—no, no! I am to go over it and determine the proper charge."

He did so, cutting down each item. When he had finished the total was just about what the builder had originally estimated, and the latter was thoroughly satisfied. It is said that the work of auditing the minutely detailed bills for some of the public buildings in France often takes years.

The Frenchman loves to bargain. Prices in the shops probably include a percentage that will allow of a reduction if the customer urges it, as most French people do, and in wholesale business and manufacturing bargaining is universal.

An American who has had long experience in Paris, however, says that French people bargain pretty much according to the persons they are dealing with, and that if one chooses to establish an absolutely fixed price, thus cutting out the delays and waste of bargaining, it is easy enough to do so, even in France. When he first began doing business in France the chief difficulty was to persuade the people that he was in earnest—*au sérieux*, as the French phrase it. Americans are regarded there as spendthrifts. Just as the tourist from this country, visiting the allnight cafés of Montmartre, comes home confirmed in the belief that the French people are without industry or morals, so the Frenchman, seeing the Yankee tourist spending his money with a free hand in such resorts, thinks of him as a *barnum*, a slang noun that has become fixed in the French language and is synonymous with our "boomer" or "bluffer."

By scrupulous care to make no promises that he did not fulfill, and by purposely underrating his goods so that they always turned out even better than he had said they would, this American soon got the Frenchman's confidence. But after the latter had bought a lot of goods and found them satisfactory, and wanted some more, he was certain to come back with complaints.

"I am greatly disappointed," he would begin. "Your goods attract, they interest, they persuade the careless. But only for a time. My customers buy—yes. But later they regret. Your goods are showy—clever—very American. But, my friend, they do not last!"

This little line of argument is the French brother's standard attack when he wants a reduction or bonus on his next purchase.

The French way of meeting this attack is heatedly to defend the goods, insist that they are without parallel, and so forth.

The American, however, never took the French line of defense. Instead, he laughed at the objections, admitted that everybody said his goods were made of the cheapest stuff that could be bought, declared that the Frenchman's customers were quite right, wonderfully wise people, that the Frenchman himself was a man of discernment, and the like. After thoroughly chaffing the customer, he added:

"But if you have any of that last lot in your store, and are not satisfied, send the goods back. We will let you select brand-new goods to the same value. If you want your money instead, we'll give you that. If any of your customers complain of our goods, give them their money back and send the stuff here. We'll redeem it. That's where we stand."

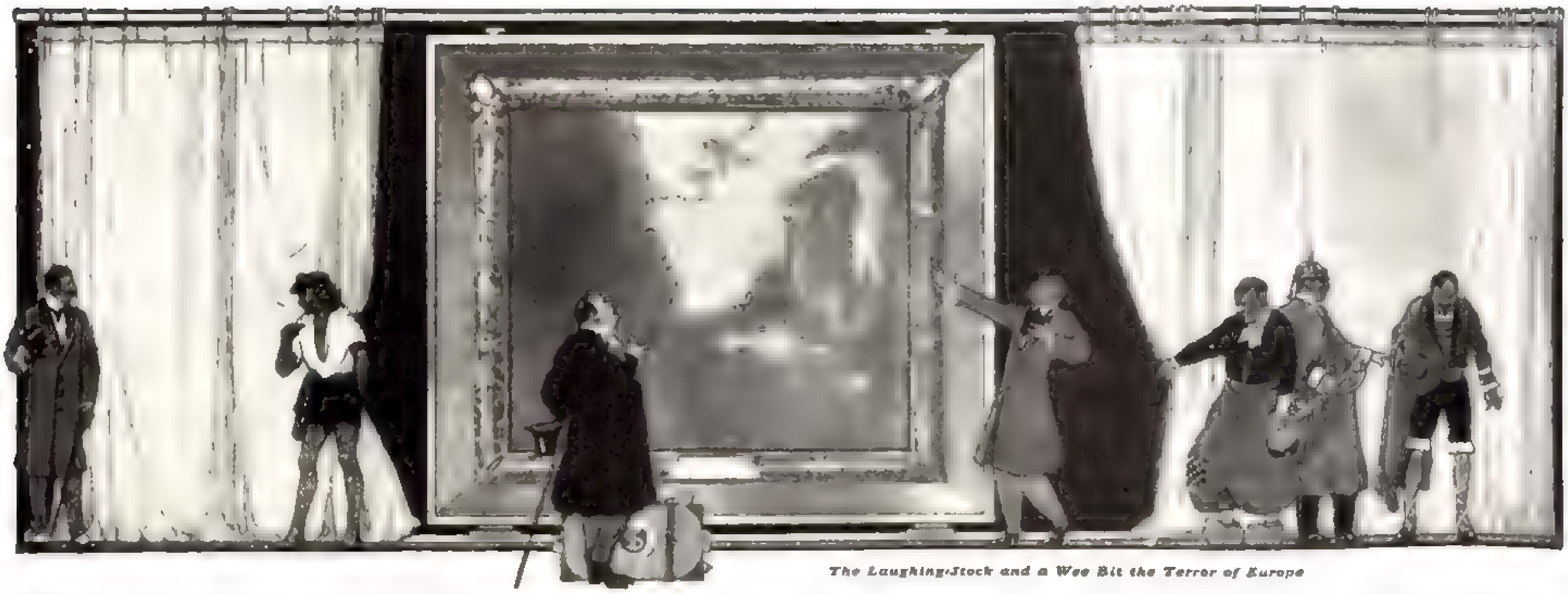
Without exception, when met with this unusual counter argument, the French customer would order more stock at the old price, and within a year all the people who did business with that American concern had stopped bargaining. They knew that what was said to one was said to all, and that bargaining was unnecessary.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last in a series of articles on French business methods, by James H. Collins.

Inflated Prices for Old Masters

By AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



The Laughing-Stock and a Wee Bit the Terror of Europe

ASSUME a million people to be the sole survivors of a dying world, with but ten loaves of bread as the only foodstuff left; he who could pay five hundred thousand dollars, five million—or any price—for a loaf would be getting full value; it keeps him alive—and there would be no one to remark: "But why the necessity?"

No painting, however, will ever reach that preciousness; nor could those recently put on the market, or those that in the natural course of events may be put on the market, ever be worth intrinsically the huge prices recently paid. These sums are often inflated, fictitious and out of proportion to the worth of the canvas, offering an opportunity for self-advertisement on the part of the purchaser by associating his name with the announcement of "a fortune for an 'old master.'" And so, when the newspapers announce in sensational headlines the purchase of a newly discovered or obtainable old master, by Mr. Moneybagus Americanus for the trifling sum of from three to five hundred thousand dollars, we are filled with amazement; and we naturally ask the question: Does the "lucky" purchaser get so many dollars' worth of pleasure from this work of art or is it purely a matter of pride in being able to pay such a sum?

Now a production by a great old master is a very fine and precious thing to possess if it be in good condition and at the particular master's best period, and a good example of that period; but few, if any, of the best are put on the market. When you hear a man say, "I wouldn't give ten cents for all the old masters in the world—they made my feet so tired walking through the Louvre!" or, "They are all dark and old things, anyhow; give me something bright and new!" you know at once he would like nothing good even from the modern masters.

The possession of good pictures or sculptures by old masters gives prestige to a collection; and, as *rara aves*, they are devoutly desired.

There are collectors, even in America, who for years have quietly watched their chances, have competed with museums abroad and, without the general public's knowledge, have acquired a worthy collection. There are many like a gentleman from Philadelphia who started a collection years ago, when he knew little of art, somewhat in the spirit of the old lady who remarked to Winslow Homer:

"I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

"Madam," replied that painter, "your tastes are shared by all the lower animals."

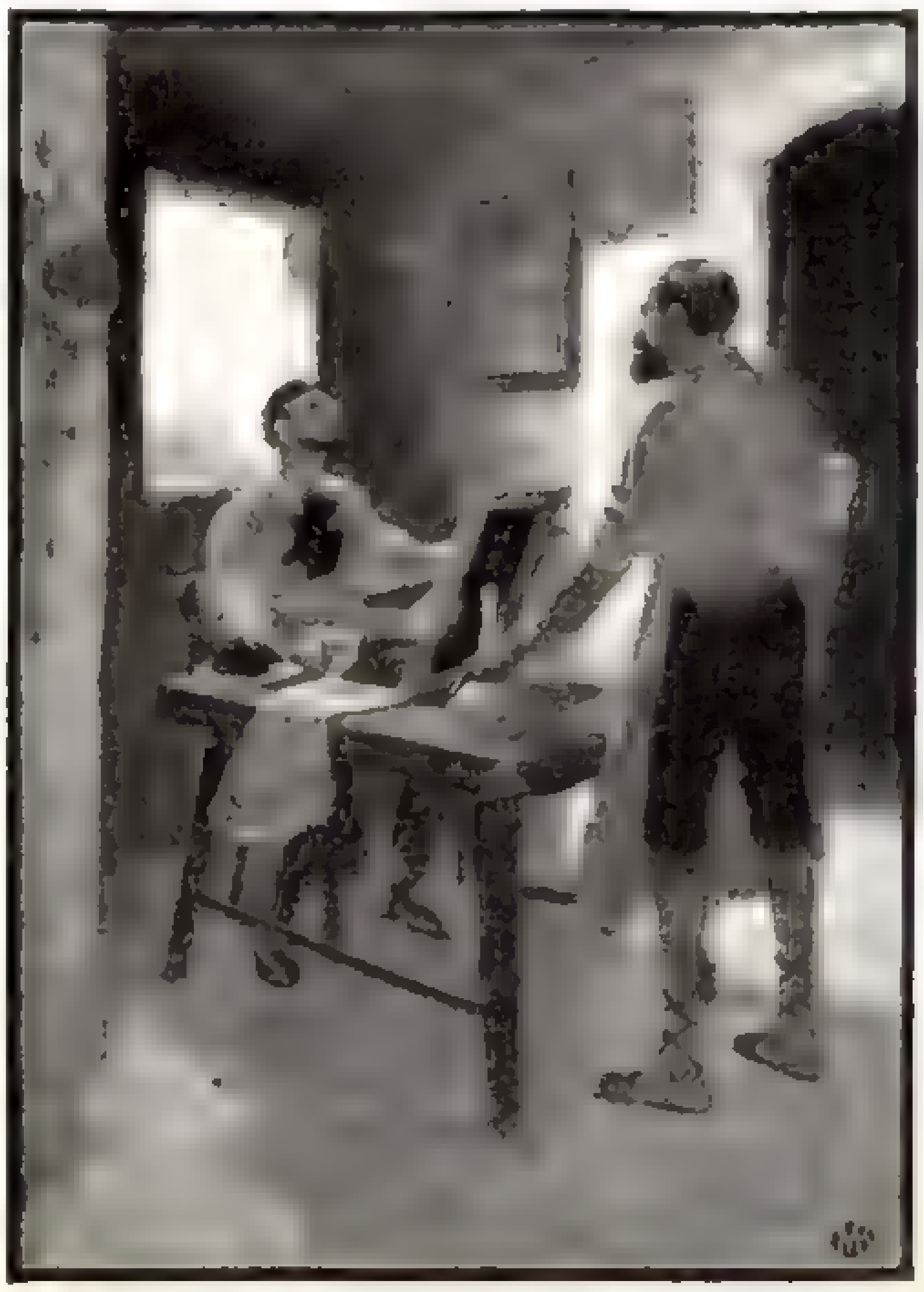
This gentleman now possesses only one picture of his first collection, bought when he was acquiring the A, B, C of art. He sold his first collection—bought another and sold that; and so on until he became a real connoisseur, but the prices of the works he acquired never became public property.

Napoleon was the only man who had the power in the last hundred years to make a really great art collection. With his armies he conquered nations and brought their greatest treasures to France. Most of the great works of the past had for hundreds of years been acquired by the cultured nations of Europe for their public museums, their palaces and churches—with the exception of a few great private collections that were almost impregnable.

Napoleon entered on the scene, conquered and built up the country; but calmly stole—or shall we say "looted"?—the finest pictures and sculpture, and sent them home to France. True, many have been since returned to their rightful owners; but Paris still owns the greatest examples—and "for keeps."

Napoleon's was the only way. How, then, can the American, with his millions, hope to compete with Napoleon and his armies?

We have heard the Spread Eagle's remark: "Oh, we will buy up all the old pictures and stuff in Europe yet!" The Eagle forgets that those nations, with their present national pride, will first have to be conquered.



A Living Painter Shared the Profits of the Discoveries of a Dead One

The dealer can hardly be blamed for this mania of the American millionaire, or for exploiting it when a work of a great master is to be had. The temptation is irresistible. A great price looms up before the seller, for the purse and gullibility of Americans seem to be unlimited especially if the would-be purchaser is a multi-millionaire, if he wants old masters and has confidence in the agent. There are no standards of value in these days of hysteria, and the prices received depend very largely on the spending power of the buyer and the keenness of his desire for the picture.

True, there are picture dealers above all suspicion, honorable men who handle old masters because their patrons demand them, but seem content with modest profits at times. In a recent sale an American dealer was forced to pay an excessive figure in open competition with foreign dealers and collectors; he sold his purchase in a few days for a small profit; but we wish to disparage only the very greatly inflated prices recently secured—often by methods that smack of the "flimflam."

Here are a few prices obtained in the last two years, which we consider absurdly exaggerated:

	PAID	SUGGESTED VALUE EVEN NOW
Corot's Fisherman . . .	$127,000	$ 35,000
Frans Hals' Old Woman . . .	137,000	40,000
Turner's Pas de Calais . . .	200,000	120,000
Frans Hals' Family Group . .	400,000	150,000
Velasquez' Portrait of D'Alvarez	400,000	60,000
Rembrandt's The Mill . . .	475,000	35,000

At least these are the advertised prices procured—and, true or not, the harm done is the same.

To prove that such prices paid in recent years for old masters or dead recent masters are inflated, often fictitious values—out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth—often worked up by a group of speculators just as stock is now and then skyrocketed, and that they do harm and not good, is the object of this article.

An amusing story was told of how the famous Peachblow Vase achieved its high price in a private sale some twenty-five years ago. We mention it as a case in illustration.

"What is the price of that charming vase?" inquired an old lady of the attendant in charge of the exhibition.

"Ah, let me see." And being near-sighted he misread the ticket and by mistake added a cipher. "Yes, yes—the great Peachblow—thirty thousand dollars, madam."

The price marked was three thousand dollars; but the lady's admiration grew tenfold, and soon every one heard of the miracle of beauty to be sold and of its great value.

The vase brought twenty-four thousand dollars at the sale, and the attendant little knew how long-sighted he was. This has given the tip to the boomer, and has served, possibly unconsciously, as the *leitmotif* of later big prices; for the greater the price asked the greater seems to be the appreciation and the quicker the sale.

A certain class of buyer would look twice at an object if thirty thousand dollars were asked. "By Jove! It must be fine!" Another class would look twice if it were marked thirty dollars. "Hello! That looks like a good thing going cheaply!" The latter class is in the minority.

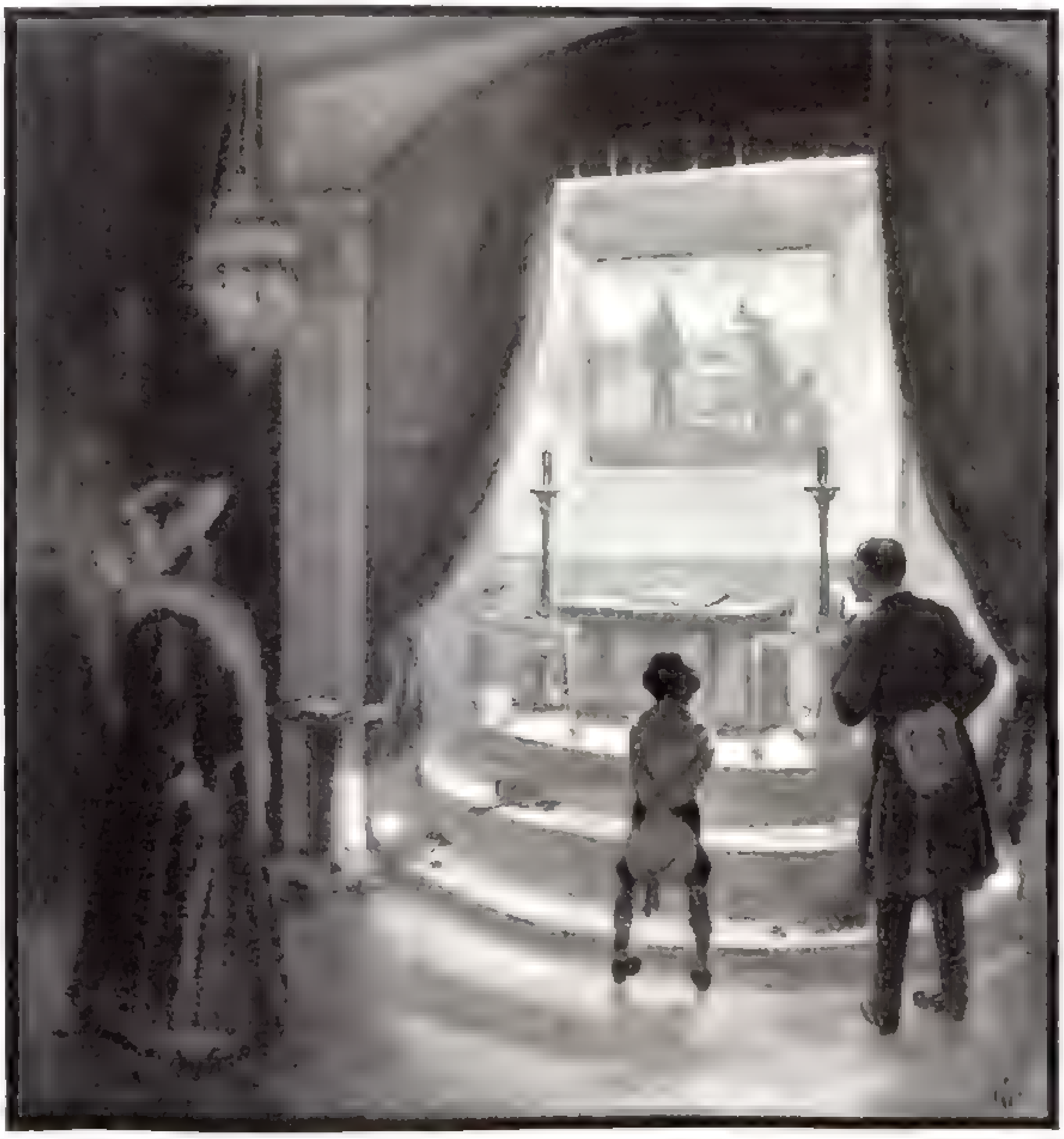
The next modern "startler" came when that famous picture, The Angelus, by Jean François Millet, brought the then unheard-of price of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Its history is not irrelevant here—the price paid the painter, the picture's subsequent wildcat career and its present resting-place, where it can be seen in its true relation and value. This is one of the strongest examples of the false boom.

The world let Millet and his large family practically starve. M. Sensier, who has written a book on Millet, was the artist's lifelong friend and supporter, impoverishing himself to help Millet live and work. This loyal friend tells how The Angelus having brought only four thousand francs—eight hundred dollars—to Millet himself, immediately after the artist's death his pictures brought enormous prices, as then the world wanted to buy. The mystery of the painter's life and poverty and the religious sentiment of the picture, with proper advertisement, eventually brought it to America. Many remember when the great one-hundred-thousand-dollar picture, The Angelus, was exhibited in this country. The exhibition rooms were arranged like chapels of prayer; one was asked not to speak loud; there was a hush and devotion before the picture worthy of a better cause; and from fifty cents to a dollar admission was charged.

Hocus-Pocus

THIS hocus-pocus suited the game and brought many ducats into the pockets of the owners; but no buyer appeared for the great picture, though it had been bought as an investment at a large price. The owner was unable to "plant" the picture here and had a white elephant on his hands. Happily for him, there lived in Paris M. Chauchard, the wealthy owner of the Magazin du Louvre, who bought only high-priced pictures—the higher the price the better, only those of the French school. Actuated by patriotism he deserves greater credit than his American *confrères*. Hearing of the fate of The Angelus, an art dealer got into touch with its owner, saw Chauchard and worked up his enthusiasm to save this masterpiece for France at any price. Ah, the patriotism of it! M. Chauchard was only too willing and fell easily, giving a hundred and twenty thousand dollars to overbid the supposed American purchaser, thus saving The Angelus to France and incidentally enriching the seller and the go-between.

At his death, M. Chauchard bequeathed his fine collection to the Louvre—the museum; and we have lately seen The Angelus in its place. It is a wonder to many that this inferior work of Millet—not in a class with his best pictures should bring such a fabulous price, for by the consensus of expert opinion it is not worth more than twenty thousand dollars, comparing it with prices received for better works of Millet at recent auctions. The art world in Paris had great amusement this year, when The Angelus was exhibited in the Louvre, over the story of the picture.

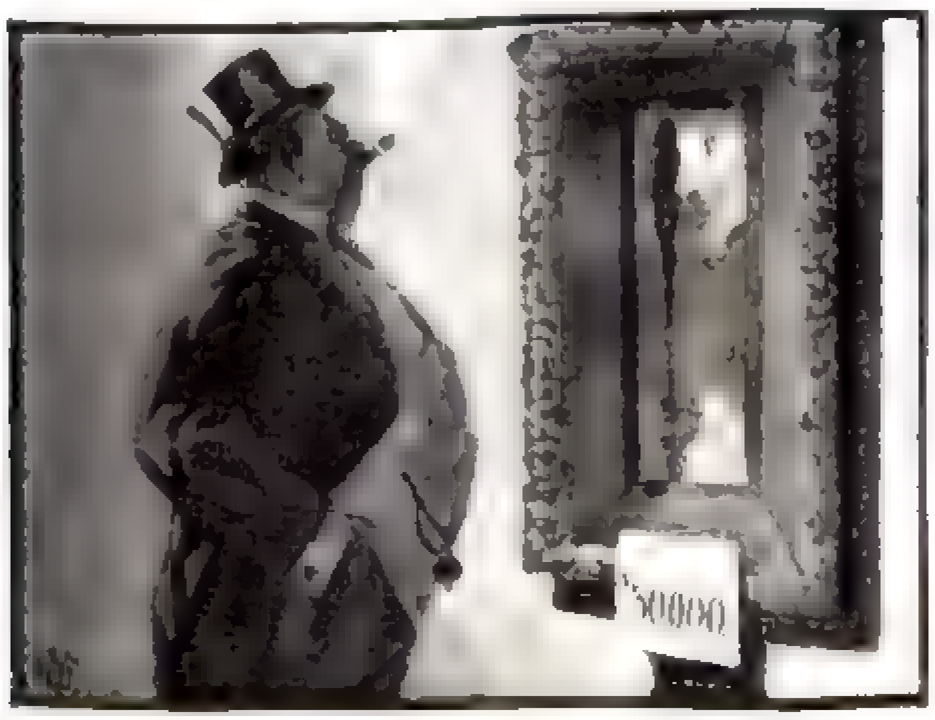


The Exhibition Rooms Were Arranged Like Chapels of Prayer

Even this sale has lost its prestige; there has arisen the "duffer," the multimillionaire with a thirst for the fame that accompanies the purchase of old masters. The champagne taste for the Velasquez-Rembrandt order can be met and naturally paid for, to the delight of the dealer, the delectation of the press and the wonder of the people.

Does art profit by all this? Not a whit! Harm is the outcome not good.

The value of an old master—and all pictures by old masters are not necessarily masterpieces—depends, first, on its being a fine example of the best period of that particular painter; second, on the rarity of his work; and third, on his position as a great painter. The fashion for any particular painter's work may arise and create inflated prices for the moment.



"By Jove! It Must be Fine!"

How Rembrandt, that titanic genius, would have laughed could he have known that a modest little canvas of his, produced when he was "thrown down" by the connoisseurs of his time after he had lost his reputation among them—and while doing his greatest work—which probably had been sold for a few hundred dollars to his friend, Burgomaster Six, was holding the attention of the civilized world—not for its greatness, beauty, quality or conception, but because an American had paid four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for it!

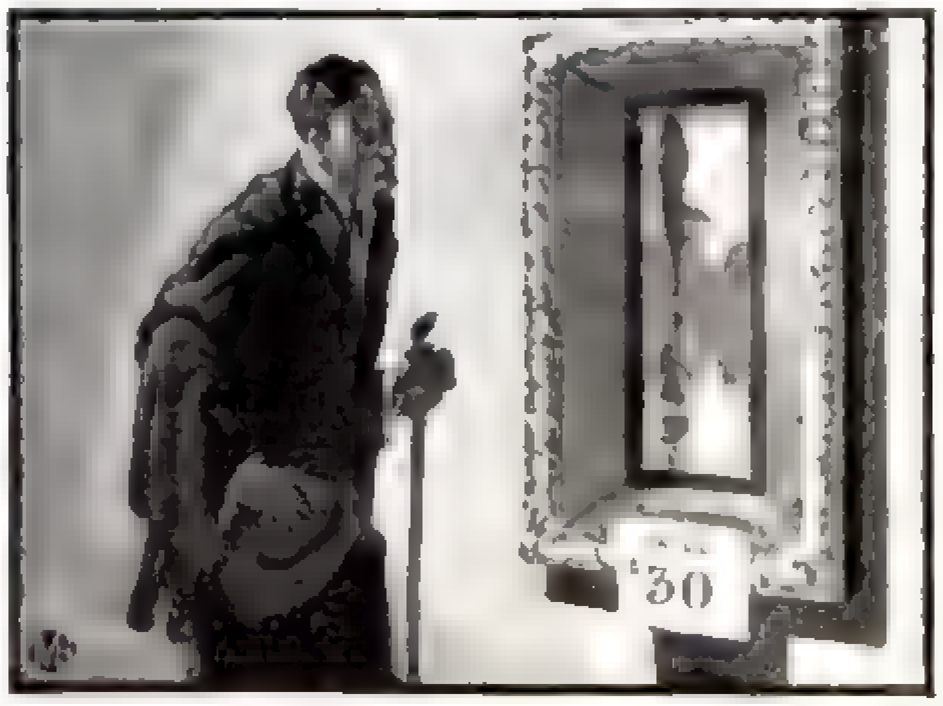
This is a good example of an inflated value. The Mill is a good example of Rembrandt's landscape work—a modest-sized picture; great, if you will; for Rembrandt was not of the modern tendency, for he could paint portraits, figures, landscapes or marines, and paint his greatness into all of them. The Mill is not Rembrandt at his best, however; his portraits and figure-compositions such as The Rabbi, at the Metropolitan Museum; his Draper's Syndicate, in Amsterdam; his Christ at Emmaus, and The Bath, in the Louvre are a few great examples of this master's work. Judging by what was paid for his greatest pictures, twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars would be a very high price for The Mill even in these days. When this hysteria has passed prices will sink to their natural level. A far more important example of Rembrandt, a figure-composition, David Playing Before Saul, lay for some time at a dealer's in Paris. It was then sold to another dealer and eventually to The Hague Museum, where it now is. This brought about twenty thousand dollars not more than twenty years ago.

Rembrandt's Best

IT MAY be of interest to the general public to know how unreasonable is the rise and fall in price of a master's work during his lifetime and after his death; and Rembrandt's case is a particularly sad and interesting one. Unlike Millet, he met success at once, when painting his more popular but less mature work, and rose to fame and fortune about the time of marrying Saskia, his first wife. This was during the hard, realistic production of his first period. At the height of his fame and prosperity he received a commission to paint a society of sharpshooters. Realizing his power in light and shade, he determined to depart from the rather conventional portrait group then in vogue all painted in full light and full face—and he produced his great picture, The Night Watch. As each individual did not appear in the foreground in full light and full face the public raised a hue and cry, and the picture was refused. It really cost him his reputation, but marked the beginning of his great painting. From that time on he lost favor with the public, lost his fortune, and had but one friend, Burgomaster Six, who was a steadfast patron and constant admirer. His greatest masterpieces both in etching and in painting followed; but he was poorly paid for them, being twice sold out for debt, and he died practically in poverty. Today these pictures of Rembrandt's last period are the most admired and of the highest value. Such is fame!

This treatment of Rembrandt by his countrymen brings to mind the remark recently made by a dealer, when astonishment was expressed by a buyer at the high prices asked for an indifferent old master and some third-rate old paintings. "Why," replied the dealer, "that's low, when even Americans are now getting twenty thousand dollars!" He was referring to the recent sale of the work of a late American painter.

(Continued on Page 28)



"Hello! That Looks Like a Good Thing Going Cheaply!"

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

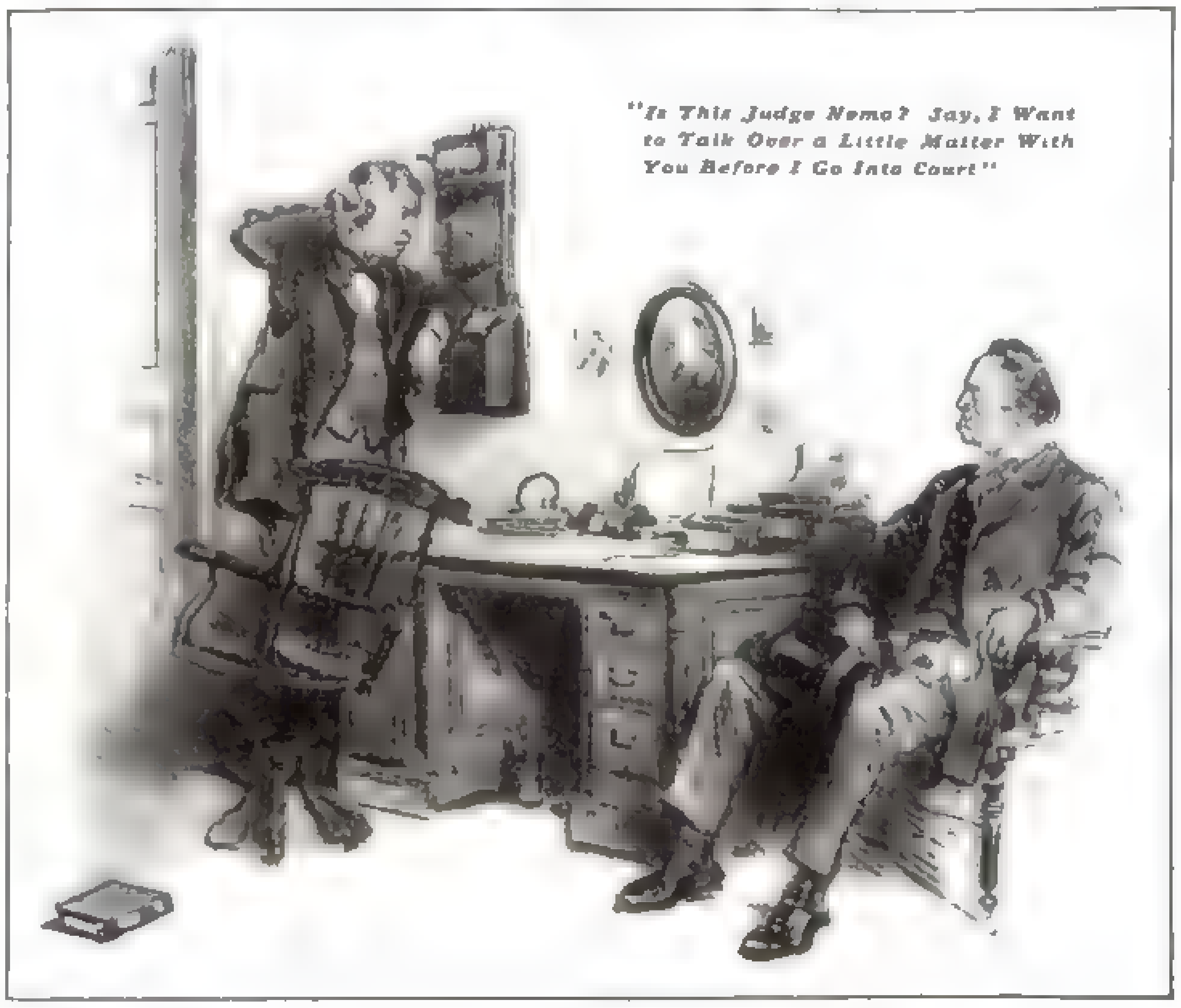
AS I HAVE already taken some pains to indicate, I was fully persuaded of the practical value of a professional connection with a legal firm of so eminent a standing as that of Messrs. Haight & Foster, and for this reason the reader may easily appreciate the shock with which I received the information that my presence was no longer desired in the office.

Mr. Haight had unexpectedly sent me word that I was wanted in the library and I had obeyed his summons without a suspicion that my career as a civil attorney was to be abruptly terminated. As I closed the door behind me I saw the old lawyer standing near the window, his spectacles poked above his eyebrows and his forehead red with indignation. Between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand he held a card.

"So," he exclaimed, vainly trying to appear collected, "I find that my firm has been conducting an uptown office for criminal business! This is one of your cards, I believe?"

He tossed it from him as if it were infected with some virulent legal disease, and I saw that it was one of the unfortunate cards that I had had printed before forming my partnership with Gottlieb. It was no use denying anything.

"Yes," I answered as quietly as I could, "it is one of my cards."



"Is This Judge Nemo? Say, I Want to Talk Over a Little Matter With You Before I Go Into Court"

"I am also informed," he continued, his voice trembling with suppressed wrath, "that while you have been masquerading as a student in this office you have been doing a police court law business in association with a person named Gottlieb."

I turned white yet made no traverse of his indictment. I was going to be kicked out, but I felt that I could at least make my exit with a dignified composure.

"Young man, you are no longer wanted here," continued Mr. Haight with acerbity. "You have found your own level without assistance and you will no doubt remain there. You obtained your position in this office by means of false pretenses. I do not know who you really are or whence you really come, but I have no doubt as to where you will eventually go. This office does not lead in the right direction. You ought to be locked up! Get out!"

I went.

Glib as I was in the defense of others I found it difficult to argue in my own behalf. At any rate it would have availed nothing. I had been tried, convicted and sentenced in my absence, and it was vain to hope for pardon. There is something in righteous indignation that inevitably carries respect with it. I fully sympathized with Mr. Haight. I had cheated and outraged his firm and I knew it. I had no excuse to offer and he was entitled to his burst of excoriation. Morally I felt sure that the worm that had worked deepest into his bone was the fact that my guardian, whose name, as the reader may recall, I had made use of as an introduction, had not in fact written "Toddleham on Perpetuities" at all.

Thus I passed out of the office of Haight & Foster much as I had slipped in—quite unostentatiously. All hope of success along the slow and difficult lines of legitimate practice faded from my mind. Whether I willed it or not, as a criminal attorney I was destined to make my bread.

There was now no reason why Gottlieb and I should any longer conceal our partnership, and we decided, therefore, to go into things on a much larger scale than theretofore and hired a suite of offices on Center Street near the Tombs, where we could be within easy reach of the majority of our clients. A sign some forty feet long and three feet wide ran along the entire front of the building, bearing the names Gottlieb & Quibble. Our own offices were in the rear, the front rooms being given over to clerks, runners and process servers. A huge safe bought for a few dollars at an auction stood in the entrance chamber, but we used it only as a receptacle for coal, its real purpose being simply to impress our clients. We kept but few papers and needed practically no books; what we had were thrown around indiscriminately upon chairs, tables—even on the floor. I do not recall any particular attempt to keep the place clean and I am sure that the windows were never washed. But we made money and that was what we were out for—and we made it every day—every hour; and as we made it we divided it up and put it in our pockets. Our success from the start seemed in some miraculous way to be assured, for my partner had, even before I knew him, established a reputation as one of the keenest men at the criminal bar.

As time went on our offices were thronged with clients of all sexes, ages, conditions and nationalities. The pickpocket on his way out elbowed the gentlewoman who had an erring son and sought our aid to restore him to grace. The politician and the actress, the polite burglar and the Wall Street schemer, the aggrieved wife and stout old clubman who was "being annoyed," each awaited his or her turn to receive our opinion as to their respective needs. Good or bad they got it. Usually it had little to do with law. Rather it was sound, practical advice as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances. These circumstances, as may be imagined, varied widely. Whatever they were and however little they justified apprehension on the part of the client we always made it a point at the very outset to scare the latter thoroughly. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." But a lawyer is a close second to conscience when it comes to coward making; in fact, frightening people, innocent or guilty, became to a very large extent our regular business.

Most of the sinners live in daily terror of being found out and the virtuous are equally fearful of being unjustly accused. Every one knows how a breath of scandal originating out of nothing can wither a family and drive strong men to desperation. The press is always ready to print interesting stories about people, without inquiring too closely into their authenticity. Curiously enough we found that an invitation to call at our office usually availed to bring the most exemplary citizens without delay. I can remember not more than three who had the courage to refuse. Most came, as it were, on the run. Others made a bluff at righteous indignation. All, in the end, paid up—and paid well. Our reputation grew, and in the course of a few years the terror of us stalked abroad through the city.

Our staff was well organized, however disordered may have been the physical appearance of our office. In the first place we had an agent in every police court, who instantly informed us whenever any person was arrested who had sufficient means to make it worth our while to come to his assistance. This agent was usually the clerk or some other official who could delay the proceedings in such a way as to give us time to appear upon the scene. We also had many of the police in our pay and made it a practice to reward liberally any officer who succeeded in throwing us any business. In this way defendants sometimes acquired the erroneous idea that if they followed the suggestion of the officer arresting them and employed us as their attorneys, they would be let off through some collusion between the officer and ourselves. Of course this idea was without foundation, but it was the source of considerable financial profit to us, and we did little to counteract the general impression that had gone abroad that we "stood in" with the minions of the law and were *personæ gratæ* to the judges of the police courts.

After the telephone came into general use Gottlieb employed it in many ingenious ways. He even had an unconnected set of apparatus hanging on the wall of the office, through which he used to hold imaginary conversations with judges and city officers for the benefit of clients who were in search of "inflooence." It is a common weakness of the layman to believe that more can be accomplished through pull than through the merit of one's cause. Even litigants who have the right on their side are quite as apt to desire an attorney who is supposed to be "next" to the judge as are those whose only hope is through judicial favor. Gottlieb's relations to the lower magistrates were in many instances close, but he professed to be on the most intimate terms with all who wore the ermine, whether in the police courts or on the supreme bench. Time after time I have overheard some such colloquy as the following: A client would enter the office and after recounting his difficulties or wrongs would cautiously ask Gottlieb if he knew the judge before whom the matter would come.

"Do I *know* him?" my partner would cry. "I lunch with him almost every day! Wait a minute and I'll call him up."

Vigorously ringing the bell attached to the unconnected instrument upon the wall Gottlieb would indulge his fancy in some such dialogue as:

"Hello—hello! Is this Judge Nemo? Oh, hello, Jack, is it you? Yes, it's me—Abe. Say, I want to talk over a little matter with you before I go into court. How about lunch? Sure—any time will suit me. One o'clock? I'll be there. Thanks. So long, old man. See you later!"

The client by virtue of this auricular demonstration of our friendly relations with the Bench would be instantly convinced that his success was assured and that Gottlieb & Quibble were cheap at any retainer they might name.

For the most part the routine office work fell to me and Gottlieb attended to the court end of the business. For there was no more adroit or experienced trial attorney in the courts than my little hook-nosed partner. Even downtown attorneys with almost national reputations as corporation lawyers would call him in as associate counsel in important cases in which a criminal element was involved. Thus we frequently secured big fees in what Gottlieb was pleased to call legitimate practice, although I am inclined to believe that our share was small compared with that of the civil lawyers who had retained us. On one occasion where Gottlieb had been thus called in the regular attorney of record, who happened to be a prominent churchman, came to our office to discuss the fee that should be charged. The client was a rich man who had sued successfully for a divorce.

"How much, Mr. Gottlieb," inquired the attorney, stroking his chin, "do you think would be a fair amount to ask for our services?"

My partner hesitated a moment and mentally reviewed the length of time the case—a very simple one—had occupied.

"Do you think five thousand dollars would be too much?" he finally asked with some hesitation.

"Five!" cried the lawyer in astonishment. "It should be twenty thousand—at the least!"

It is not my intention to give a history of the firm of Gottlieb & Quibble, but rather a description of the work of many criminal law offices. Its object is precisely the same as that of the best offices where civil law is practiced that is, to make money out of the client. But inasmuch as the client who seeks the aid of a criminal attorney is usually in dread of losing not merely money but liberty, reputation and perhaps life as well, he is correspondingly ready to pay generously for any real or fancied service on the part of the lawyer. Thus the fees of a criminal practitioner when the client has any money—are ridiculously high, and he usually gets sooner or later all that the client has. Indeed, there are three Golden Rules in the profession, of which the first has already been hinted at—namely, thoroughly terrify your client. Second, find out how much money he has and where it is. Third, get it. The merest duffer can usually succeed in following out the first two of these precepts, but to accomplish the third requires often a master's art. The ability actually to get one's hands on the coin is what differentiates the really great criminal lawyer from his inconspicuous brethren.

The criminal attorney, therefore, whether he be called to see his client at the Tombs or in the police station, or is consulted in his own office, at once informs the latter that he is indeed in a parlous state. He demonstrates to him conclusively that there exist but a few steps between him and the gallows, or at the least state's prison, and that his only hope lies in his procuring at once sufficient money to—first, get out on bail; second, buy off the witnesses; third, "fix" the police; fourth, "square" the judge; and lastly, pay the lawyer. Even where the prisoner has no money himself, his family are usually ready to do what they can to get him off, in order to save themselves from the disgrace of being related to a convict. It is not what may actually happen to your client, but what he thinks may happen, that makes him ready and anxious to give up his money. Thus, the more artistic the practitioner in painting the dire consequences which will result if the family of the offender does not come to his rescue the quicker and larger will be the response. Time also is necessary to enable the ancestral stocking to be grudgingly withdrawn from its hiding-place and its contents disgorged, or to allow the pathetic representations of his nearer relatives to work upon the callous heart of old Uncle John who once held a city office and so has plenty of money. The object of the lawyer being to hang on to the client until he has got his money, it follows that if the latter is locked up in jail it is all the better for the lawyer, unless it be expedient to let him out to raise funds. Thus criminal attorneys are not, as a rule, particularly anxious to secure the release of a client from jail. Solitary confinement increases his apprehension and discomfort and renders him more complacent about paying well for liberty. The English King, who locked up the money-lender and had one of his teeth drawn out each day until he made the desired loan, knew his business. Once the fellow is out of jail—pfft! He is gone, and neither the place nor you knows him more. Very likely also he will jump his bail and you will have to make good your bond. One client in jail is worth two at large.

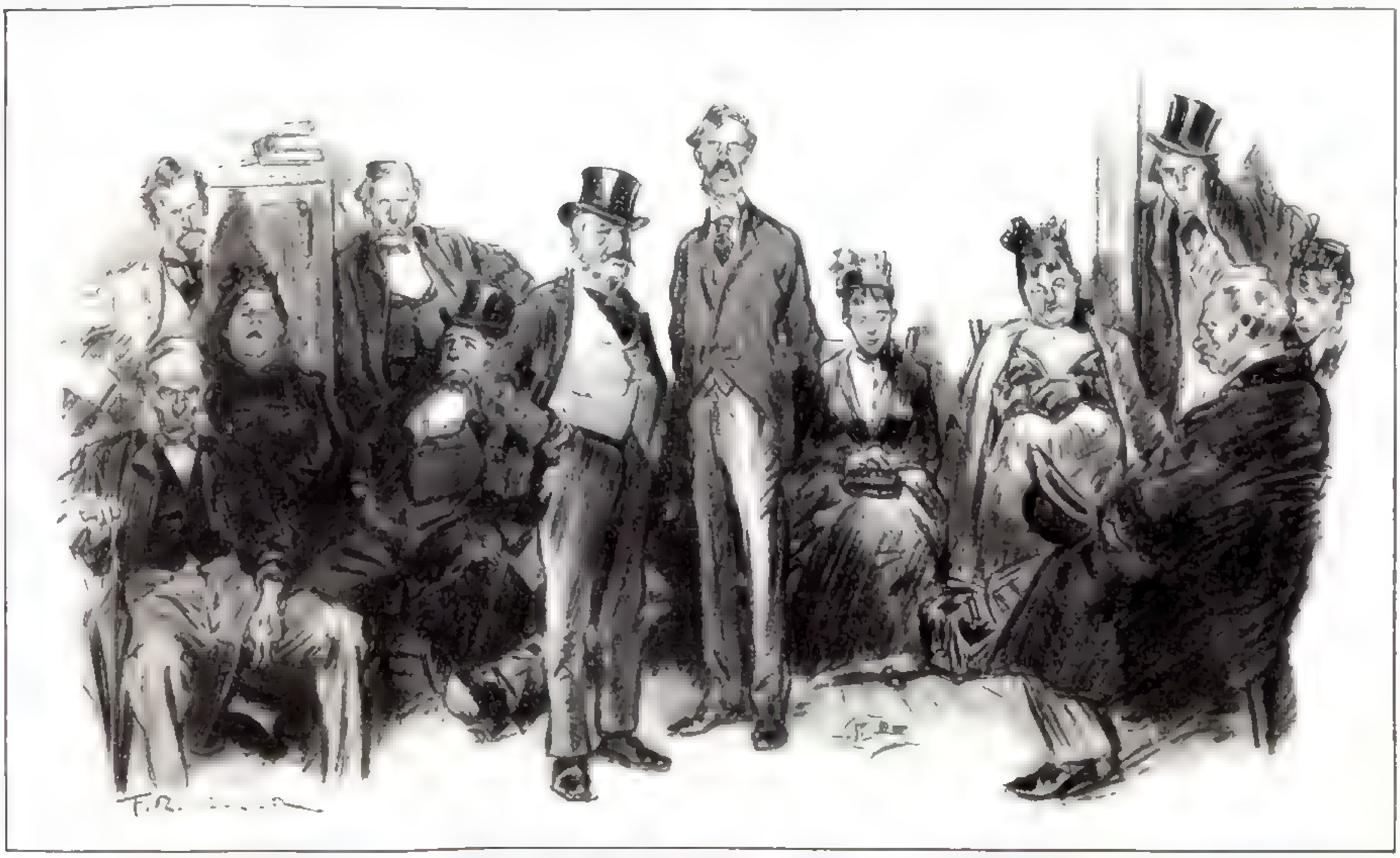
Lawyers exercise much invention in keeping their clients under control. I recall one recent case where a French chauffeur, who had but just arrived in this country, was arrested for speeding. The most that could happen to him would, in the natural course of events, be a fine of fifteen or twenty dollars. But an imaginative criminal practitioner got hold of him in the police court and drew such a highly colored picture of what might happen to him that the Frenchman stayed in jail without bail under an assumed name, raised some three hundred dollars by means of a draft on Paris, handed it over to his counsel, and finally after a delay of two weeks was tried in the Special Sessions, found guilty, and let go on a suspended sentence. He is now looking for the lawyer with a view to doing something to him that will inevitably result in his own permanent incarceration.

Another practical distinction between civil and criminal practitioners is that while the first are concerned for the most part with the law, the second are chiefly occupied with the facts. In civil cases the lawyers spend most of their time in trying to demonstrate that, even assuming their opponents' contentions as to the facts to be true, the law is nevertheless in their own favor. Now this is a comparatively easy thing since no one knows what the law in most civil cases is—and in truth it might as well be one way as the other. A former member of the Supreme Bench of the United States is reported to have said that when he was chief justice of one of the state courts, and he and his confrères found themselves in a quandary over the law, they were accustomed to send the sergeant-at-arms for what they called "The Implements of Decision"—a brace of dice and a copper cent. Thus the weightiest matters were decided without difficulty.

Now the taking of a purse out of a lady's reticule does not present much confusion as a legal proposition. It would be somewhat difficult to persuade a judge or a jury that picking a pocket is not a crime. It is far easier to demonstrate that the pocket was not picked at all. This is generally only a question of money. Witnesses can easily be secured to swear either that the lady had no reticule, or that if she had a reticule it contained no purse; or that some person other than the defendant took the purse, or that she herself dropped it, or that even if the prisoner took it he had no criminal intent in so doing, since he observed that it was about to slip from the receptacle in which it was contained and intended but to return it to her. Lastly, if put to it, that in fact the owner was no lady, and therefore unworthy of credence.

Few persons realize how difficult it is for an outsider, such as an ordinary juryman, to decide an issue of fact. A flat denial is worth a hundred ingenious defenses in which the act is admitted but the attempt is made to explain it away. It is this that gives the jury so much trouble in criminal cases. For example, in the case of the pickpocket the lawyers and the judge may know that the complaining witness is a worthy woman, the respectable mother of a family, and that the defendant is a rascal. But each comes before the jury presumably of equal innocence. She says he did, he says he didn't. The case must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Generally the defendant's word, so far as the jury can see, is as good as his accuser's. If there are other witnesses it is usually not difficult, and certainly not impossible, to show that they have poor eyesight, bad memories, or are undesirable citizens in general. The criminal lawyer learns in his cradle never to admit anything. By getting constant adjournments he wears out the People's witnesses, induces others to stay away, and when the case finally comes to trial has only the naked accusation of the complainant to disprove. Or, to put it in more technically correct fashion, the complainant has only his own word wherewith to establish his case beyond a reasonable doubt. A bold contradiction is often so startling that it throws confusion into the enemy's camp.

I once defended a worthy gentleman named Cohen on a charge of perjury, alleged to have been committed by him in a civil case in which he, as defendant, denied that he had ever ordered a set of stable plans from a certain architect. The latter was a young man of very small practice who had an office but no clerks or draughtsmen. He certainly believed with the utmost honesty that my client had come to his office, engaged him to design a stable, and approved an elaborate set of plans that he had drawn. When it came to paying for them Mr. Cohen declined. The architect brought suit, and at the trial swore to the dates and places of the interviews between Cohen and himself, and to all the surrounding circumstances and details connected with the execution of the plans in question. His lawyer expected that the defendant would interpose the defense that the plans were inferior, defective or worthless. Not at all! Mr. Cohen swore that he had never ordered the plans and in fact had *never seen the architect in his life!* He alleged that until the suit

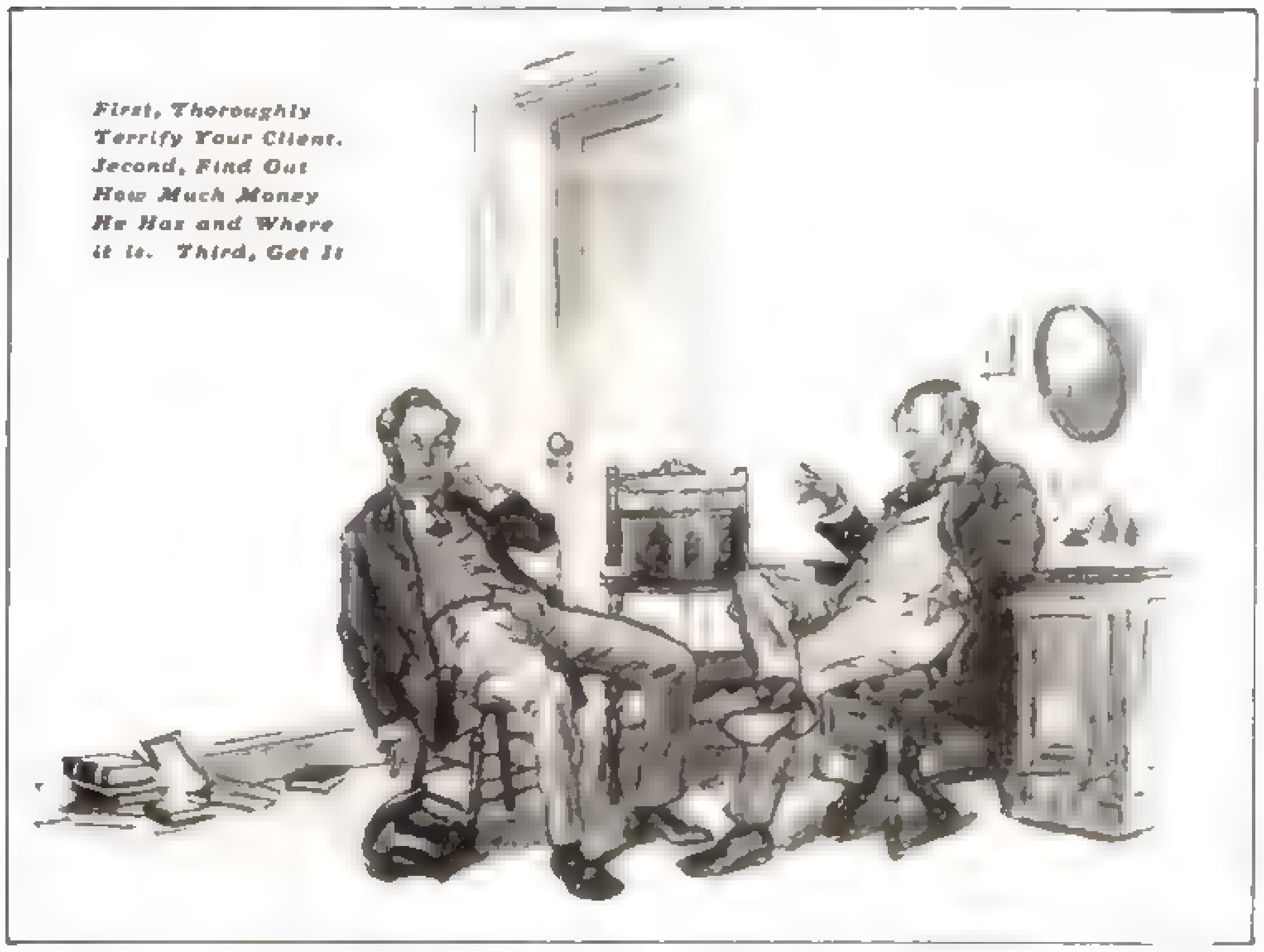


Our Offices Were Thronged With Clients of All Sexes, Ages, Conditions and Nationalities was brought he had never even *heard* of him—and that either the architect was demented or a liar, or else some other Cohen had given the order. The architect and his lawyer were thunderstruck, but they had no witnesses to corroborate their contentions, since no one had ever seen Cohen in the other's office. The jury disagreed and the architect in some way secured Cohen's indictment for perjury. But during the criminal trial at which I defended him Mr. Cohen calmly persisted in his denial that he had ever enjoyed the honor of the architect's acquaintance, and after two prosecutions, in each of which the jury hopelessly disagreed, the indictments against him were dismissed. From this it may easily be inferred that no fact is too patent to be denied. Frequently the more heroic the denial the greater its verisimilitude to truth. The jury feel that no prisoner would *deny* a fact that it would be much easier to *explain away*—and believe him.

I once represented an Italian called The Bravest Man, who was charged with having deliberately shot in the head and killed a respectable dealer in olive oil against whom he held no grudge whatsoever. This fellow was just an egotistic little man who liked notoriety and admiration. He was wont to refer to himself simply as The Bravest Man—without reference to time or place—just The Bravest Man. He was accustomed to demonstrate his bravery by shooting inoffensive people whenever the idea seized him. He never killed anybody save quiet and law-abiding fellow citizens who made no resistance, and the method he selected was to shoot them through the head. He seemed to feel that it was essential to his dignity thus to execute at least one human being every six months, and the extraordinary feature of his history was that he had never been convicted.

The case that I was called upon to defend was this. Not having killed anybody for nearly a year and fearing to jeopardize his title of The Bravest Man, he put a forty-four-caliber pistol in his pocket, donned his Sunday clothes and took a walk.

(Continued on Page 36)



First, Thoroughly Terrify Your Client. Second, Find Out How Much Money He Has and Where it is. Third, Get It

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XVIII

LET us take the case of a refined and sensitive man who has fallen, as many have fallen, under the influence of drink. Let us suppose him to have sunk lower and lower into the hell of it, until delirium tremens puts a temporary end to his excesses. Let us suppose him to be convalescent, in sweet surroundings, in capable hands, relieved—for the time, at least—by the strange gold drug, of his craving for alcohol. His mind is clear, his perceptions are acute, he is once more a sane human being. He looks back upon his degradation with wondering horror. It is not as though he has passed through a period of dark madness of which the memory is vague and elusive. He remembers it all—all the incidents, all the besotted acts, all the benumbed, enslaved surrender of his soul. His freed self regards perplexedly the self that was in bondage. They are two different entities—and yet they are unquestionably the same. He has not been mad, because he has felt all the time responsible for his actions; and yet he must have been mad so to dishonor the divine spirit within him. The latter argument prevails. "I have been mad!" he says, and shivers with disgust.

In some such puzzled frame of mind did Quixtus, freed from the obsession of the Idea, regard his self of the last few months. He remembered how it had happened. There had been several shocks: the Marrable disaster, the discovery of Angela and Hammersley's betrayal, that of the disloyalty of his three pensioners, the cynical trick of his uncle. He remembered toying with the Idea on his homeward journey, the farcical faithlessness of the drunken housekeeper—and then, click! the hag Idea had mounted on his shoulders and ridden away with him, as Al Kohol—the very devil himself—rides away with the unresisting drunkard. Every action, every thought of this strange period was clear in his memory. He could not have been mad—and yet he must have been.

To strain the analogy a trifle, the nightmare in the train and the horror of the morning had been his delirium tremens; but here the analogy suffers a solution of continuity. From that climax of devil-work the drunkard descends but slowly and gradually through tortures innumerable to the normal life of man. Shock is ineffective. But in Quixtus' case there was a double shock—the seismic convulsion of his being at the climactic moment and the sudden announcement of that which, to all men born, is the only absolute, final, immutable.

And then, click! the hag that had ridden him had been thrown from his shoulders and he had looked upon the dead through the eyes of a sane man. And now, through the eyes of a sane man, he regarded the incredible spectacle of his self of yesterday. He turned from it with shivers of disgust. He must have been mad. A great depression came upon him. He had suffered grievous wrongs, it is true; no man since Job had been more sorely afflicted; the revelations of human baseness and treachery had been such as to kill his once childlike faith in humanity—but why had loss of faith sent him mad? What had his brain been doing to allow this grotesque impulse to overmaster it? At the present moment, he assured himself, he had neither more nor less faith in mankind than when he had walked a maniac through the London streets or during last night's tortured journey in the train. Yet now he desired to commit no wickedness. The thought of evil for evil's sake was revolting. . . . The self he had striven to respect and keep clean all his life had been soiled. Wherein lay purification?

Had he been mad? If so, how could he trust his memory as to what had happened? By the grace of God those acts of wickedness, the contemplation of which he remembered, had been rendered nugatory. Even Tommy had not materially suffered, seeing that he had kept the will intact and had placed two thousand pounds to his banking account. But could he actually have committed deeds of wickedness that he had forgotten? Were there any such which he had committed through the agency of the three evil counselors? He racked his memory in vain.

The days at Marseilles passed gloomily. Poynter, the good Samaritan, started the first evening for Devonshire to satisfy his hungry soul with the unutterable comfort of English fields. Clementina and Quixtus saw him off at the station and walked back through the sultry streets together. The next day he was left much to his own company, as Clementina broke the news of death to the child and stayed with her for comfort. He wandered aimlessly about the town, seeking the shade and wrapping himself in his melancholy. When he saw Sheila in the afternoon the child was greatly subdued. She understood that her father had gone to Heaven to stay with her mother. She realized that she would never see him again. Clementina briefly informed Quixtus of the child's grief—how she had cried and called for him most of the morning; how she had fallen asleep and had awakened more calm. To distract her mind and to give her the air, they hired a taxicab and drove on the Corniche Road past the Restaurant de la Réserve. Sheila's tiny body easily nestled on the seat between them and she seemed comforted by the human contact. From Pinkie she also derived great consolation. Pinkie was stupid, she explained, and she couldn't talk; but really she was a fairy princess, and fairy princesses were always affectionate. Pinkie was stuffed with love as tight as she could hold.

"Have you ever been in a motor car before?" asked Quixtus.

"Oh, yes. Of course I have," she replied in her rich little voice. "Daddy had one in Shanghai. He used to take me out in it."

Then her lips quivered and the tears started and she flung herself weeping against Clementina.

"Oh, daddy! I want my daddy!"

The essential feminine in Clementina sprang to arms.

"Why did you start her off like this by talking of motor cars?"

"I'm dreadfully sorry!" said Quixtus. "But how was I to know?"

"Just like a man!" she retorted. "No intuition worth a cent."

At dinner a melancholy meal—theirs was the only table occupied in the vast, ghostly *salle à manger*—she apologized in her gruff way. "I was wrong about the motor car. How the deuce could you have known? Besides, if you talk to the child about anything, her daddy is sure to have had one at Shanghai. Poor little mite!"

"Yes, poor little mite!" said Quixtus meditatively. "I wonder what will become of her."

"That has got to be our lookout," she replied sharply. "You don't seem to realize that."

"I don't think I do, quite—even after what you said to me yesterday. I must accustom myself to the idea."

"Yesterday," said Clementina, "you declared you had fallen in love with her."

"Many a man," replied Quixtus, with a faint smile, "has fallen in love with one of your sex and has not in the least known what to do with her."

The grim setting of Clementina's lips relaxed.

"I think you're becoming more human. And—talking of humanity—there's a question that must be cleared up between us before we settle down to this partnership: Are you intending to keep up your diabolical attitude toward Tommy Burgrave?"

The question had been burning her tongue for over twenty-four hours—from the moment that he had appeared in the vestibule the day before, after his sleep, and seemed to have recovered from the extraordinary nervous collapse which had aroused her pity. With considerable self-restraint, she had awaited her opportunity. Now it had come—and when an opportunity came to Clementina she did not go by four roads to take it. Quixtus laid down his knife and fork and leaned back in his chair. Knowing her attachment to the boy, he had expected some reference to his repudiation, but the direct question disconcerted him. Should he have to render equally sudden account of all the fantastic iniquities of the past? Then something he had not thought of before entered his amazed head. He had never countermanded the order whereby the allowance was automatically transferred from his own banking account to Tommy's. He had intended to write the letter after having destroyed the will, but his reflections on plagiarism in wickedness, which had led to the preservation of that document, had also caused him to forget the other matter entirely. And he had not thought of it from that day to this.

"As a matter of fact," said he, looking at his plate, "I have not disinherited Tommy; I have not discontinued his allowance, and I have placed a very large sum of money to his credit at the bank."

Clementina knitted her brows and stared at him. The man was a greater puzzle than ever. Was he lying? If Tommy had found himself in opulence he would have told her. Tommy was veracity incarnate.

"The boy hasn't a penny to his name—nothing except his mother's fifty pounds a year."

He met her black keen eyes steadily.

"I am telling you the facts. He can't have inquired as to his bank balance recently." He passed his hand across his forehead as realization of the past strange period came to him. "I suppose he can't have done so, as he has never written to acknowledge the—the large amount of money."

The man was telling the truth. It was mystifying.

"Then why, in the name of Bedlam, did you play the fool with him like that?"

"That is another matter," said he, lowering his eyes. "For the sake of an answer, let us say that I wanted to test his devotion to his art."

"We can say it, but I don't believe it."

"I will ask you, Clementina," said he courteously, "as a great personal favor, to let it pass at that."

"All right," said Clementina.

He went on with his dinner. Presently another thing struck him—he was to find a plaguy lot of things to strike him in connection with his lunacy.

"If Tommy was penniless," said he, "will you explain how he has managed to take this expensive holiday in France?"

"Look here; let us talk of something else," she replied. "I'm sick of Tommy!"

Visions of Tommy's whooping joy, of Etta's radiance, when they should hear the astounding news, floated before her. She could hear him telling the chit of a girl to put on her orange blossoms and go out with him at once and get married. She could hear Etta say: "Darling Clementina, do run out and buy me some orange blossoms." Much the two innocents cared for darling Clementina! There were times when she really did not know whether she wanted to take them both in her arms in a great, splendid hug or to tie them up together in a sack and throw them into the Seine.

"I'm sick of Tommy!" she declared.

But the normal brain of the cultivated man had begun to work.

"Clementina," said he, "it is you who have been paying Tommy's expenses."

"Well, suppose I have?" she replied defiantly. She added quickly, womanlike, divining the reproach to Tommy underlying Quixtus' challenge: "He's a child and I'm an old woman. I had the deuce's own job to make him accept. I couldn't go careering about France all by myself—I could, as a matter of practical fact—I could career all over Gehenna if I chose—but it wouldn't have been gay. He sacrificed his pride to give me a holiday. What have you to say against it?"

A flush of shame mounted to Quixtus' cheek. It was intolerable that one of his house—his sister's son—should have been dependent for bread on a woman. He himself was to blame.

"Clementina," said he, "this is a very delicate matter and I hope you won't misjudge me; but, as your great generosity was based on a most unhappy misunderstanding ——"

"Ephraim Quixtus," she interrupted, "go on with your dinner and don't be a fool!"

There was nothing for it but for Quixtus to go on with his dinner.

"I tell you what," she said after a pause, in spite of her weariness of Tommy as a topic of conversation, "when Tommy met you at the tearoom he didn't know what you've just told me. He thought you had unreasonably and heartlessly cut him adrift. And yet he greeted you as affectionately and frankly as if nothing had happened!"

"That's true," Quixtus admitted.

"It proves to you what a sound-hearted fellow Tommy is."

"I see," said Quixtus. "Well?"

"That's all," said Clementina. "Or, if it isn't, it ought to be."

Quixtus made no reply. There was no reply possible, save the real explanation of his eccentric behavior and that he was not prepared to offer. But Clementina's rough words sank deep in his mind. Judged by ordinary standards, his treatment of Tommy had been unqualifiable - Tommy's behavior all that was most meritorious. In Tommy's case, wherein lay the proof of the essential depravity of mankind? His gloomy faith received a shock that caused him exceeding discomfort. You see, if you take all the trouble of going mad for the sake of a gospel, you rather cling to it when you recover sanity. You are rather eager to justify to yourself the waste of time and energy.

After dinner she dismissed him. He must go out to a café and see the world. She had to look after the child's slumbers and write letters. Quixtus went out into the broad, busy streets. The Cannebière was crowded with gasping but contented citizens. On every side rose the murmur of mirth and cheerfulness. Solid burgesses strolled arm in arm with their solider wives. Youths and maidens laughed together. Swarthy workmen, with open shirt-collars showing their hairy throats; bare-headed workgirls, in giggling knots; little soldiers, clinging amorously to sweethearts—all the crowd wore an air of gayety, of love of their kind, of joy in comradeship. At the thronged cafés, too, men and women found comfort in the swelter of gregariousness. Night had fallen over the baking city and the great thoroughfare blazed in light from shop-windows, cafés, street lamps; from the myriad lamps of whirling trams and motors. Above it all, the full moon shone splendid from the intense sky of a summer night. Quixtus and the moon appeared to be the only lonely things in the Cannebière.

He wandered down to the quay and back again in ever-growing depression. He felt lost—an alien among this humanity that clung together for mutual happiness; he envied the little soldier and his girl, gazing hungrily, their heads almost touching, into a cheap jeweler's window. A sudden craving, such as he had never known in his life, awoke within him, insistent, imperious—a craving for human companionship. Instinctively he walked back to the hotel, scarcely realizing why he had come until he saw Clementina in the vestibule. She had stuck on her crazy hat and was pulling on her white cotton gloves, evidently preparing to go out.

"Hello! Back already?"

"I have come to ask you a favor, Clementina," said he. "Would it bore you to come out with me—to give me the pleasure of your company?"

"It wouldn't bore me," replied Clementina. "Precious few things do. But what on earth can you want me for?"

"If I tell you, you won't mock at me?"

"I only mock at you, as you call it, when you do idiotic things. Anyhow I won't now. What's the matter?"

He hesitated. She saw that her bruskness had checked something natural and spontaneous. At once she strove to make amends and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"We've got to be friends henceforward, Ephraim, if only for the child's sake. Tell me."

"It was only that I have never felt so dismally alone in my life as I did in that crowded street."

"And so you came back for me?"

"I came back for you," he said with a smile.

"Let us go," said Clementina; and she put her arm through his and they went out together and walked arm in arm, like hundreds of other solemn couples in Marseilles.

"That better?" she asked after a while, with a humorous and pleasant sense of mothering this curiously pathetic and incomprehensible man.

The unfamiliar tone in her voice touched him.

"I had no idea you could be so kind, Clementina. Yesterday morning, when I was ill—I can scarcely remember but I feel you were kind then."

"I'm not always a rhinoceros," said Clementina. "But what am I doing that's kind now?"

He pressed her arm gently. "Just this," said he.

Then Clementina realized, with an odd thrill of pleasure, how much more significance often lies in little things than in big ones.

They walked along the quay and looked at the island of the Château d'If standing out grim in the middle of the moonlit harbor, turned up one of the short streets leading to the Rue de Rome, and so came into the Cannebière again. A table, just vacated, on the outer edge of the terrace of one of the cafés, allured them. They sat down and ordered coffee. The little sentimental walk arm in arm had done much to dispose each kindly toward the other. Quixtus felt grateful for her rough yet subtle sympathy; Clementina appreciated his appreciation. The atmosphere of antagonism that had hitherto surrounded them had disappeared. For the first time since their arrival in Marseilles they talked on general topics. Almost for the first time in their lives they talked on general topics naturally, without constraint. Hitherto she had always kept an ear cocked for the pedant he for the scoffer. She had been impatient of his quietism; he had nervously dreaded her brutality. Now a truce was declared. She forbore to jeer at his favorite pursuit—it not entering her head to do so; Quixtus, a man of breeding, never rode his hobby outside his ring except in self-defense. They talked of music—a band was playing in the adjoining café. They discovered a common ground in Bach. Desultory talk led them to modern opera. There was a little haunting air, said he, in *Hans Joueur de Flûte*.

"This?" cried Clementina, leaning across the table and humming it. "You're the only English creature I've come across who has ever heard of it."

They talked of other things—of travel. Her tour through France was fresh in her mind. Sensitive artist, she was full of the architecture. Wherever she had gone Quixtus had gone before her. To her astonishment, for she was too much interested in the talk to consider it at the time, he met her sympathetically on every point.

"The priceless treasures of France," said he, "are the remains of expiring Gothic and the early Renaissance. Of the former you have the Palais de Justice at Rouen—which everybody knows—and the west front of the Cathedral at Vendôme."

"But I've just been to Vendôme!" cried Clementina. "That wonderful flamboyant window!"

"The last word of Gothic," said Quixtus. "The funeral pyre of Gothic—that tracery—the whole thing is on fire—it's all leaping flame!—as if some god had said: 'Let this noble thing that is dead have a stupendous end!' Vendôme always seems to me like the end of the Viking. They sent the hero away to sea in a blaze of fire."

Richelieu, the little town not far from Tours where every one goes, yet so unknown—built by the great cardinal for his court and today standing with hardly a change of stick or stone, just as Richelieu left it—Quixtus had visited.

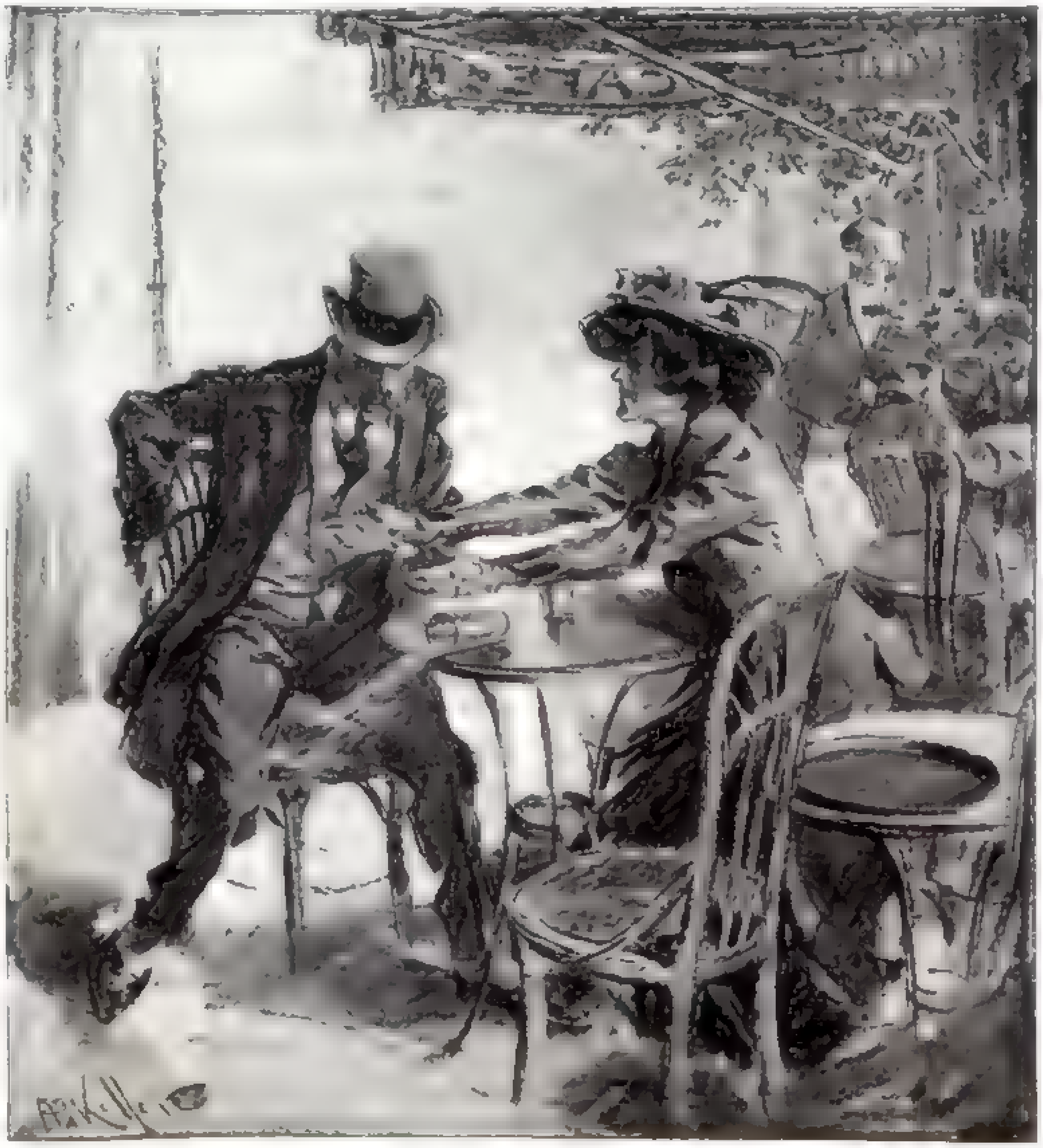
"But that's damnable!" cried Clementina. "I thought we had discovered it."

He laughed. "So did I. And I suppose everybody who goes there views it with the eyes of a little Columbus."

"What did you like best about it?"

"The pictures of the past it evoked. The cavalcade of Richelieu's nobles—all in their Louis-Treize finery—the clatter of the men-at-arms down that broad cobble-paved central street. The setting was all there. It was so easy to fill it."

"That's just what Tommy did," said Clementina. "Tommy made a fancy sketch on the spot of the



He Could Not Escape a Great Splash of Coffee Over His Waistcoat cardinal entering in state, in his great, heavy *carrosse*, with his bodyguard around him."

This led them on to pictures. She found that he was familiar with all the galleries in Europe with most of the works of the moderns. She had never suspected that he had ideas of his own on pictures. He hated what he called the "nightmare of technic" of the ultra modern school. Clementina disliked it also.

All great art was simple, he remarked. Put one of Hobbema's sober landscapes, the Saint Michael of Raphael, amid the hysteria of the Salon des Independents—and the four walls would crumble into chaotic paint.

"Which reminds me," said he, "of a curious little experience a good many years ago. It was at the first International Art Exhibition in London. Paris and Belgium and Holland poured out their violences to unfamiliar eyes—mine were unfamiliar, at any rate. There were women sitting in purple cafés with orange faces and magenta hair. There were hideous nudes with muscles on their kneecaps, writhing in decadent symbolism. There were portraits so flat they gave you the impression of insects squashed against the wall. I remember going through, not understanding it one little bit; and then, in the midst of all this fever, I came across a little gem—so cool, so finished, so sane, and yet full of grip and I stood in front of it until I got better and then went away. It was a most curious sensation, like a cool hand on a fevered brow. I happened not to have a catalog, so I've never known the painter."

"What kind of a picture was it?" asked Clementina.

"Just a child in a white frock and a blue sash, and not a remarkably pretty child either. But it was a delightful piece of work."

"Do you remember," she asked, "whether there was an old mother-of-pearl box on a little table to the left of the girl?"

"Yes," said Quixtus. "There was. Do you know the picture?"

Clementina smiled. She smiled so that her white, strong teeth became visible. Quixtus—and many other people—had never seen Clementina's teeth.

"Painted it!" said Clementina, throwing forward both her hands in triumph.

One of her hands met the long glass of coffee and sent it scudding across the table. Quixtus instinctively jerked his chair backward, but he could not escape a great splash of coffee over his waistcoat. Full of delight, gratitude and dismay, Clementina whipped up her white cotton gloves—and, before waiters with napkins could intervene, she wiped him comparatively dry.

"Your gloves! Your gloves!" he cried, protesting.

She held up the unspeakable things and almost laughed as she threw them on the pavement, whence they were picked up carefully by a passing urchin—for nothing is wasted in France.

"I would have wiped you clean with my—well, with anything I've got, in return for your having remembered my picture."

"Well," said he, "the compliment, being quite unconscious, was all the more sincere."

The waiter mopped up the flooded table.

"Let us be depraved," said Clementina in high good humor, "and have some green chartreuse."

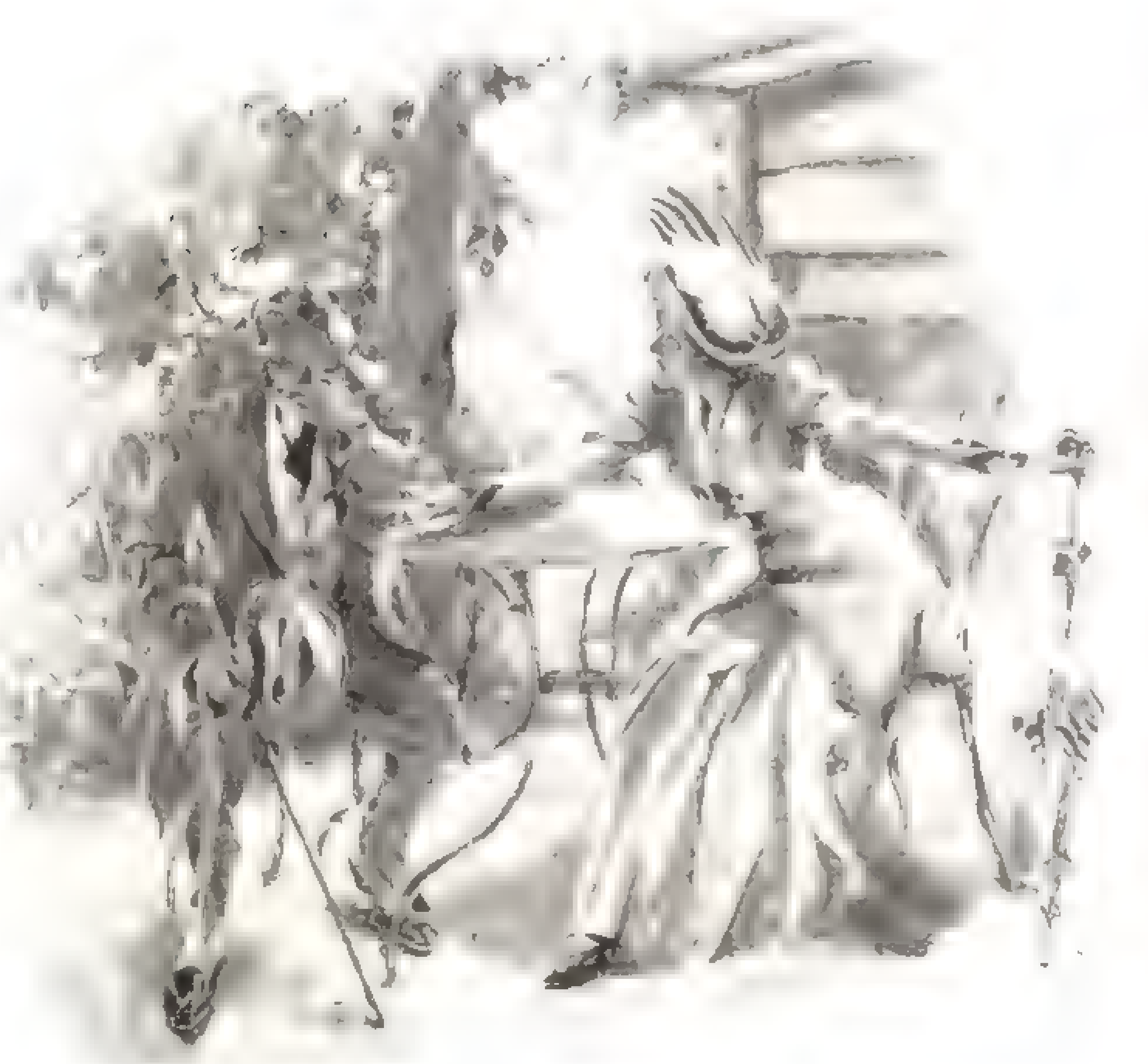
"Willingly," smiled Quixtus.

So they were depraved.

And when Clementina went to bed she wondered why she had railed at Quixtus all these years!

XIX

CLEMENTINA went to bed a happier woman than she had been for many a day. Distrusting the ministrations of the Chinese nurse, she had set up a little bed for Sheila in her own room. The child lay there fast asleep, the faithful Pinkie projecting from a folded arm in a staring and uncomfortable attitude of vigilance. Clementina's heart throbbed as she bent over her. All that she had struggled for and had attained—mastery of her art, fame and fortune—shrank to triviality in comparison with this glorious gift of Heaven! She remembered the scornful words she had once spoken to Tommy: "Woman has always her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit!" She recognized the truth of the saying and thanked God for it. She undressed very quietly and walked about the room in stocking-feet, feeling a strange sacredness in the presence of the sleeping child.



"Eustace Huckaby, are You or are You Not My Friend?"

She was happier, too, in that she had forgiven Quixtus; for the first time since she had known him she felt a curiosity regarding him, a desire for his friendship; scarcely formulated, arose a determination to bring something vital into his life. As the notable housewife, entering a forlorn man's neglected house, longs to throw open windows, shake carpets, sweep down cobwebs, abolish dingy curtains and fill the place with sunlight and chintz and other gayety, so did Clementina long to sweep and garnish Quixtus' dusty heart. He had many human possibilities. After all, there must be something sound in a man who had treasured in his mind the memory of her picture! Sheila and herself, between them, would transform him into a gaunt angel. She fell asleep smiling at the thought.

Clementina did not suffer fools gladly. That was why, thinking Quixtus a fool, she had not been able to abide him for so many years. And that was why she could not abide the fat Chinese nurse, who showed herself to be a mass of smiling incompetence. "The way she washes the child makes me sick!" she declared. "If I see much more of her heathen idol's grin I'll go mad and bite her!" So the next day Clementina, with Quixtus as a decorative adjunct, hunted up consular and other authorities and made with them the necessary arrangements for shipping her off to Shanghai, for which she secretly pined, by the next outwardbound steamer. When they got to London she would provide the child with a proper Christian nurse, who would bring her up in the fear of the Lord and in habits of tidiness; and meanwhile she herself would assume the responsibility of Sheila's physical well-being.

"I'm not going to have a flighty young girl," she remarked. "I could tackle her, but you couldn't."

"Why should I attempt to tackle her?" asked Quixtus.

"You'll be responsible for the child when she stays in Russell Square."

"Russell Square!" he echoed.

"Yes. She will live partly with you and partly with me—three months with each of us alternately. Where did you expect the child to live?"

"Upon my soul," said he, "I haven't considered the matter. Well—well ——"

He walked about the vestibule, revolving this new and alarming proposition. To have a little girl of five planted in his dismal, decorous house—what in the world should he do with her? It would revolutionize his habits. Clementina watched him out of a corner of her eye.

"You didn't suppose I was going to have all the worry, did you?"

"No, no," he said hastily. "Of course not. I see I must share all responsibilities with you. Only—won't she find living with me rather dull?"

"You can keep a lot of cats and dogs and rocking-horses—and give children's parties," said Clementina.

Sheila, who had been apparently absorbed in the mysteries of the Parisian toilet of a flaxen-haired doll which Clementina had bought for her at an extravagant price, cheerfully lifted up her face. "Auntie says that when I come to stay with you I'm to be mistress of the house."

"Indeed!" said Quixtus.

"And I'm to be a real lady and sit at the end of the table and entertain the guests."

"I suppose that settles it!" he said with a smile.

"Of course it does," said Clementina; and she wondered whether his masculine mind would ever be in a condition to grasp the extent of the sacrifice she was making.

That day the remains of Will Hammersley were laid to rest in the little Protestant cemetery. The consular chaplain read the service. Only the two elders stood by the graveside, thinking the ordeal too harrowing for the child. Clementina wept, for some of her wasted youth lay in the coffin; but Quixtus stood with dry eyes and set features. Now he was sane. Now he could view life calmly. He knew that his memory of the dead would always be bitter. Reason could not sweeten it. It were better to forget. Let the dead past bury its dead. The dead man's child he would take to his heart for her own helpless, sweet sake. Should she, in years to come, turn round and repay him with treachery and ingratitude, it would be but the way of all flesh. Meanwhile he would be loyal to his word.

After the services came to a close he stood for a few moments gazing into the grave. Clementina edged close to him and pointed down to the coffin.

"He may have wronged you, but he trusted you," she said in a low voice.

"That's true," said Quixtus. And as they drove back in silence he murmured once or twice to himself, half audibly: "He wronged me, but he trusted me."

That evening they started for Paris.

Undesirous of demonstrative welcome at half past eight in the morning, Clementina had not informed Tommy and Etta of the time of her arrival and Quixtus had not indulged in superfluous correspondence with Huckaby. The odd trio, now so closely related, stood lonely at the exit of the Lyons Station, while porters deposited their luggage in cabs. Each of the elders felt a curious reluctance to part—even for a few hours—for they had agreed to lunch together. Sheila shed a surprised tear. She had adjusted her small mind to the entrance of her Uncle Ephraim into her life. The sudden exit startled her. On his promising to see her very soon, she put her arms prettily round his neck and kissed him. He drove off feeling the flowerlike pressure of the child's lips to his—and it was very sweet.

It helped him to take up the threads of Paris where he had left them—a difficult task. Deep shame smote him. What could be henceforward his relations with Huckaby whom, with crazy, malevolent intent, he had promised to maintain in the path of clean living? With what self-respect could he look into the eyes of Mrs. Fontaine—innocent and irreproachable woman—whose friendship he had cultivated with such dastardly design? She had placed herself so frankly, so unsuspectingly in his hands! To him now it was as unimaginable to betray her trust as to betray that of the child whose kiss lingered on his lips. If ever a woman deserved compensation, full and plenteous, at the hands of man, that was the woman. An insult unrealized is none the less an insult; and he, Quixtus, had insulted a woman. If only to cleanse his own honor from the stain he must make compensation to this sweet lady. But how? By faithful and loyal service. When he solemnly reached this decision I think that more than one angel wept—and at the same time wanted to shake him.

And behind these two, whom he would meet in Paris, loomed the forbidding faces of Billiter and Vandermeer. He shivered as at contact with something unclean. He had chosen these men as ministers of evil. He had taken them into his crazy confidence. With their tongues in their cheeks, these rogues had exploited him. He remembered loathsome scenarios of evil dramas they had submitted. Thank Heaven for the pedantic fastidiousness that had rejected them! Billiter, Vandermeer, Huckaby—the only three of all men living who knew the miserable secret of his recent life! In a rocky wilderness he could have raced with wild gestures like the leper, shouting: "Unclean! Unclean!" But Paris is not a rocky wilderness and the semi-extinct quadruped in the shafts of the modern Paris *fiacre* conveys no idea of racing.

Yet, while his soul cried this word of horror, the child's kiss lingered as a sign and a consecration.

The first thing to do was to set himself right with Huckaby. Companionship with the man on the recent basis was impossible. He made known his arrival; and an hour afterward, having bathed and breakfasted, he sat with Huckaby in the pleasant garden of the hotel. Huckaby, neat and trim and clear-eyed, clad in well-fitting blue serge, gave him the news of the party. Mrs. Fontaine had introduced him to some charming French people whose hospitality he had ventured to accept. She was well and full of plans for little festas for the remainder of their stay in Paris. Lady Louisa had found a cavalier, an elderly French marquis, of deep gastronomic knowledge.

"Lady Louisa," said he with a sigh of relief and a sly glance at Quixtus, "is a charming lady but not a highly intellectual companion."

"Do you really crave highly intellectual companions, Huckaby?" asked Quixtus.

Huckaby bit his lip.

"Do you remember our last conversation?" he said at last.

"I remember," said Quixtus.

"I asked you for a chance. You promised. I was in earnest."

"I wasn't," said Quixtus.

Huckaby started and gripped the arm of his chair. He was about to protest when Quixtus checked him.

"I want you to know," said he, "that great changes have taken place since then. I left Paris in ill health; I return sound. I should like you to grasp the deep significance underlying those few words. I will repeat them."

He did so. Huckaby looked hard at his patron, who stood the scrutiny with a grave smile.

"I think I understand," he replied slowly. "Then, Billiter and Vandermeer?"

"Billiter and Vandermeer I put out of my life forever; but I shall see they are kept from want."

"They can't be kept from wanting more than you give them," said Huckaby, whose brain worked swiftly and foresaw blackmail. "You must impose conditions."

"I never thought of that," said Quixtus.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," said the other bitterly. "I'm telling you for your own good."

"If they attempt to write to me or see me their allowance will cease."

He covered his eyes with his hand, as though to shut out their hateful faces. There was a short silence. Huckaby's lips grew dry. He moistened them with his tongue.

"And what about me?" he asked at last.

Quixtus drew away his hand with a despairing gesture, but made no reply.

"I suppose you're right in classing me with the others," said Huckaby. "God knows I oughtn't to judge them! I was in with them all the time"—Quixtus winced—"but I can't go back to them."

"My treating you just the same as them won't necessitate your going back to them."

Huckaby bent forward, quivering, in his chair. "As there's a God in Heaven, Quixtus, I wouldn't accept a penny from you on those terms."

"And why not?"

"Because I don't want your money. I want to be put in a position to earn some honorably for myself. I want your help as a man, your sympathy as a human being. I want you to help me to live a clean, straight life. I kept the promise, the important promise I made you, ever since we started. You can't say I haven't. And since you left I've not touched a drop of alcohol—and, if you promise to help me, I swear to God I never will as long as I live. What can I do, man," he cried, throwing out his arms, "to prove to you that I'm in deadly earnest?"

Quixtus lay back in his chair, reflecting, his fingertips joined together. Presently a smile, half humorous, half kindly, lit up his features—a smile such as Huckaby had not seen since before the days of the hostless dinner of disaster; and it was manifest to Huckaby that some at least of the Quixtus of old had come back to earth.

"In the last day or two," said Quixtus, "I have formed a staunch friendship with one who was a crabbed and inveterate enemy. It is Miss Clementina Wing, the painter, whom you saw in somewhat painful circumstances, the other day at the tearoom. I will give you an opportunity—I hope many—of meeting her again. I don't want to hurt your feelings, my dear Huckaby, but so many strange things have happened of late that I for the present mistrust my own judgment. I hope you understand."

"Not quite. You don't mean to tell ——"

Quixtus flushed and drew himself up.

"After twenty years, do you know me so little as that?"

"I beg your pardon," said the other humbly.

Again Quixtus smiled—at a reminiscent phrase of Clementina's.

"At any rate, my dear fellow," said he, "even if she doesn't approve of you she will do you a thundering lot of good."

At the smile Huckaby took heart of grace; but at the same time the memory of Clementina, storming over the tea-table for all the world like a French Revolutionary general, filled his soul with wholesome dismay. Well, there was no help for it—he must take his chance; so he filled a philosophic pipe.

A little later Quixtus met the spotless flower of womanhood whom he had so grievously insulted. She greeted him with both hands outstretched. Without him Paris had been a desert. Why had he not sent her the smallest, tiniest line of news? Ah!—she understood. It had been a sojourn of pain. Never mind. Paris, she hoped, would prove to be an anodyne. Only if she would administer it in the right doses, said Quixtus gallantly.

Dressed with exquisite demureness, she found favor in his sight. He realized, with a throb of thanksgiving, that henceforward he could meet her on equal terms—as an honorable gentleman—no grotesque deviltry haunting the back of his mind and clouding the serenity of their intercourse.

"Tell me what you have been doing with yourself," she said, drawing him to a seat. The little air of intimacy and ownership, so delicately assumed, captivated the remorseful man. He had not realized the charm that awaited him in Paris.

He touched lightly on Marseilles happenings; spoke of his guardianship; of Sheila—of her clinging, feminine ways; drew a smiling picture of his terror when Clementina had first left him alone with the child.

Mrs. Fontaine laughed sympathetically at the tale and then, with a touch of tenderness in her voice that perhaps was not deliberate, said:

"In spite of the worries, you have benefited by the change. You have come back a different man."

"In what way?"

"I can't define it."

"Try."

A quick glance met questioning in his eyes. She looked down and daintily plucked at the sunshade across her lap.

"I should say you had come back more human."

Quixtus' eyelids flickered. Clementina had used the same word. Was there then an obvious transformation from Quixtus *furens* to Quixtus sane?

He remembered the child's kiss. "Perhaps it's my new responsibilities," he said with a smile.

"I should so much like to see her. I wonder if I ever shall," said Mrs. Fontaine.

"She is coming here to lunch with Miss Wing," replied Quixtus, eager now that his good friends should know and

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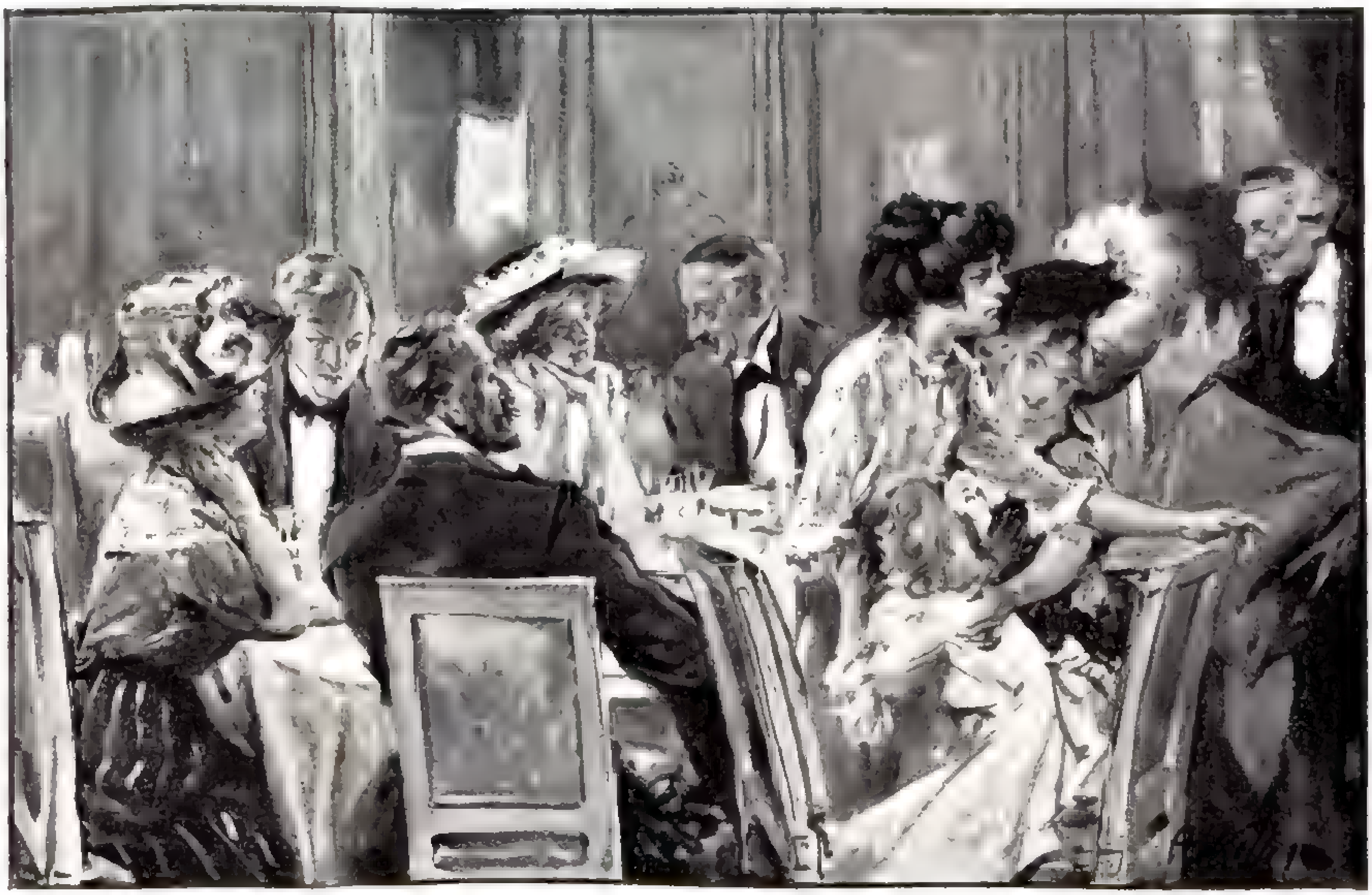
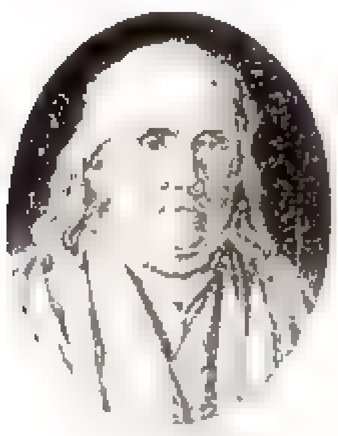


She All But Snatched the Child Out of the Other's Arms

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 15, 1911

Old-Time Kinglets

THE founder of the House of Hanover lived in and reigned over a German town about one-third as big as Kalamazoo and probably about one-thirtieth as wealthy. He had eight daughters and seven sons, but the family fortune was so meager that the sons drew lots to see which of them should marry. Thackeray quotes the following regulations for the ducal household:

"None of the servants, unless it be a knave who has been ordered to ride out, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar. When the meal is served in the courtroom a page shall go around and bid every one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all cursing, swearing and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning at seven, the squires shall have their morning soup; every evening they shall have beer. The butler is specially warned not to allow noble or simple to go into the cellar. Wine shall be served only at the prince's or councilor's table."

Which reminds us that coronations are badly stage-managed. Introducing a few bejeweled articles said to be copied from those of the time of Edward the Confessor conveys no idea of the beginnings of kingship. It conveys rather the notion that a king's ancestors were always fine gentlemen; whereas, in every case, the family was originally in very modest circumstances. The birthplace of the Hohenzollerns, for example, contained the medieval equivalent of a parlor, bedroom, bath and kitchenet.

It would be more significant and more truly symbolical to introduce at the coronation as accurate a reproduction as possible of a Saxon or Norman court—with the nobles muzzled, out of consideration for the ladies in the audience.

The Credit of the United States

UNCLE SAM began business with a debt of seventy-five million dollars, resulting from the Revolutionary War, and the six per cent bonds which Hamilton floated abroad netted about ninety-five cents on the dollar. Two years later, under a warcloud, the Government paid eight per cent on small loans. Before 1812, thirty-eight million dollars of the debt had been paid off; but the war of that year increased it to a hundred and twenty millions, and six per cent bonds sold as low as sixty-five cents on the dollar.

Before the Revolution, British three per cent bonds sold at ninety. At the end of the war, the British debt had risen by five hundred million dollars, and, when Cornwallis surrendered, her three per cent bonds fell to fifty-four cents on the dollar. Twenty years later—not far from the time when our six per cents were down to sixty-five—British three per cents were selling at forty-seven cents on the dollar; and when the struggle with Napoleon finally ended the British debt was up to three and a half billion dollars.

The Mexican War increased our public debt by forty-nine million dollars, but, as it never threatened to be a very serious conflict, all the loans bearing six per cent interest were floated at par or above; by 1860 the public debt was under sixty-five million dollars. Then came a new war and a new debt.

Last month, for the first time since the Civil War, the Government floated a large issue of bonds on a strictly investment basis. The bonds bore three per cent interest and sold at a premium. This flourishing state of public credit means, first of all, presumed immunity from war. French three per cents sell at ninety-four; German three per cents at eighty-two—partly, no doubt, because the war risk in those nations is higher than with us.

An Exploded Fallacy

FROM 1850 to 1900 the population of the United States increased a little more than threefold, while consumption of manufactured articles increased thirteenfold. This conclusion is based on the census reports of American manufactures, the imports and exports. Industries employing hundreds of thousands of hands, which were unheard of not many years ago, will readily come to mind—for example, those growing out of electrical inventions. Probably the consumption of manufactured articles will increase four times as fast as population in the next fifty years also.

To regard consumption as a fixed quantity leads to many errors—for example, a memorial recently addressed to Congress recites that "every dollar's worth of competitive imports entering the ports of the United States displaces that amount of products manufactured in American factories by American workmen"; which is plausible, but not true. In the early days of the automobile, use of those pleasant machines in this country was doubtless stimulated by the importation from France of cars and parts of cars. That industry—a creation of only a few years—now employs thousands of American workmen. The importation of a competitive article may result in directly increased employment for American labor. Wool is an example, wages amounting to seventy million dollars a year being paid partly for the manufacture of the imported material.

If a thoughtful liegeman of Edward III had been told that thirty million people would one day be counted in England—which then contained only two and a half million population—he would have concluded that about nine-tenths of them must starve. The thirty millions are there and only a few, comparatively speaking, do starve.

Broadly speaking, nothing but hard times displaces labor—and hard times is a preventable disease.

Sporting Chances at Law

ALL States except five retain the death penalty for murder. Illinois is not one of the five exceptions. The Chicago Tribune finds that capital punishment was last inflicted in Chicago in October, 1909, and since then two hundred and twenty-eight murders have been committed in the county. At the time the Tribune wrote, thirty-four persons charged with murder were in the county jail.

Some time before, replying to a demand for more judges, the Tribune pointed out that Illinois, with less than one-sixth the population of England and Wales, had over two and a half times as many judges, not counting those on the Federal bench or justices of the peace. If Illinois requires more than fifteen times as many judges as England, according to population, the administration of law there must be correspondingly slow and complicated. To impanel a jury in Illinois often takes as long as to dispose of half a dozen murder trials in England. If the defendant has money or influence a verdict of guilty means only that he has lost the first lap of the race. A word may have been omitted from the indictment or the trial judge may have admitted some evidence that was not strictly according to the rules of the game as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

The trouble goes further back than the courts, however. In a "gamblers' war" some thirty dynamite bombs were exploded in various parts of the city over a period of many months. As an incident of "labor wars," known thugs and "gunmen" go abroad in perfect freedom. Both facts reflect upon the police.

In short, there may be a failure on the part of the police. If not there may be a failure on the part of the courts. Between the two a murderer has a fine sporting chance to escape. And conditions in Illinois, of course, are not exceptional. They are rather typical of most states.

An Endless Chain Broken

THE Canadian trade agreement calls upon the farmers of the United States to step into the breach. It means free trade in farm products with our most important competitor. The agreement gives the farmer nothing whatever in the way of direct or immediate return. Its direct, immediate benefits accrue entirely to manufacturing interests.

All the benefits to the farmer are indirect and implied. For a generation the average rate of duty has been forty per cent or rather more. The Democrats revised the tariff in 1894 and under their bill the average rate of duty was forty-two per cent. The Republicans revised it the last time in 1909 and under that bill the average rate has been forty-one per cent. Whoever was in power and whatever the platform, the same old ring put over the same old job. To break the ring, somebody had to move first. Under the Canadian agreement the farmers move first. They can well afford to do so.

Canadian reciprocity, however, implies further tariff revision. Certain motions in the interest of such further revision recently inspired one stalwart Senator to declare that, if friends of revision forced the issue, Congress would be kept in session until October. What if it is? If we were a Senate and had passed the Canadian reciprocity bill we would much rather stay in Washington until October than to drop further tariff revision and retire into the country, where a farmer could reach us with a pitchfork!

Big Business for a Bad Year

IN THIS dolorous year—the fiscal year ended June 30, 1911—the foreign trade of the United States broke all records. The imports were no larger than in the preceding year, but exports reached two billion dollars.

Nineteen years ago our exports, for the first time, amounted to one billion dollars; but five years elapsed before they again reached that figure. The increase since 1897 has been nearly continuous and now amounts to one hundred per cent. Imports, also, have doubled.

Since 1897, a good deal has happened and a good deal has been said about it. All sorts of radical, revolutionary and destructive notions have spread abroad in the land—even down to a notion that consumers might have something to say about the tariff and about railroad rates. A few of these notions, also, have managed to get themselves enacted into law. In consequence, an appalling quantity and quality of ruin have been predicted for the country; but the country, in fact, is still doing quite a lot of business.

A year ago we were buying rather too much abroad; but in this last year the excess of sales over purchases was half a billion dollars, which about trims the ship for the two years together.

The Last Secret Exposed

AS A NATION we are not at all sensitive about our domestic affairs. If anything disgraceful happens in the family we quite expect the newspapers to publish all the details they can discover and to invent as many more as may be necessary to make a good story. The son of our dearest friend having eloped with the cook, we hardly resent it when a reporter calls and asks us to inform him for publication if it's true the young man had delirium tremens, and whether anything is known against the character of the young lady to whom he was engaged—who happens to be a niece of our wife. With the greatest good nature we endure any exposure of mere family affairs, and if we are ambitious to shine in the "society column" we even court exposure of some family affairs.

When it comes to business, however, our modesty is extreme. A horrified groan, for example, greeted that feature of the corporation tax law which requires a man to write down the details of his business so that an inquisitive Government official may examine them. This feature of the law provoked far bitterer opposition than any other. In at least two states that have inheritance tax laws, it has been decided that a public functionary may open a deceased person's safety-deposit box and finger over the contents thereof. To many indignant minds this seems the ultimate outrage. A safe-deposit box is the quintessence of business secrecy. If a stranger can go poking about there when a man is dead conservative men will almost hesitate to die.

High at Any Price

CONGRESSMAN REDFIELD, of New York, has been engaged in manufacturing for many years and has traveled much abroad, selling American manufactures. In a speech on the bill to reduce wool duties he gave a number of his own personal experiences. The following are samples:

Wages in a Japanese locomotive plant were only one-fifth of the American scale; but comparison of the cost-sheets showed that "the labor-cost for locomotives on the same specifications was three and a half times greater in the Japanese shop than in the American shop."

"I saw them driving piles in Japan—twenty women, each with a rope, lifted the pile; they were paid twenty cents a day in our money." Yet it cost four times as much to drive those piles as it would have cost in New York.

"I was in a brickyard at Singapore. Their rate of pay was thirty-five cents a day in our money." But a comparison of the books at that Singapore brickyard and at one in an Eastern city of the United States showed that the labor-cost in America was no higher than in China.

The debate on the wool bill is embellished with long tables showing wages paid in American mills and those paid in foreign mills; but every schoolboy should know by this time that a comparison of wage scales means nothing. The cost of production may be less with the highest-priced labor than with the cheapest labor.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Dayton Synonym for Indefatigable

The Remembering Expert

THE revolving door of a large and imposing New York hotel spun rapidly, projecting into the lobby a large and imposing railroad president, followed by a flock of secretaries, first vice-presidents and such.

"Ah," said one of the *entourage*, "there is Congressman Cox, of Ohio. Mr. President, you would like to meet Congressman Cox?"

Of course, the way the speaker put it to his esteemed chief, it was merely an inquiry; but in reality it was a statement of fact. The large and imposing railroad president, being aware of the subtleties of expression, knew it was up to him to meet Congressman Cox.

"Mr. President, may I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Cox, of Ohio, Representative in Congress from the Third District? Mr. Cox—Mr. President."

"Delighted, Mr. Cox—delighted to meet you! I have often heard of you and I am very glad to have this opportunity of making your acquaintance." The president was liberal with the salve.

The handsome, boyish face of Representative Cox hardened a bit—hardened perceptibly, one might say.

"I think," he said calmly, as if not too much puffed up over the honor being done him—"I think, if I am not mistaken, that we have met before."

"Ah, indeed!" burbled the president. "I am sorry I do not recall the circumstance. When did I have the honor of meeting you, Mr. Cox?"

"Some years ago," replied Cox; and his voice was as hard as his face—"Some years ago. You had me fired from my job as railroad editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer."

"I had you discharged?"

"Fired, I said," corrected Cox—"thrown out in the street because I printed a true story about the twin streaks of rust you were receiver of at the time!"

"Well—of course—Mr. Cox—I can hardly be expected to remember so trivial a circumstance; however—I may say—it does not seem—I regret ——"

"I recall the circumstances distinctly," broke in Cox. "I recall that you went out of your way to separate me from my means of getting a living—and I recall that the story I printed was true. This is the first opportunity I have had since that time to tell you exactly how I viewed your proceeding on that occasion. I shall tell you now, not having changed in my viewpoint, by the way."

Which he did. He told the large and imposing railroad president how he viewed him and how he views the railroad-president class in general—told him with a simple directness that left no shadow of doubt in the mind of the large and imposing railroad president; and wound up with the broad and inclusive statement that, though railroad presidents at that time seemed of some consequence, he, at the present writing, wouldn't pay four dollars a dozen for them, hand-picked and assorted—and the meeting came to a sudden close, for they led the large and imposing railroad president away for fear he would disintegrate into a mass of purple pulp.

Cox Discovers a Great Truth

YOU see, the Representative was a reporter once, having entered that distinguished field of labor when a mere lad in the city of Middletown, Ohio, near which he was born. As is the case with most budding journalists in Ohio, he hurried to Cincinnati as soon as he could get any encouragement from a city editor there; and presently he rose to the dignity of being railroad editor of the Enquirer. He knew all the railroad presidents and other genial persons who in those days gave out the railroad items and the passes. He was a hustler and put over railroad scoops on the opposition with great regularity. Then came the event to which Mr. Cox referred so positively in the lobby of the New York hotel. At the behest of the railroad person they stopped James' pay; and, as being a reporter without pay is nothing in particular in the way of employment, James took a hurried look around and his eye lighted on the late Paul Sorg, who had become very rich making tobacco and desired to be a statesman.

To this end Sorg had secured a nomination to Congress. He was from Middletown and James knew him. It only took Cox four minutes to show Sorg how essential to the welfare of the Sorg machine Cox, a rising young journalist, would be; and Sorg hired him. Sorg was elected and Cox went to Washington with him as private secretary. Cox knew his business. He took care of everything—and Sorg didn't have to do anything but sorg.

All this time Cox had an idea—a good idea—that the person in the newspaper business who gets the long end of it is the person who sits where the money comes in, instead of sitting on the tripod where the news goes out. Having acquired a rich patron, Cox put him to work. There was a newspaper in Dayton—the News—owned by a banker named Simms. The banker didn't want the paper and Cox did. So he got an option and, with Sorg as his security, bought the paper. Dayton was then at the beginning of its present high prosperity.

Cox didn't seem to care whether he worked twenty-four hours a day for seven days each week or only twenty-three. He built up the paper, made good investments, joined the Dayton Club; and it wasn't long before he was referred to as "Mr. Cox, who owns the Dayton News and the Springfield News—and is a comer!" Pretty fair for a mere reporter!

Cox is a Democrat. Harking back kindly to his old Washington days, when he was sorging around, he reached out two years or so ago and took the Democratic nomination for Congress in his district. Since Sorg's day the district had become Republican and Cox seemed to be personal conductor of a foolish and forlorn hope. However, the Republicans got into a row over Taft and Foraker and named two candidates—and Cox blew gracefully in on election day.

When he got to Washington Cox wiped the joints and oiled the bearings of the machine he used in his days as private secretary—and the result was that he got a big majority last fall for his second term. They still speak in whispers—that is, the Republicans do—and awed whispers, at that, of his feat in carrying the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, which contains some five thousand old soldiers, supposed to be mostly Republicans.

If you are looking for a synonym for indefatigable, use Cox. He never stops. He works all the time. Likewise, as I have shown, he rarely forgets. When he first began to fuss in politics he couldn't say the alphabet out loud without stuttering and stammering; but he kept at public speaking grimly and now he is as clever on his feet as any man on his side. His district, containing Dayton, with its many agricultural implement and tool factories, is one of the largest—if not the largest—in manufacturing exports in the country; and the business men all cheer for Cox, while the working men hail him as their bosom friend.

He has built a newspaper office in Dayton that is undoubtedly one of the models of the country in all that a newspaper plant should be, and he runs two strong, influential, sprightly papers—one located in Dayton and the other in Springfield.

Cox has a remarkable mind. He is a figure sharp. When it comes to knowing and using statistics he has that other famous Ohio figurer, General Charles Grosvenor, looking like an adding machine that has been hit by a trip-hammer. The Ohio delegation say he memorizes the treasury reports. At any rate, he has the accurate information on tap and he imparts it at the right time. Though he has been in Congress but one term, he is a man of much consequence on the Democratic side, now the majority side, and is a level-headed, industrious, clear-minded young chap—he is only forty-one—with much good stuff in him and a future that holds many possibilities.

There was talk of sending him to the United States Senate last winter, but he stuck stoutly to his own candidate, E. W. Hanly. There is now some talk of running him for governor next time. Whatever may happen to him he will be a big factor out there in Democratic politics for many years. And the refreshing thing about him is that he is entirely frank and open and aboveboard. Having something to say, he says it—clearly and distinctly. Have I mentioned before that he does not forget? Oh, yes; well, some day he will land on certain Democratic statesmen in this present House who defeated him for membership on the Ways and Means Committee by getting up a fake fight among the Ohio Democratic members. And when he does land he will land—as the saying is—with both feet.

A Tactful Trusty

FRED C. KELLY, the Cleveland writer and story-teller, drifted down to look over the Ohio penitentiary a time ago, when it seemed probable that the institution would soon be the address of numerous members of the Ohio legislature.

He was sitting in the warden's office, talking to some of the officers and two trusties, and told a story he thought was new, neat and nifty. Everybody laughed, but one of the trusties didn't seem to be so much amused as the others and remarked he had heard it before in Kansas City. Later in the afternoon, after the trusties had gone, Kelly casually asked the warden how long the trusty who had heard the story before had been in the prison.

"Twelve years," the warden replied.

"Then," said Kelly, "when he spoke of hearing my story—my story that I thought was new—out in Kansas City, I suppose he must have meant that it was at least twelve years old."

"That's Bill for you!" exclaimed the warden enthusiastically. "Bill is the politest man in this whole prison!"

Facetious Fassett

J. SLOAT FASSETT, who was one of the many Republicans defeated for Congress last fall, met John Dwight, the Republican whip, who squeezed back. Fassett and Dwight are from neighboring districts in New York.

"John," said Fassett, "I hear you fellows are going to reduce the salary of Representatives from the present seventy-five hundred dollars to the old five thousand dollars a year."

"No," replied Dwight; "I guess not."

"Well, you ought to."

"What for?"

"Why, the seventy-five-hundred-dollar men have quit!"

Not in Trigant

WHEN William F. Sheehan was a candidate for the United States Senatorship in New York one of the papers opposed to him printed the statement: "Sheehan is a born intrigant."

"He is not!" wrote an indignant friend of Sheehan from Buffalo. "He's Irish and he was born right here in the First Ward!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ William Randolph Hearst lives in a flat in New York that has forty-eight rooms.

¶ President Taft has about decided to give up horseback riding. He prefers walking and golf.

¶ Secretary Fisher, of the Interior Department, can give Secretary Knox, of the State Department, a stroke a hole and beat him at golf—and does.

¶ John Sharp Williams, Senator from Mississippi, smokes a pipe. So do other Senators smoke pipes—but John Sharp smokes his in the cloakroom.

¶ They never lose the bug. Former Senator Henry M. Teller, who was born in 1830, has an idea the Colorado legislature might solve its problem by sending him back to the Senate.

¶ John G. Milburn, the big New York lawyer, and father of Devereux and Jack Milburn, famous polo players and athletes, does not believe in exercise. He never walks when he can ride.

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- Her Royal Highness, The Crown Princess of Sweden
- His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur of Connaught
- Her Grace, The Duchess of Bedford
- Her Grace, The Duchess of Dundonald
- His Grace, The Duke of Portland
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- The Right Honorable the Earl of Yarborough
- Captain The Honorable Chas. Fritzwilliams, Equerry to King George V.
- The Right Honorable Sir Horace Plunkett
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The Engine That Supplanted the Finest in the World

A new factor has entered the automobile world. A factor of such vital importance—of such dominant force—that it is recognized as a revolution in motor car history. That factor is the Silent Knight engine.

In the world's best cars this new type engine has displaced the power plants which made those cars preeminent. The finest engines the world has ever known have been supplanted by the Knight.

In England, France, Germany and Belgium—always the cradles of motor car development—the leading makers have admitted the supremacy of the Knight. And now the Stearns adopts it in this country.

The Choice of Royalty

Cars equipped with this motor are everywhere the choice of Kings—Emperors—Governments—of those accustomed to the best the world affords. In every country the greatest car now uses the Silent Knight—the Daimler in England, the Mercedes in Germany, the Panhard in France, the Minerva in Belgium and in America the Stearns.

Silence—power—simplicity. The elimination at one stroke of all the shortcomings of other engines. The ability to steadily improve with use. In short, that is the new Stearns Knight.

Where it Excels

Power far greater than is possible in other engines is produced. All complications are done away with. In their place is a silent sweet running engine—an engine whose action is so gentle—so silky—that a spin behind the wheel is a revelation.

It gives the owner an engine far in advance of anything before produced—an engine that is always silent and vibrationless—that takes a sharp hill at slow speed or rushes it with quiet, irresistible power. An engine that runs silently along on high, barely turning over, yet with a touch of the throttle leaps eagerly to any speed desired. It offers an engine that never complains—that answers instantly to the throttle—an engine that is alert, quick and willing—that is never slow nor sluggish. An engine that minimizes gear shifting.

THE

It gives the owner an engine that takes him 'cross country at an even, tireless gait—that spurns hills without falter or tremor—that creeps silently through crowded streets or leaps willingly to the call of the open road. The "feel" of the engine—the touch—the response—all furnish a new sensation to the motorist—a sensation of lightness—of eagerness.

And above all, the Stearns-Knight grows better with the years. The longer it is run, the smoother its operation, the more power developed. It is simplicity itself—nothing complicated, nothing exposed, nothing to adjust. Power is produced in a quiet, steady flow—produced in an engine so silent and vibrationless that experts often cannot tell when it is

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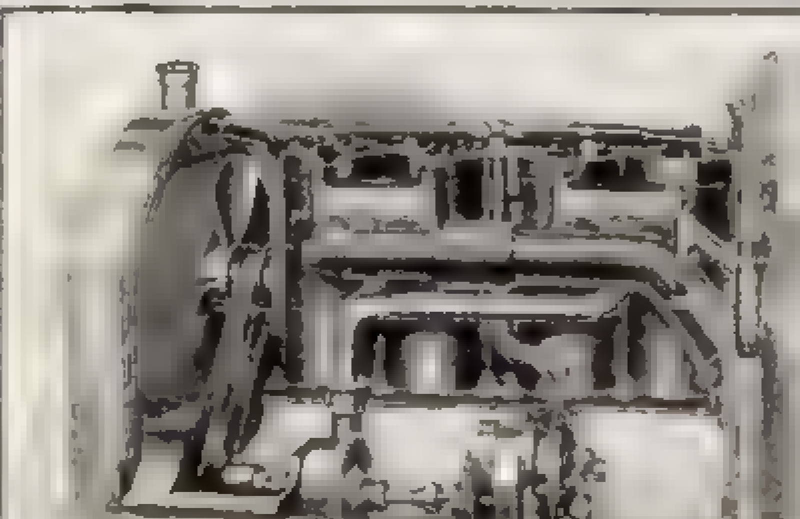
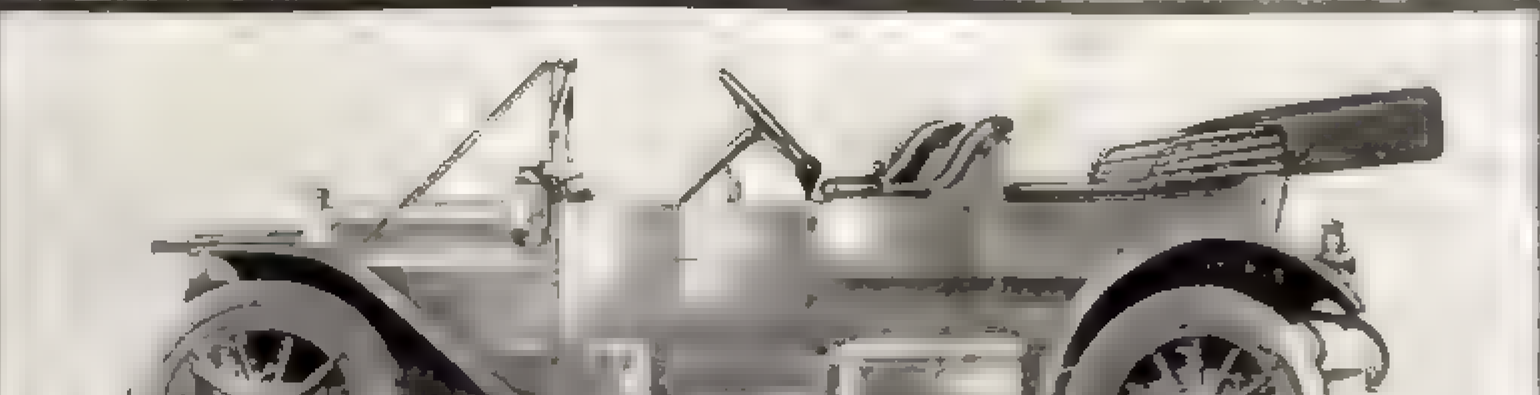


Stearns-Knight Motor



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KINGS — THE LEADING VORLD'S BEST CARS

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By PANHARD in France
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ULTIMATE CAR

night Type Motor

running. Not only when the car is new, but after years of service.

Where it Differs

In the Stearns-Knight, action is not dependent upon ordinary valves such as used in all other 4-cycle American cars, with cam shafts, springs, timing gears, etc., and the attendant complications, trouble, noise and loss of power. Instead, in each cylinder are two thin cylindrical shells of iron—called "sleeves"—one inside the other, sliding smoothly up and down in a film of oil. These sleeves have ports in the sides and as they pass each other produce positive valve openings impossible to secure in any other way.

The action of these sleeves is silent and must always remain so. There is no noise and nothing to get noisy.

The valve openings are certain and positive. Valves cannot carbonize or seat improperly.

The entire movement is positive. No dependence is placed upon springs.

Briefly, the new motor is—
Silent, vibrationless, flexible, powerful and simple.

There are no complications—
No timing gears, cam shafts, poppet valves, springs or stems.

There is no loss of power—
Valves do not wear, compression does not lessen, power is not wasted.

There is no guesswork—
Action is not dependent upon springs—it is absolutely positive.

Efficient in the extreme—
More power is developed—all gas is utilized—cooling is much easier.

Send for the Story

The story of the Stearns-Knight has been told in booklet form. It is a story of gripping interest—a story of the bitter fight of Chas. Y. Knight of Chicago to win recognition for his motor. The telling of that story how, beginning with an unrecognized invention, Knight is conquering the automobile world is one of the most interesting bits of motor car reading matter ever published.

We have told, too, of the wonderful trial of the Knight motors by the Royal Automobile Club of England. How rival manufacturers demanded a test, certain of the failure of the Knight—how the engines went triumphantly through the tests (voluntarily made the severest ever attempted.) We have told how, after weeks of day and night testing in the laboratory and on the famous Brooklands track (a test equal to two years of service) these wonderful engines developed more power at the finish than at the beginning, and showed no sign of wear! We have told why no maker of poppet valve engines dare attempt to equal this showing.

These booklets and "A Ride With The Chief"—telling the story of the Stearns-Knight in the words of our Chief Engineer—will be sent upon request. Clip the coupon and mail it to us or drop us a postal. The booklets will be mailed to any address.

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The Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia
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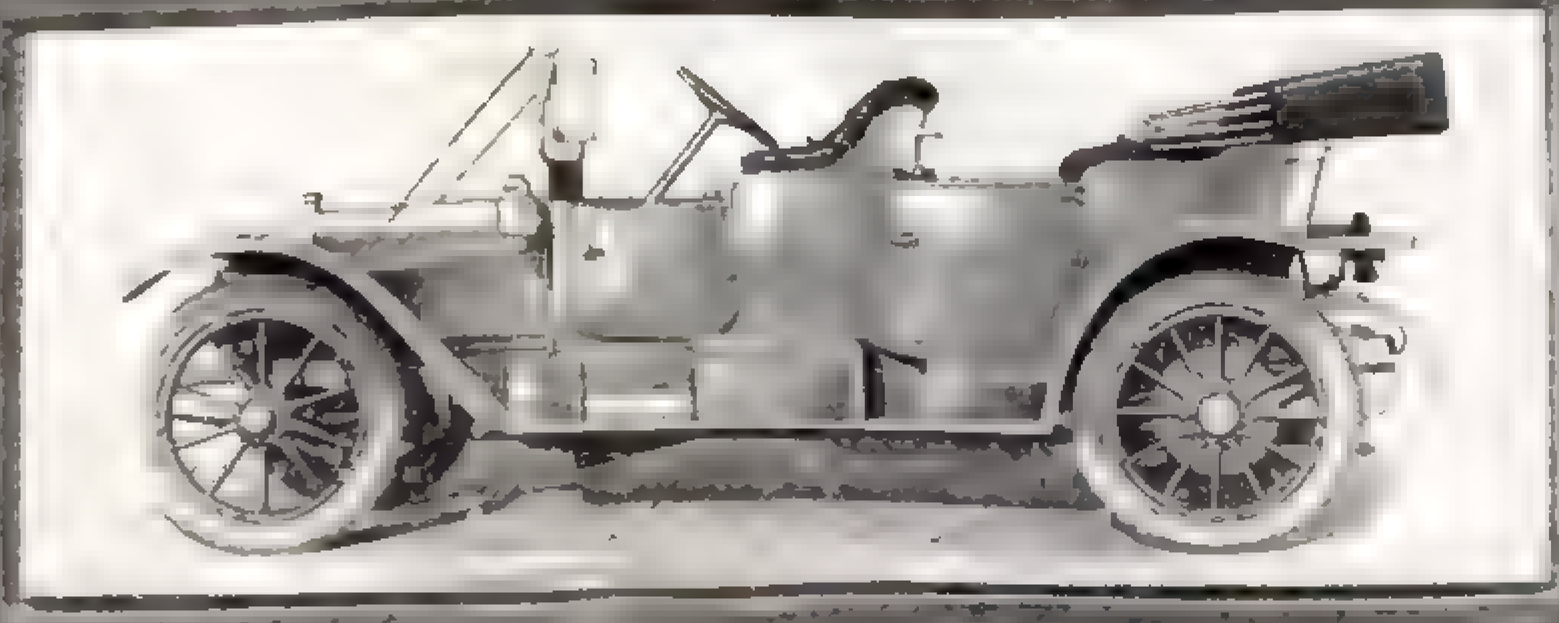

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SOUPS

"That's the stuff!"

OUR Tomato Soup is one of the home comforts—home luxuries, in fact—that you can enjoy anywhere you go.

On your boat; in camp; in your bungalow; at the seashore; anywhere within reach of civilization you find

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

The nearest grocer will supply you with this savory and satisfying provision.

It is in the handiest shape to carry. It keeps perfectly. You can prepare it in three minutes with no fussing nor messing. And you find it as fine and palatable as if served at your own home table.

Better make a note of this now, before you start.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's
SOUP

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
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Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
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Tomato
Tomato-Okra
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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Give sugary joys
to stay boys
But "*Campbell's Soup!*"
say I
Better the bliss
of a bowl like this
Than a bake-shop
full of pie.

How's Business and Why

MR. JAMES J. HILL, the "Empire Builder" of the Northwest, is quoted by an interviewer as saying: "The country is all right. The trouble is with the people. They are lazy." Certainly no one will retort in kind to Mr. Hill, whose activities of mind and body keep people wondering what he will do or say next and where he may be seeking a new opportunity for usefulness. What Mr. Hill presumably means to say is that there are too many drones and non-producers in the country—too few who give an equivalent for what they receive. And there is doubtless much of truth in this idea. The United States is essentially a business country, a country that has grown rich as no country has done before it, and has grown rich so fast that it has a host of idlers—men and women who exhaust the mental resources of themselves and others in the endeavor to outshine one another by lavish expenditures for novel entertainment. As producers of a certain sort of employment for those who cater to their tastes, they are in a sense useful. As consumers, their utilitarian service is most strikingly exhibited. The talent expended by this class of the unemployed for social enjoyment and pleasure, if consecrated to practical service, would make an important contribution to business success.

The free and easy manner in which men have gained a livelihood and amassed a competence has led to lax economic practice and wasteful outlay for those things that make for pleasure, but which add nothing to the prosperity of the people or the development of civilization on progressive lines. The country is all right, but it has been abused in many ways and the number of unproductive citizens is very large.

Steel Men Uneasy

Speaking of Mr. Hill, the latest regarding his supposed plans for enlarging the "empire" that he is credited with building is especially interesting—nothing less than the extension of his railroad lines into the rich farming lands of the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Hill takes a long look ahead and foresees, no doubt, the success of the reciprocity measure as a business factor; and he purposes to have a share of the transportation to and from the promising farming country north of the border. In planning new railroad construction Mr. Hill is doing something to remove the handicap under which the iron and steel industry of his own country is operating. One of the abler writers upon financial and business topics traces the crippling of the steel industry to the amendments of the interstate commerce act by Congress last year, the amendments very seriously affecting the railroads, the best customers of the steel manufacturers. It is for this reason that any plans Mr. Hill and others may have for the extension of railroad mileage are of considerable moment in contemplating business conditions. The assumption is that, when the railroads are in position to spend freely, they will be liberal buyers of construction material and general supplies as well as of equipment. The railroads can, of course, begin to spend freely when credit is restored to an easy borrowing basis and when transportation again becomes abundant at remunerative rates. Railroad credit is variable at present, but good enough in case of the better systems. It is but a few days since Wall Street was urging a revival of speculation upon the fact that the aforenamed Mr. Hill had announced a broad refunding plan, perhaps the most ambitious ever announced by an American railroad company, which means by any similar company whatever.

Incidentally it may be well to remark, as of interest to Americans, that of the railroad mileage of the world, as reckoned by a foreign publication—625,698 miles in 1909—the New World—North and South America and Australasia—had 338,185 miles, or fifty-four per cent; while North America alone had 277,015 miles, or as much as the countries of the Old World combined, lacking a little over ten thousand miles, the exact figures given being 277,015 for North America and 287,513 for Europe, Asia and Africa. Other statistics given by the authority quoted showed that in the four years ending with 1899 the new mileage in North America did not increase in proportion to that of the Old World countries; and, since later statistics would probably sustain this position, the suggestion will doubtless be pardoned that it is to an export outlet for steel products that the manufacturers of railroad supplies may profitably look if they would enjoy a revival of activity in their industry. As a matter of fact, it is to be said that the largest of the manufacturers of railroad supplies in the United States is doing considerable in the way of cultivating foreign trade in its products.

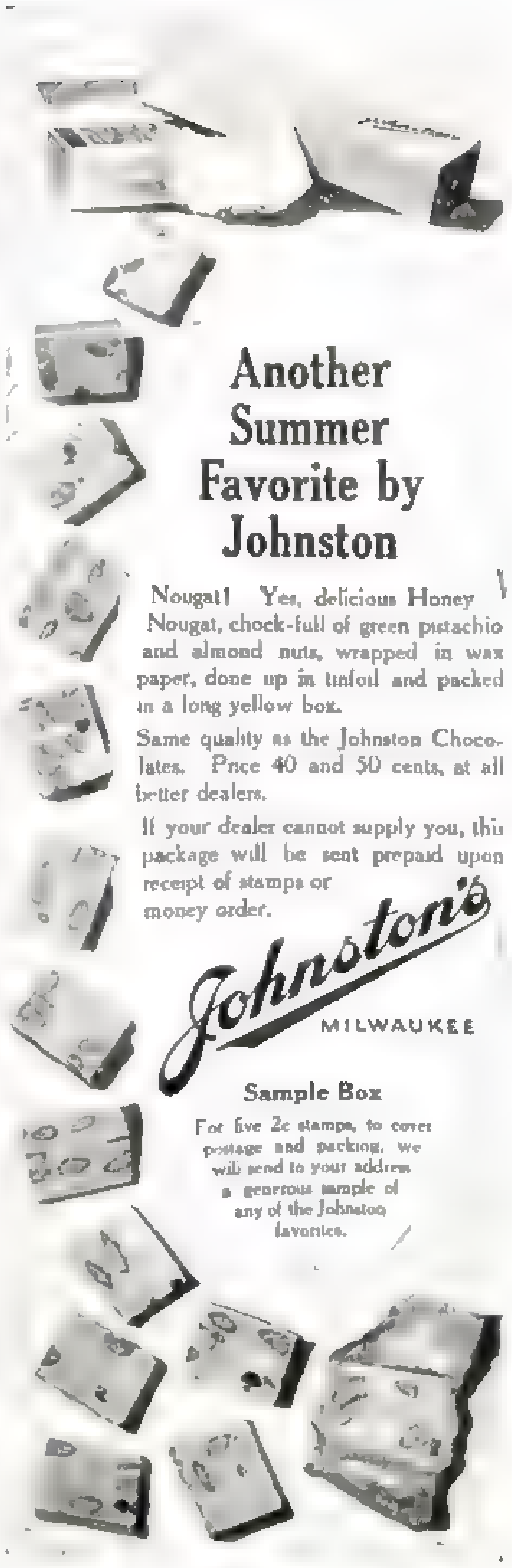
As to the state of the steel and iron industry, the decrease of rising one hundred and five thousand tons in the orders on the books of the United States Steel Corporation during May is offset by the orders booked in May exceeding those booked the previous month, the increase in deliveries in May accounting for the poor return at the close of the month. Later advices from the trade are that the recent cut in prices of steel products did not stimulate sales to the extent hoped for, buyers continuing to order sparingly as if expecting further cuts. The best demand is reported in steel rails, well over one hundred thousand tons having been taken since June came in, and contracts for nearly twice—one report says four times as many more tons are said to be pending. The rails sold are in part to be shipped out of the country. The price of rails has not, of course, been cut, the steel corporation and outside manufacturers coöperating in the maintenance of the price of this product. There is an intimation that the twenty-eight-dollar price will be advanced before January 1, 1912.

This coöperation of steel-rail manufacturers calls to mind the remarkable address of Chairman Gary, of the steel corporation, to the Stanley committee of Congress, which has had that corporation under investigation. It was made as plain as plain could be that the "harmony" or "Gary" dinners, so called, had for their object the assurance of harmonious action by the steel manufacturers touching prices; and the effort of Mr. Gary to justify the dinners only demonstrated that they resulted in what may be termed an "understanding" in restraint of trade. It is not, of course, certain, under the late ruling of the United States Supreme Court, that such restraint would be looked upon as unreasonable and therefore unlawful. It is obvious that the steel corporation is annoyed excessively in the conduct of its business by fear of interference by the Federal Government, including the judiciary. It is likewise obvious that members of Congress are unable to see why the steel corporation should have been immune to attacks that other great corporations were subjected to, so that there is small chance of the annoyance being removed until all the facts touching the past of the corporation have been laid bare and it shall be authoritatively determined whether the corporation has been specially favored, and whether its acts or the acts of those prominently identified with the concern have been lawful. If the management were not being harassed it would scarcely have been expected that the chairman of the board of the steel corporation would practically advocate Government regulation in the steel manufacturing business, even to the determining of prices and profits.

The Trust Decisions

When the highest court decided the status of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies, under the Sherman act, it was assumed by Wall Street, at least, that there would be comparative freedom from further Federal disturbance of the large corporations. This appears to have been premature—indeed, a mistake—as witness the steel and sugar inquiries by Congress and the threats of the Federal judiciary to proceed under the criminal code against individuals connected with the corporations. If this course is to be pursued and some members of Congress are urging it by resolution—and if there is to be regulation of corporation affairs to the extent of fixing prices and profits of products, or even an attempt to bring this about, there is no saying how long the disturbance of business will continue.

Confidence cannot be built on uncertainty and the political factor must continue to be among the most important affecting



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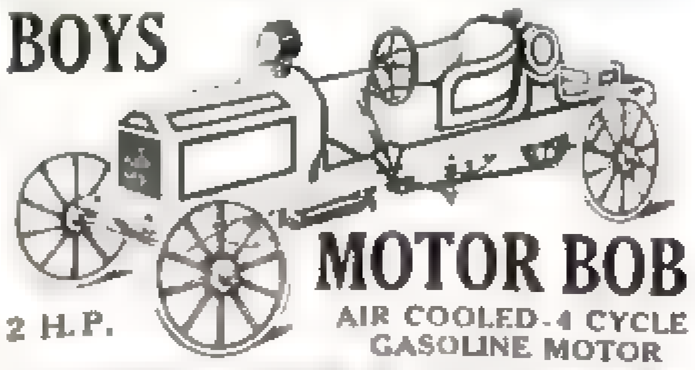

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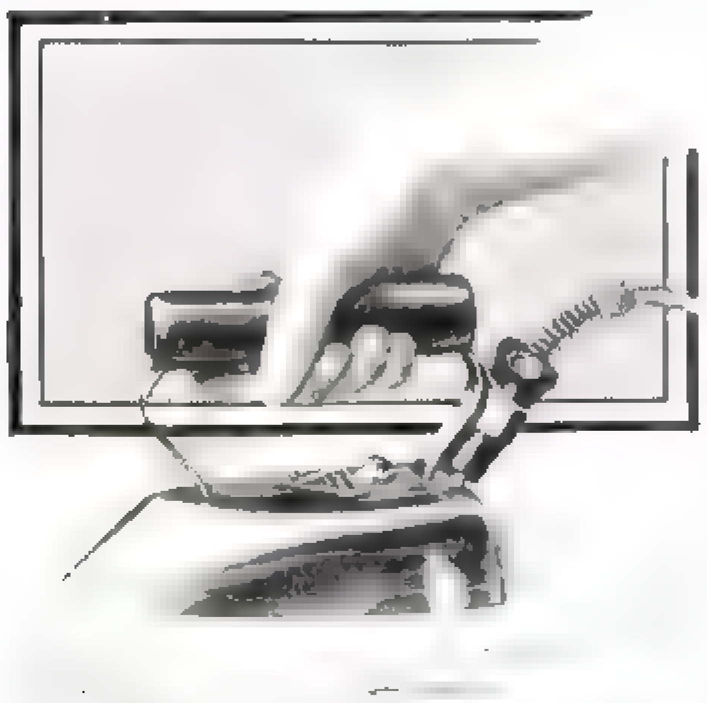

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"AMERICAN" ELECTRIC IRONING

You can put out the fire in the kitchen range, because the "American" Electric Iron generates all its own heat within itself.

This means cool comfort and a double economy.

You save all fuel-cost except that for the little current required to heat the one iron that does all the work—and users will tell you that the "American" does all the household ironing without any appreciable increase in the bills for electric current

Moreover, you save time and ener[illegible] With the "American" [illegible] heated all the time, mak[illegible] the [illegible]

But to assure all these advantages, you must get the [illegible] is the latest development of the experience of the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of [illegible]

The "American" utilizes the heat [illegible] the work without apprecia[illegible] top. It can be attached to any [illegible] It weighs [illegible]

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ELECTRIC
HEAT

business. This is said without reference to tariff agitation as a factor in the case. That tariff agitation is to continue is not open to question and the effect must prove deterrent to business revival, though business may be fair in spite of this disturbing force. Business is fair in certain—not to say in many—directions. To house, feed and clothe, and entertain ninety-odd millions of people will necessitate a fair condition of business at all times; and it is a fact that the supply of materials in numbers of instances is frequently found short of demand, and this fact accounts for high prices of sundry commodities.

John Stevenson, Jr., president of an ordnance corporation in the Middle States, after remarking that the plant was running fairly well and had orders on hand to keep the five hundred men employed quite busy for some time, observed lately that there would, in his opinion, be a general revival of business in September if the crops should prove good. Should the crops prove a failure, he believed that the present business depression would continue until after the next national election. In the opinion of others, as well as of Mr. Stevenson, the crop factor is the major factor in the general situation as affecting business. The deficiency of the 1910 crops in certain districts was an adverse factor in those districts, particularly in the Northwest. But the Government report for those districts in the current year is more promising than for most other districts. The condition of spring wheat at the beginning of summer was better than last year and better than the ten-year average, and the acreage was reported enough larger to suggest likelihood of a grand crop if nothing happens to cause deterioration before the harvest. Just there lies the difficulty. With vagaries of climate and vermin to be faced, there is no forecasting with accuracy the autumn harvest. Nevertheless, the spring-wheat outlook at the early stage of growth is fine. Of winter wheat less can be said of a favorable character. The promise of the crop in the last spring month was not sustained a month later, and the harvest, hastened by dry weather and other causes, is disappointing. Weekly Government reports issued subsequent to the last monthly report point to a further decline in the condition of winter wheat and of nearly all vegetation in the winter-wheat districts. Oats show a materially poorer condition than last year and a deficient harvest is in prospect, except in some of the Northern districts, where rain has stimulated excellent growth.

Our Diminishing Crops

A rough estimate of the indicated yield of wheat, oats and rye in 1911 on about ninety million acres is slightly under a billion eight hundred million bushels, compared with a final yield of about a billion nine hundred million bushels last year. The necessity exists for basing this yield upon a materially larger acreage at present than last year, a not very encouraging consideration and certainly not flattering to future farming prospects or to prevailing methods of agriculture. The diminishing yield of certain products suggests exhaustion of soil and readily explains, without recourse to other causes, the exodus of farmers from the worn soils of parts of the West to the virgin soils beyond the British-American boundary. It is not to be wondered that Mr. Hill and other pioneer railroad men should look with covetous eyes to the traffic incident to the transportation of people and merchandise to the new country in the north and to the return traffic in products of the farms. The present outlook for the 1911 crops on Northern and Western farms does not guarantee the business revival to be desired, but there is time left for a great change in condition before the major portion of the crop in the several states is gathered.

The cotton crop is, perhaps, quite as promising as any of the agricultural products of the year, the increase in acreage being induced by the acceptable prices received for the last crop. The indicated yield of the early season is next to record, though subject to modification as the season grows older. Given another good cotton crop and prices even less than those of last season, and the South will be specially favored in this and in a general business way. The weather question is all important in the case of cotton. Late advices note at least partial relief of the drought in the coast states of the cotton belt and continued drought through the rest of the belt. Conditions will, of course, be modified if rain shall fall seasonably. Therefore the weather map will be studied with concern as the season advances.

At the beginning of June domestic commodity prices showed a hardening tendency, being about one per cent higher than a month earlier, and about ten and a half per cent higher than at the beginning of the same month in 1908, which marked the low point of recent years. Compared with prices on June 1, 1909, those this year denote an increase of about one and a half per cent. They fall about four and a quarter per cent below those of the corresponding date in 1910. Prices now are about five per cent less than at the corresponding date in 1907. To what extent a hardening price tendency will affect general business is an open question. If liquidation is over, which is doubtful, rising prices, if they reflect improving demand, are likely to stimulate enlarged consumption.

The Balance of Trade

The preliminary foreign-trade statement of the United States for the eleventh month of the governmental year was surprisingly good as to both exports and imports, new records being made in each instance for that particular month. The value of exports for eleven months of the fiscal year—one billion nine hundred and seven million dollars—indicates that the two-billion-dollar mark will be passed by the exports for the twelve months. This is an increase of some three hundred million dollars over the total for the previous year. Imports for the eleven months—one billion four hundred and five millions—were about thirty-one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars less than for like months of 1909-10. The excess of exports over imports for eleven months already exceeds half a billion dollars by a slight margin, assuring a larger margin above imports for the twelve months than for any fiscal year since 1907-8.

The chief importance of these facts is their bearing upon the foreign credits of this country. The apparent balance of foreign trade does not, of course, show the real standing of the account between this and other countries, since there are many items in the account that do not figure in the foreign-trade exhibits. These include, among others, the expenditures of tourists from this country, sales of securities by American bankers, interest and dividends on American securities held abroad and ocean freight accounts, the total of all of which nobody knows, though it is known to be very large. It is declared to be a fact that American bankers do not now find it necessary, as has often happened, to sell exchange short at this time of the year, depending on bills to be drawn against fall exports to cover the short sales. With large credits abroad, it will be comparatively easy to import gold if the necessity shall exist or if there may seem to be an advantage gained by such a course, whether speculative or of other sort. The ability to take gold from abroad may be found of use in connection with the moving of the season's crops.

The present indication is that there will be plenty of money for crop-moving and for general use the rest of the year. So large is the bank surplus that it is inconceivable that anything like stringency can arise in the autumn, unless the large bankers shall devote unexpected millions to foreign subscriptions and unless there shall develop extraordinary activity in the security markets, a thing quite unthinkable at present. The attitude of money-lenders toward the latest Panama loan witnesses to the plethora of funds seeking secure investment, though it is not true that the total of proposals to take such loans is a true index to the liquid condition of investment funds. Many bids are designed to get something to sell again, and it frequently happens that bidders apply for many more securities than they expect to be awarded them in the hope that they will get a fair amount. All things considered, it is certain enough that general business will not be hindered by lack of money where the bank balance or the credit of the borrower is good. The evidence at this writing is that business men are proceeding cautiously and not counting upon a distinct revival of demand for the remainder of the calendar year.

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A TIRE for every road condition! Think of it! Think what it means in purse and power-economy to choose your tires according to your road!

You can now ride on a road **specialist—on a professional** tire specially built to meet the peculiarities of the road most frequently ridden—a tire that guarantees bigger and better service than any other motorcycle tire because built with **one** purpose in view.

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Motorcycle Tires

Five different types of motorcycle tires. Each type is designed and built by the world's greatest tire experts. These experts have boiled down and crystallized in Goodyear Motorcycle Tires the golden knowledge gained from over 12 years of exhaustive tes[illegible] perfection of [illegible] Goodyear **No-Rim-Cut** Auto Tire.

Goodyear Motorcycle Tires are built by a process used by no other t[illegible] by a process which completely does aw[illegible] with all possibility of bl[illegible] and weak spots—faults responsible for [illegible] per cent of all tire troubles.

Hold World's Record

Best **new rubber**—best fabric, the kind [illegible] these comfort-promoting, wear-resisting, **record-breaking** motorcycle tires—

—**Record-breaking** because each of the Goodyear Quintette of Motorcycle Tires is as perfect for its purpose as the Goodyear **Blue Streak** Racing Tire, w[illegible] just captured the World's Amateur and Professional Motorcycle Records

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Goodyear Motorcycle Tires are larger than most other tires built for same size rim, and they have **thicker treads.** This means greatest strength, resiliency and freedom from puncture. If these treads are not proved by actual tests to be tougher than all other treads they never reach the market

Tires fit all standard rims. The beads are molded in a semi-cured condition to exact duplicate of your own rim—fit rim clinch in a grip that never can give nor let go till you say the word. Ride one of these

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His [illegible] at ease, because his *body* is at ease. He is *free* [illegible] While [illegible] *comfortable.* He does [illegible] B. V. D. [illegible] Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers [illegible] Union Suits are [illegible] They [illegible]

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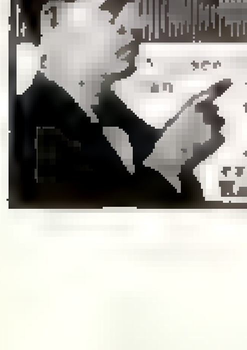

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THE BILLYAD

Continued from Page 8.

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High-low!—hully gee!
If you think that isn't so
Look at R. Achilles B.
Now the forest's kindest wisher
Finds the simple name of Fisher
On the quaint Interior portal—
No, Achilles ain't immortal.
Then behold another one—
Secretary Dickinson;
See within his warlike place
Stimson of Rooseveltian race.
Listen! In the stately box
Occupied by Phillie Knox
There's a quake
And a thrill—
Mercy's sake!
Is it Phil?
Those for Cabinet jobs intended, just like servants recommended,
work a while, then Crash!—it's ended! But there's One, by
Heaven defended, still remains, serene and splendid—
Unc' Jim Wilson, Nature's pardner—
Hoes right on, the faithful gard'ner.
Such a tame
Rural gent
When he's came
Will not went."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW I LEARNED TO RUN A MOTOR BOAT

(Continued from Page 4)

"I might have known that anything you said about knowing how to run a boat was two hundred per cent exaggeration," said Wright.

"You would have if you had known the difference between a boat and a corncrib," I retorted. "And only a few days ago you were talking about cross-compound spark plugs."

"I knew you'd swallow that," said Wright, chuckling. "And was that remark of yours about two-phase rudders out of a perfectly empty head too?"

"Say, Doc," I asked, "what is a phase anyway?"

"But the question is," said Doc, getting up to view the horizon again, "how are we going to get home? Home never was so dear to me before."

"We might paddle in," I suggested. I took a small board that was the likeliest object in sight and paddled industriously for five minutes.

"At the rate you're moving us," said Doc, "I figure that we'll get to shore just in time to vote next November."

"There's only one way out of it," I said. "We've got to start that engine."

"I hope we don't," said Doc plaintively. "I'm afraid of it."

I considered a bluff for a minute, but resisted. "So am I," I admitted. "I was afraid all the time I was fooling with it that it would go off."

"Oh, never mind," said Doc soothingly. "The exercise did you good anyway. Besides, we haven't any time to quarrel. We've got to get this boat started."

We hunted diligently for the switch that turned on the batteries. I could tell a battery when I saw one, and Doc developed a Holmes-like genius by which he tracked the switch down by means of following the wires from the engine. After getting on two or three false scents, one of which led him to the searchlight, he located the switch and turned it on. An ominous hum arose.

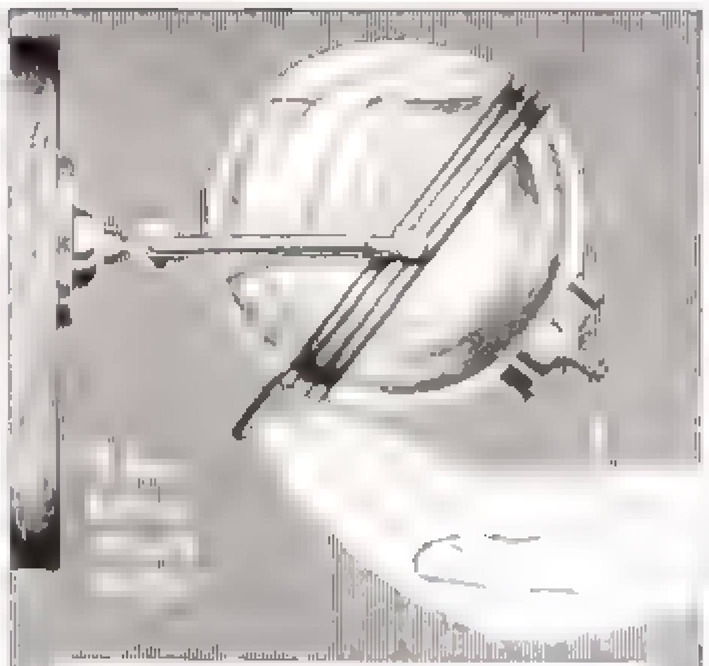
"Look out!" said Doc. "She may start."

I hustled back and grabbed the steering wheel so as to give the engine plenty of room. But nothing happened.

We sat and looked at the engine doubtfully, while the boat floated around another bend in the river. "It isn't going to start," said Doc finally. "I believe I'll go up and turn that wheel over."

"Amuse yourself," said I. "I would be the last man in the world to deprive you of any innocent pleasure."

Doc heaved a little and finally got the hang of the job so that he could pull the flywheel clear over in two jerks. He was as proud as if he had lifted an elephant. I figured that he had turned the propeller over fifty times and that every turn had sent us ahead probably six inches. At that



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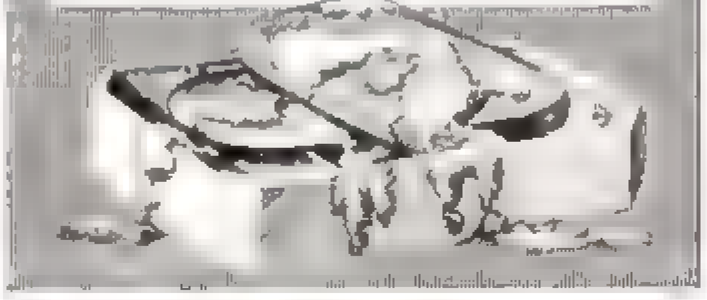

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Made of light gauze, with durable *silk elastic over hips* [illegible]

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Use It 10 Days Free

[illegible] Bennett Portable [illegible] hand set [illegible] standard keyboard of 84 characters [illegible] Low priced [illegible]

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Representatives wanted. Write today

C. G. Bennett Typewriter Company
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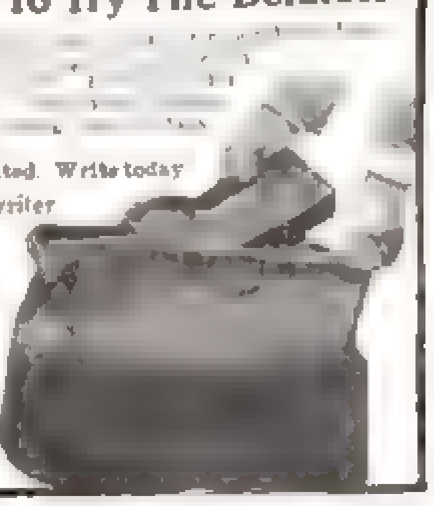
Slips into grip or pocket like a book

ONLY in U.S.A. $18



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rate we would get home before Christmas. But no! I had forgotten to figure in allowances for the current. Drifting two miles an hour and going ahead twenty-nine feet in the same time would land us somewhere below the Tropic of Cancer at the time when theoretically we should have gotten home. It was discouraging.

Doc was all in a lather. And, besides, he had wiped his greasy hands on his shirt and his face, which gave them a weird appearance. "I tell you, there's nothing like science," he said. "Now you would have turned this wheel over about twice in all this time and would have fallen overboard into the bargain. It's just as I've said all along. In a street car you are comparatively at ease. You can ride it without difficulty. But you have no business trying to master—who pulled that switch out?"

"Why, I did," I said. "It was making too much noise."

Wright came out and sat close to me. He was quiet for a minute. Then he turned around, ate up about a barrel of hot July air and addressed some remarks to me personally. I don't remember them all, but in the peroration he declared that if he had a pet grasshopper that was suffering from paresis and was out of a job, he'd pay it a good salary to act as my nurse.

I felt hurt. There was no need of wasting all that fine language on a friend, I said, when there was a gasoline engine in the boat that needed it all.

"But see what you did!" howled Wright. "You've made me work myself almost into apoplexy for nothing at all."

"Oh, well, as far as that goes," said I, "the exercise has done you good. And, besides, I've been thinking over the way Robbins starts his automobile, and I remember that he always turns on the gasoline first."

"When did you think of that?" demanded Wright menacingly.

"None of your business," said I calmly. "Let's stop debating and find that gasoline pipe."

I was really proud of the way we cornered that pipe and found the rinctum that lets the gasoline into the engine. It didn't take us five minutes. We opened it and turned on the electricity again. Then Wright balked, and I had to tackle that confounded flywheel. This time I was good and nervous. At any moment the thing might start. I believe I would as soon have touched off a cannon by holding a match to the muzzle. I went up there in the oil and grease, breathed a short prayer that went wrong before the end, owing to the fact that I got a pair of seven-dollar pants against a particularly oily place. Then I grabbed that wheel and gave it a yank.

"Bang!"

I thought the universe had exploded. But when I got up from the corner where the flywheel had thrown me everything was quiet except Wright. He was dancing and waving his hat.

"She started! She started!" he yelled. "She turned clean over. Give her another whirl."

"You go to thunder!" said I. "She may start again."

The idiot actually wanted me to go back there and deliberately encourage that engine to do it all over again. I told him what I thought of him. But it was getting late and we had drifted around two more bends, and in the end we drew lots. I lost. With a harrowing "Just-before-the-battle-mother" feeling I went back into that hell-hole and began turning that wheel over. Horrible things happened. Once the engine exploded again. Once the carbureter exploded and spat blue smoke all over me. Once I slipped and grabbed a wire. It was chock full of bumblebees. I gave a howl and threw up my other arm. A wrench that I happened to be holding sailed out through a porthole and disappeared with a splash.

"Hooray! Try your pocketbook next time," yelled Wright with that unfailing brutality that is his distinguishing feature. "I'll bet you could throw that twice as far."

I let him have the oil can right in the lap, and while he struggled with the oil and his rhetoric I hauled the wheel over again.

There is something awful in the suddenness with which a deceased gasoline engine leaps into volcanic fury. A second before we had been doddering hopelessly in a logy craft with five hundred pounds of mistreated junk in it. Now we were contemplating a shrieking, roaring, spitting and banging piece of machinery, revolving

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a million times a minute, leaping up and down on its base and shouting for gore. Perhaps this is exaggerated, but that's what that engine looked like to me when I picked myself up.

I wiped my hands on a piece of waste, crawled past the monster and sat down beside Wright. "It sometimes takes an expert a few minutes to start the antiquated teakettles that dubs like you buy," I shouted in his ear. "But it can always be done. Steer us up the river."

"She won't steer," said Wright, twirling frantically one way and the other. "Say!" he yelled, looking at the shore. "Does an expert always start an engine backward?"

There wasn't any use of arguing. The boat was running backward and in a circle. That is, she was trying to run in a circle, but every time the poor patient thing got one almost completed Wright would yank her around and start a brand-new one.

"Sh-shall we stop her?" he panted, as he spoiled the ninth circle and missed a sand bar by the width of an old-time Baptist deacon.

"Not on your life!" I yelled back. "Let good enough alone. Head her up stream and we'll go home backward."

Go home backward we did. It was a nervous performance too. The Imp backed about as well as a skittish colt, and we covered all parts of the river in a thorough and painstaking fashion. The engine cried and whined. She exploded in the carbureter and yelled for attention in every joint, but you didn't catch me touching anything. She was running, and I was taking no risks. I stood with an oil can and squirted oil at everything that moved, receiving most of it back on my seven-dollar pants, while Wright ballet-danced the Imp all over the bosom of the Illinois.

We banged and roared and putt-putted and limped and staggered around four bends and up toward the dock. There was a railroad bridge to pass under with a draw one hundred feet wide. Our boat was four feet wide, but we couldn't hit the draw. We missed it by two spans. Wright confessed afterward that he steered straight for a stone pier, which looked as big as St. Peter's Cathedral, and thus managed to miss it by fifty feet. I aged visibly before we got past that bridge.

We hated to go up to the dock sternforemost and I guess the Imp did too, for she insisted on taking a stroll up the river and through the motor boat fleet anchored above before she came around and took Doc's suggestion. She was hiccoughing badly, and once or twice she almost stopped. We decided to go above the dock, stop and drift down, smashing the engine with a wrench if necessary. A hundred feet from the dock I kicked the carbureter with all my might and shut off the gasoline. Doc turned all the levers he could find the wrong way, knocked the batteries off the shelf and began scooping water on the engine with a pail. The result was satisfactory. The Imp barked, exploded, started forward, puffed blue smoke, and then died with surprising suddenness.

We drifted in to the dock and received the congratulations of all present, including the docktender's assistant, who was visibly moved. He said he had never seen anything like it before and hoped never to again. He said he had read of men like us, but that he had always had a great horror of asylums and had never got the nerve to go and see them. I told him that we always ran our boat backward so that we could step out of it more readily when it hit the dock. He said he had heard that some of us wore our clothes wrong side out and went to sleep under the beds too. He seemed to be suffering from a delusion of some kind.

A number of boat owners with ropes were present when we landed. I supposed they were waiting for a chance to haul us in, but I found afterward they had intended to lynch us if we had hit any of their precious boats on our way in. There was no danger of that; if we had got through a railroad bridge without hitting it we could be depended on to miss a little thing like a motor boat.

We went home that night more or less triumphant, and the next day it took an expert four hours at eighty cents an hour to start that boat. We did it in three hours and fifty minutes. I don't call that bad for amateurs—and a first attempt at that.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by George Fitch, relating experiences with a motor boat. The second will appear in an early number.

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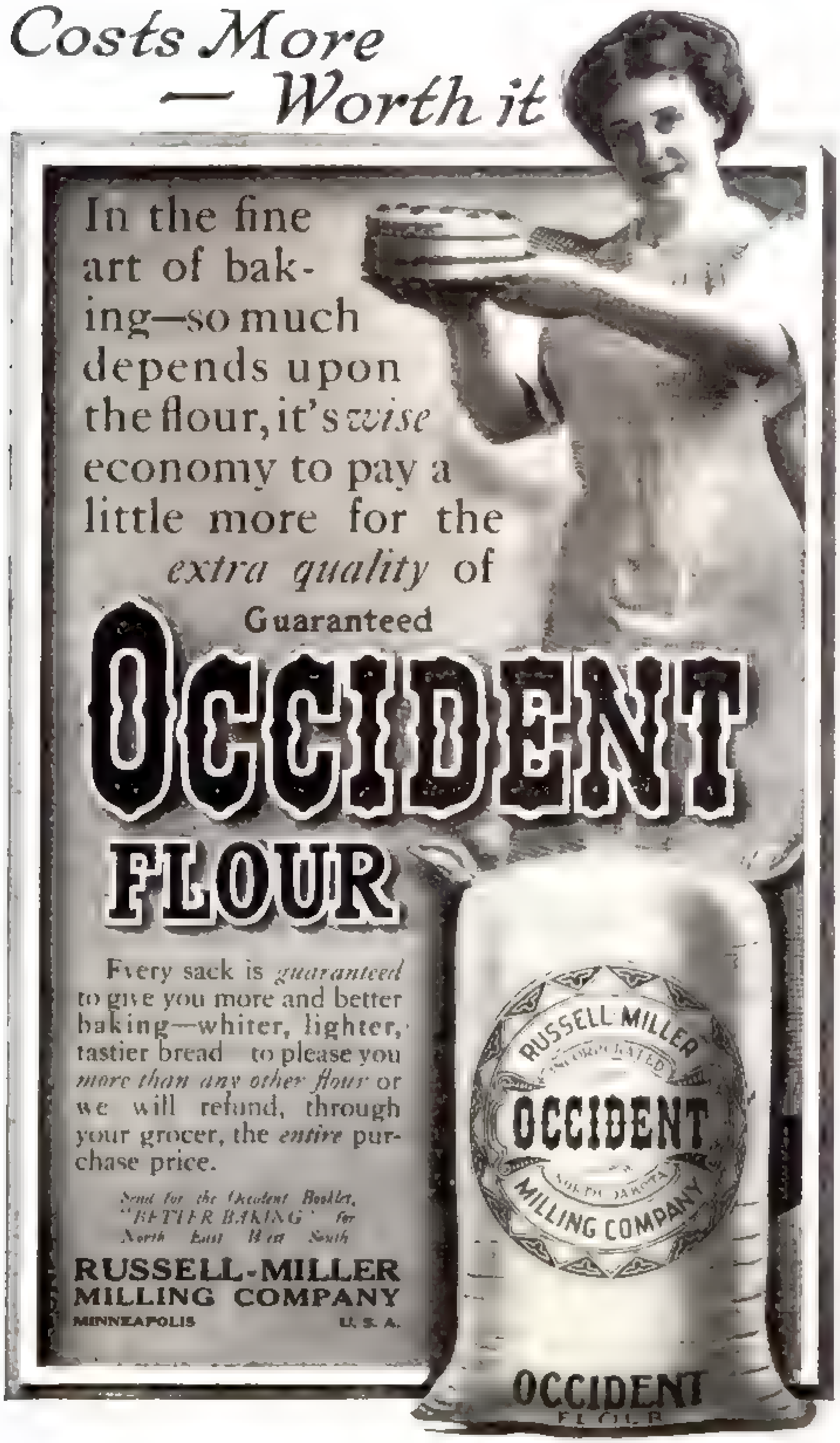

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INFLATED PRICES FOR OLD MASTERS

(Continued from Page 11)

Any work of art of the past seems to possess an enchantment to the collector a halo that only the death of the artist can bring. This is not a modern sentiment. Michelangelo had to contend with it. He became infuriated at the praises of the cultured *literati* and connoisseurs of his time over ancient art. The Florentines in particular claimed that nothing contemporaneous could equal what had been done previously and that great art was produced by the ancients. In retaliation, Michelangelo carved a Cupid out of marble, broke off a leg and an arm, hid these in his studio, and buried the statue, after having stained it to make it appear old. Later he instigated a search for new treasures. Great was the joy in Florence among the *cognoscenti* and *literati* when this statue was unearthed. No praise was great enough for this wonderful masterpiece of the past. A new treasure was discovered; but, when Michelangelo came among the admiring group with the missing leg and arm and fitted them into place, they had to admit that there were other artists besides the ancients.

A certain class of rich buyers dearly love to pay a large price for a work of art if it be properly advertised. They have found the old-master craze a great boon, having had a sad experience with former favorites among recent painters, such as the Bouguereaus, Gerômes, Meissoniers and those of that day, whose pictures have dropped considerably in price since their death. The men who painted the old pictures or sculped this or that ancient statue have been dead so many years that their work has stood the test of time. Why, therefore, ask certain dealers, should they make but a moderate commission on a living painter when they can make a larger one on an old master? Why bother with pictures of moderate price when they can sell an old master at from fifty thousand dollars to almost any price? Exit the modern painter; enter the old master and the many forgeries that masquerade under that name. Dealers with this viewpoint now handle only old masters.

The Rise of Il Greco

There is a fashion, too, even in old masters. Sometimes a painter's work, forgotten for several hundred years through one of two reasons, is brought to light and a boom is started. The prices naturally soar to the first magnitude.

The first and legitimate cause for resuscitation is when some painter, or group of painters who are ever willing to discover the good, visits a far-away gallery in the home of some great master and practically rediscovers him; as when Manet and Whistler revived the interest in Velasquez after visiting Madrid, or when the artistic tendency of the time finds itself in sympathy with the works of former painters who for years have slept, peacefully forgotten. The rediscovery of Il Greco, the Spanish master, and his subsequent jump into fame and high prices, is a case in point. Now no museum or collection is complete without its Il Greco, when but twenty years ago the writer, then in Spain, could have bought Il Grecos for a song. Painters even in Paris were then unaware of the quality and sincerity of this master's work. The recent artistic regeneration of the works of that subtle master, Von Meer—whose limited production and exquisite vision and finish have made his pictures priceless, and rightly so—is another example of artistic appreciation and resuscitation, always to the dealer's profit.

The second cause for resuscitation is when a dealer or group of dealers routs out some undiscovered example of one of the masters, or collects the works of some little known or second-rate old master, forms a pool and creates a boom for his works. The dealer reasons that, as all the greatest pictures are owned by foreign museums or are in closed collections, he must search the country homes for new finds. England, with her great old heirlooms, now seems to be the land of promise. The enterprising agent discovers that a certain lord or lady possesses a canvas by a high-priced master, sometimes an indifferent one; he gets into communication with the owner and informs him or her that the agent can procure a fabulous price for the picture. There are

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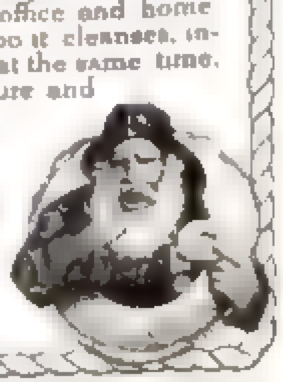

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lands to be improved, estates to be freed, and—well, the older the title, generally the needier the lord; so a princely price is named. But how to get it!

A story is circulated that an American desires to buy a certain picture. The nation is at once up in arms to save the great treasure—for it is generally offered to the nation first; but the immense price is never reached by popular subscription. The unknown American, for whose benefit the plot has been laid, always fails. After the purchase, it would be rather an enlightening spectacle to glance into one of the rich London clubs and see the knowing wink that passes between the late owner and the go-between. And so a masterpiece is lost to England. The picture had been for centuries locked away from the people in England and often it will share a like fate in America.

The Gold of Brass

There are, now and then, lucky finds of some old master's work, buried away for centuries, unknown to biographer or historian and of great value. These are now and then unearthed, but generally by one who knows a good work of art.

Italico Brass, a poor Venetian painter—and, glory to the powers that be! a living painter shared the profits of the discoveries of a dead one—while sketching in the Italian Alps discovered in an old inn four Titians. They had been there for generations.

"*Quanto?*" asked Brass.

"*Due mille lire,*" replied the innkeeper, never expecting to realize such a fabulous sum. Concealing his great excitement, Brass returned to Venice, sold his own pictures for any price they would bring and borrowed the remainder of the two thousand lire. At last he managed to scrape together the modest sum demanded by the innkeeper, which was a large one to Brass at the time. Italico then brought the pictures to Venice. They proved to be genuine examples of Titian, and, as is the custom in Italy, the Government had the first opportunity to buy them. Two were sold, however, for forty thousand dollars to a rich collector, said to have been one of the Rothschilds, who overbid the Italian Government.

Signore Brass, who for years enjoyed that parlous state of poverty supposed to be a necessary and rather amusing state for a painter, is now quite the grand gentleman in Venice; he is able to devote his entire time to painting and is doing good work. This is the only incident known to us in which the work of a dead master has brought an income to a living painter. The lordly Titian, who painted to the ripe age of ninety-nine and then died of the plague—or, perhaps, would still be painting—must have felt a joy in the nether world to know that a poor Venetian painter had profited by a few forgotten works of his!

This was a case of a legitimate find and a reasonable price for the pictures. The former owners did not even enjoy their possession, much less appreciate their value.

A Reynolds recently discovered in a junkshop in London was secured for fifteen dollars and sold for eighteen thousand.

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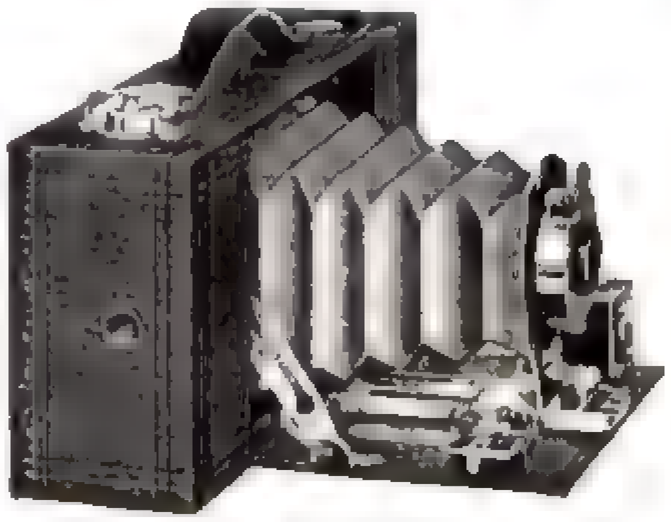

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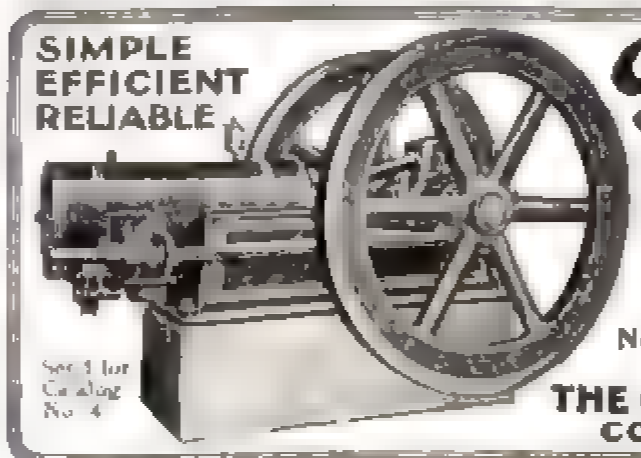

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It does away with the hard and tiresome scouring that is necessary with old-fashioned polishes.

It contains no acids to injure your skin or the varnish of your woodwork.

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Sold by hardware, grocery, drug, and sporting goods stores, and by auto supply houses and garages. If not found in your town send us 2[illegible] and we'll forward sample charges paid.

Write for interesting booklet "The Care of Metal Surfaces."

For a Bright Future

The Atlantic Refining Company
Spotzoff Department
6400 Euclid Avenue Cleveland

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

Continued from Page 17

appreciate each other. "Won't Lady Louisa and yourself join us?"

"Delighted," said Mrs. Fontaine. "Miss Clementina Wing is quite a character. I should like to see more of her."

Quixtus, his mind full of sweet atonement, did not detect any trace of acidity in her words.

On the stroke of one, the time appointed for luncheon, Clementina and Sheila appeared at the end of the long lounge, Tommy and Etta straggling in their wake. Quixtus rose from the table where his three friends were seated and advanced to meet them. Sheila ran forward and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You didn't ask these children to lunch, but I brought 'em."

"They're very welcome," said Quixtus, smiling.

Tommy, his fair face aflame with joy, wrung his hand. "I told you I would look you up in the Hotel Continental. By Jove! I am glad to see you. I've been an awful ass, you know. Of course I thought——"

"Hush! Hush!" said Quixtus. "You introduced me before to this young lady; but I most unfortunately have forgotten her name."

"Miss Etta Concannon," said Tommy proudly.

Clementina jerked her thumb toward them:

"Engaged. Young idiots!"

"My dear Miss Etta!" said Quixtus, taking the hand of the furiously blushing girl. "My friend Tommy is an uncommonly lucky fellow." He nodded at Sheila, who hung on to his fingertips. "Have you made friends with this young lady?"

"She's a darling!" cried Etta.

"Clementina," said Tommy, "you're a wretch! You shouldn't have given us away."

"You gave yourselves away, you silly geese! People have been grinning at you all the time you were walking here!" Then her glance fell upon the expectant trio a little way off. "Oh," she said—"those people again!"

"They're my very good friends," said Quixtus, "and I want you to meet them again in normal circumstances. I want you to like them."

He looked at her in mild appeal. Clementina's lips twisted into a wry smile.

"All right," she said. "Don't worry. I'll be civil."

So it came to pass that the two women again faced each other: Mrs. Fontaine all daintiness and fragrance in her simple but exquisitely cut fawn costume, the chaste contours of her face set off by an equally simple ten-guinea black hat with an ostrich feather; Clementina rugged, powerful, untidy in her ill-fitting clothes and heavy, businesslike shoes; and again between the two pairs of eyes was the flicker of rapiers. And as soon as they were disengaged and Clementina turned to Lady Louisa, she felt the other's swift glance travel from the soles of her feet to the rickety old rose in her hat. There are moments when sex gives a woman eyes in the back of her head. She turned round quickly and surprised the most elusive ghost of a smile imaginable. For the first time in her life Clementina felt herself at a disadvantage. She winced; then mentally, so to speak, snapped her fingers. What had she to do with the woman—or the woman with her?

All the presentations having been made, Quixtus led the way to the restaurant of the hotel.

"Clementina," said he, "may I ask you to concede the place of honor for this occasion to my unexpected, most charming and most welcome guest?"

He indicated Etta, still blushing, into whose ear Tommy whispered that his uncle always spoke like a penny book with the covers off.

"My dear man," said Clementina, "stick me anywhere, so long as it's next the baby and I can see that nobody feeds her on anchovies and lobster salad."

She understood perfectly. The second seat of honor was Mrs. Fontaine's. She confounded Mrs. Fontaine. But, anyway, what was Mrs. Fontaine to her or she to Mrs. Fontaine?

They took their places at the round table laid for eight. On Quixtus' right, Etta; on his left, Mrs. Fontaine; then Sheila, somewhat awed at the grown-up luncheon party and squeezing Pinkie very tight so as to give her courage; then Clementina, with Huckaby as left-hand neighbor; then Lady Louisa; and Tommy next to Etta.

Clementina kept her word and behaved with great civility. Tommy politely addressed Lady Louisa, to the immense relief of Huckaby, who, thus temporarily free from his Martha, plunged into eager conversation with Clementina about her picture in the Salon, which had attracted considerable attention. He did not tell her that, in order to refresh his memory of the masterpiece, he had revisited the Grand Palais that morning. He praised the technic. There was in it that hint of Velasquez which so many portrait painters tried for and so few got. This pleased Clementina. Velasquez was the god of her art. One bright space in her dreary youth was her life with Velasquez in Madrid.

"I, too, once tried to know something about him," said Huckaby. "I wrote a monograph—a wretched compilation only—in a series of Lives of Great Painters for a firm of publishers."

Hackwork or not, the authorship of a Life of Velasquez was enough to prejudice her in Huckaby's favor. She learned, too, that he was a sometime fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and a university contemporary of Quixtus. Huckaby, finding her not the rough-tongued virago from whom Quixtus had always shrunk, and of whom, at their one meeting at the tea room, he himself had not received the suavest impression, but a frank, intelligent woman, gradually forgot his anxiety to please and talked naturally as became a man of his scholarship. The result was that Clementina thought him a pleasant and sensible fellow, an opinion which she expressed later in the day to Quixtus.

With regard to Mrs. Fontaine, her promise of ladylike behavior was harder to keep. All through the meal her dislike grew stronger. That Quixtus should bend toward Etta in his courtly fashion and pay her little gallant attentions was but natural; indeed, it was charming courtesy toward Tommy's betrothed; but that he should do the same to Mrs. Fontaine and add to it a subtle shade of intimacy was exasperating. In the lady's attitude, too, toward Quixtus, Clementina perceived an air of proprietorship, a triumphant consciousness of her powers of fascination. When Quixtus addressed a remark across the table to Clementina, Mrs. Fontaine adroitly drew his attention to herself. Her manner gave Clementina to understand that, although a frump of a portrait painter might be an important person in a studio, in the big world outside the attractive woman had victorious preëminence. Now Clementina was a woman—and one whose nature had lately gone through unusual convulsions. She found it difficult to be polite to Mrs. Fontaine. Only once was there a tiny eruption of the volcano.

Sheila's seat at the table being too low for her small body, Clementina demanded a cushion from the *maître d'hôtel*. When, after some delay, a waiter brought it she was engaged in talk with Huckaby. She turned in time to see Mrs. Fontaine about to lift Sheila from her seat. With a sudden rough movement she all but snatched the child out of the other's arms and herself saw to Sheila's sedentary comfort.

She didn't care what Quixtus or any one else thought of her. She was not going to have this alien woman touch her child. The flirtation with Quixtus she could not prevent; but no woman born of woman should come between her and the beloved child of her adoption.

The incident passed almost unnoticed. The meal ended pleasantly. With the exception of the two women in their mutual attitude, everybody was surprisingly delighted with everybody else. Etta thought Quixtus the very dearest thing, next to Admiral Concannon, that had ever a bald spot on the top of his head. Clementina, in a fit of graciousness, gave Huckaby the precious freedom of her studio. He could come and look at her pictures whenever he liked. Sheila, made much of, went away duly impressed with her new friends. Quixtus rubbed his hands at the success of his party. The apparently irreconcilable were reconciled, difficulties were vanishing rapidly, his path stretched out before him in rosy smoothness.

But Tommy's quick eyes had noticed the snatching of Sheila.

EXPERT SHOE MAKING

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THE final shape and fit of your shoe depends on the accuracy with which the upper and lining are fitted over the last. The greatest care must be exercised so that there will be no "bagging" or "wrinkles." The leather must be stretched carefully and tightly, making the shape of your shoe permanent. This is one of the most important operations in good shoe making, and requires the most skilled operators.

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We are especially proud of our shoes because they are so carefully "lasted." To you this means a perfect and permanent fit and it is these features that we would have you recall when buying

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For Men SHOES For Women

$5.00 — $4.00 — $3.50

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A 212½—"Women's White House" Patent Three-Strap Pump, Bristol Last.

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According to Size And Style

It is the care and attention that has been given to the making of these shoes that has made them so popular with parents.

If you appreciate neat, elegant, well-fitting and good wearing footwear ask for WHITE HOUSE or BUSTER BROWN shoes. If you fail to secure them, write us and we will tell you where they are to be had. Send post-card for Style Booklet, free.

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ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Butter With a Difference

Mr. Butterman:

There is a wide *difference* between **Blue Valley** and *other* butter.

This difference is both in the way *made* and in the way *marketed.* *Every ounce* of

Blue Valley
The National Butter

is made by *ourselves.* We know every step in its production from the time the cream comes from our 45,000 dairymen until it is churned and packed for the consumer into the air-tight Blue Valley carton.

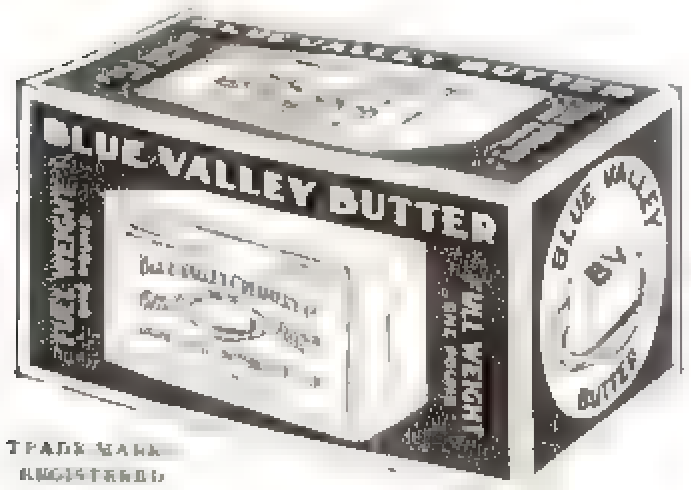
We [illegible] the dairies and even instruct the [illegible] tive to a better cream production

If butter [illegible] be made *better*, more *healthful* or more *appetizing*, we would [illegible] the reason that we have [illegible] it — employ the most [illegible] the most highly developed butter [illegible] in the world

Not a *Cut-up* Butter

Cut-up butter is that collected from various sources, *cut up* into *prints* and then sold in pre[illegible] *packages*. Since we make Blue Valley [illegible]

These [illegible] qualities of Blue Valley Butter have turned every *trier* into a permanent, *better-satisfied-th[illegible]* customer and every jobber and retailer [illegible] *booster* for a butter [illegible] *beyond the reach of comp[illegible]* [illegible] *Blue Valley*—and the reason why [illegible] at once take steps to *secure your territory*



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

Blue Valley is the *National Butter* because it is eaten by the *people of the Nation.* Last year we sold over 12,000,000 packages. At the present rate of increase the sales this year will reach the fifteen million mark

Dealers Blue Valley Butter is a quick seller. Adds vim to your business and tone to your store. Write us tonight for information on *how to get it.*

Madam: Are you missing an opportunity? Have you realized what Blue Valley means to you? For remember, with all its wholesome delicacy this butter costs *no more than other kinds*, and you can buy it [illegible]

Next time you buy butter ask [illegible] for Blue Valley. [illegible] Then send us [illegible]. If you would try Blue Valley, [illegible] would know there could be *no substitute*

Orders filled at any one of our following six creamery plants

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago, Ill.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
St. Joseph, Mo.
Sioux City, Iowa
Hastings, Neb.

"Etta," said he, "I've known Clementina intimately all these years and I find I know nothing at all about her."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"For the first time in my life," said he, "I've just discovered that the dear old thing is as jealous as a cat."

XX

"MY GOOD children, I tell you we'll go by train," said Clementina, putting her foot down. "I don't care a brass button for the chauffeur's loneliness and the prospect of his pining away on his journey back to London leaves me cold."

She had exhausted the delights of the car of thirty-five-million-dove-power and was anxious to settle Sheila in Romney Place as quickly as possible.

"As for you two," she added, "you have had as big a dose of each other as is good for you."

Only one thing tempted her to linger in Paris—curiosity as to the sentimental degree of the friendship between the lady of her disfavor and Quixtus. That she was a new friend and not an old friend the exchange of a few remarks with the ingenuous Lady Louisa had enabled her very soon to discover. Clementina looked askance on such violent intimacies. Quixtus, for whose welfare now she felt herself in an absurd way responsible, had not the constitution to stand them. The lady might be highly connected and move in the selectest of circles, but she had a hard edge, betraying what Clementina was pleased to call the society hack. She was shallow, insincere; talked out of a hastily stuffed memory instead of an intellect; she had the vulgarity of good breeding, as noticeable a quality as the good breeding of one in lowly station; she was insufferable—an impossible companion for a man of Quixtus' mental equipment and sensitive organization. There was something else about her that baffled Clementina and further whetted her curiosity.

Neither was Clementina perfect nor did she look for perfection in this compromise of a world. As an artist she demanded light and shade. "I wouldn't paint an angel's portrait," she said once, "for fifty thousand pounds. And if an angel came to tea with me the first thing I should do would be to claw off his wings." Now, no one could deny the light and shade in Lena Fontaine; but there is such a thing as false chiaroscuro, and it offends and perplexes the artist. Lena Fontaine offended and perplexed Clementina.

Again, Clementina, with regard to the chambers of her heart, was somewhat house-proud. Very few were admitted; but, once admitted, the favored mortal was welcome to stay there forever. Now, behold an exasperating aggravation: Here was Quixtus, just received in the very best guestroom—and, instead of admiring it and taking his ease in it, hanging halfway out of a window, all ears to a common hussy. If she had an insane desire to pull Quixtus back by the coattails who could blame her?

No sensible purpose being attainable, however, by lingering in Paris, she gruffly sent temptation packing and, with her brood under her wing, took the noon train from the Gare du Nord the next day.

Quixtus was there at the station to see them off, his arms filled with packages. As he could not raise his hat when the party approached he smiled apologetically, looking, according to Tommy, like Father Christmas detected in midsummer. There was a great bouquet of orchids for Clementina—such a handy, useful thing on the journey from Paris to London!—an enormous bonbonnière of sweets for Etta; a stupendous woolly lamb for Sheila, which, on something being done to its anatomy, opened its mouth and gramophonically chanted the jewel song from Faust; and a gold watch for Tommy.

The singing of the lamb, incautiously exploited on the platform, to Sheila's ecstasy, caused considerable dislocation of railway business. A crowd collected to see the gaunt, scholarly Englishman holding the phantasmagorical beast in his arms, all intent on the rapture of the tiny flower-like thing standing open-mouthed before him. Even porters forgot to say, "*Faites attention!*" and stopped their barrows to listen to the magic song and view the unprecedented spectacle. It was only when the lamb bleated its last note that Quixtus became conscious of his surroundings.

"Good Heavens!" said he.

"Do it again!" said Sheila in her clear contralto, whereat the bystanders laughed.

El Perco
Miss Glad Iron
Miss Sad Iron

Miss Glad Iron: "And Sadys, now that your mistress is going to get a Hotpoint Iron, you must persuade her to get an El Perco, too. It is such a comfort."

Miss Sad Iron:—"It certainly looks good. Now honestly, Gladys, is it as good as it looks?"

Miss Glad Iron:—"Better! Use cold water; begins to percolate in half a minute; coffee doesn't boil—you know, to boil it is to spoil it."

El Perco makes delicious coffee because it carries out the theoretical principles of coffee-making. Does it simply, exactly.

Measure cold water into El Perco; coffee into the basket. Place percolator tube in position; attach cord to any light socket and slip plug into place.

That's all. El Perco is standing on the breakfast table. Begins percolating in 30 seconds. Now here is the "how" of it.

Projecting into the bottom of the pot is an electric heating element encased in german silver. The cold water surrounds this element.

As soon as the plug is put in, this element gets hot, a little of the water is heated, flows up through a tube and falls in a spray over the coffee. So percolation begins in half a minute. At average lighting rates current to make five cups of delicious coffee costs seven-tenths of a cent.

No valves, syphons, or contraptions of any kind in El Perco. Plunge it right into the dishpan if you want to, but there is no occasion. It is as easy to keep clean as any coffee pot. Heating element guaranteed Two Years.

Owing to the new principles employed, El Perco is also the lowest priced electric percolator on the market—7 cup size, copper or nickel, $8.00; 5 cup size, copper or nickel, $7.50. Complete with cord.

Hotpoint

El Perco is the new member of the Hotpoint family—just as practical as the iron which is now sold in almost every town in the country where electric current is available in the day time.

The household Hotpoint Iron is furnished in 3, 5 and 6 pound sizes. Price $5.00.

Then there is the Utility outfit—Iron, Stand, Cook Dish and Cord all packed in ooze leather bag. So handy for travelers—apartment dwellers. Price $6.00.

And El Stovo gives you an efficient stove wherever there are electric lights. Use ordinary cooking dishes. Price $5.00, including cord and plug.

El Boilo is plunged directly into any liquid and will boil a cup or two of water in an incredibly short time. Boudoir size, $3.00; kitchen size, $4.00.

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"You didn't ask these children to lunch, but I brought 'em."

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Tommy, his fair face aflame with joy, wrung his hand. "I told you I would look you up in the Hotel Continental. By Jove! I am glad to see you. I've been an awful ass, you know. Of course I thought——"

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If butter could be made *better*, more *health*[illegible] or more *appetizing*, we would make it so [illegible] the reason that we have absolute control over it — employ the most skilled butter-*makers* and the most highly developed butter-making *methods* in the world.

Not a *Cut-up* Butter

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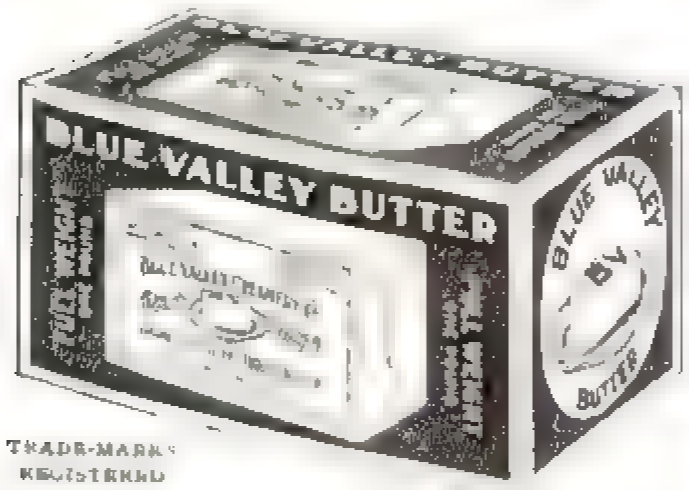

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(7)

"Etta," said he, "I've known Clementina intimately all these years and I find I know nothing at all about her."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"For the first time in my life," said he, "I've just discovered that the dear old thing is as jealous as a cat."

xx

"MY GOOD children, I tell you we'll go by train," said Clementina, putting her foot down. "I don't care a brass button for the chauffeur's loneliness and the prospect of his pining away on his journey back to London leaves me cold."

She had exhausted the delights of the car of thirty-five-million-dove-power and was anxious to settle Sheila in Romney Place as quickly as possible.

"As for you two," she added, "you have had as big a dose of each other as is good for you."

Only one thing tempted her to linger in Paris — curiosity as to the sentimental degree of the friendship between the lady of her disfavor and Quixtus. That she was a new friend and not an old friend the exchange of a few remarks with the ingenuous Lady Louisa had enabled her very soon to discover. Clementina looked askance on such violent intimacies. Quixtus, for whose welfare now she felt herself in an absurd way responsible, had not the constitution to stand them. The lady might be highly connected and move in the selectest of circles, but she had a hard edge, betraying what Clementina was pleased to call the society hack. She was shallow, insincere; talked out of a hastily stuffed memory instead of an intellect; she had the vulgarity of good breeding, as noticeable a quality as the good breeding of one in lowly station; she was insufferable — an impossible companion for a man of Quixtus' mental equipment and sensitive organization. There was something else about her that baffled Clementina and further whetted her curiosity.

Neither was Clementina perfect nor did she look for perfection in this compromise of a world. As an artist she demanded light and shade. "I wouldn't paint an angel's portrait," she said once, "for fifty thousand pounds. And if an angel came to tea with me the first thing I should do would be to claw off his wings." Now, no one could deny the light and shade in Lena Fontaine; but there is such a thing as false chiaroscuro, and it offends and perplexes the artist. Lena Fontaine offended and perplexed Clementina.

Again, Clementina, with regard to the chambers of her heart, was somewhat house-proud. Very few were admitted; but, once admitted, the favored mortal was welcome to stay there forever. Now, behold an exasperating aggravation: Here was Quixtus, just received in the very best guestroom — and, instead of admiring it and taking his ease in it, hanging halfway out of a window, all ears to a common hussy. If she had an insane desire to pull Quixtus back by the coattails who could blame her?

No sensible purpose being attainable, however, by lingering in Paris, she gruffly sent temptation packing and, with her brood under her wing, took the noon train from the Gare du Nord the next day.

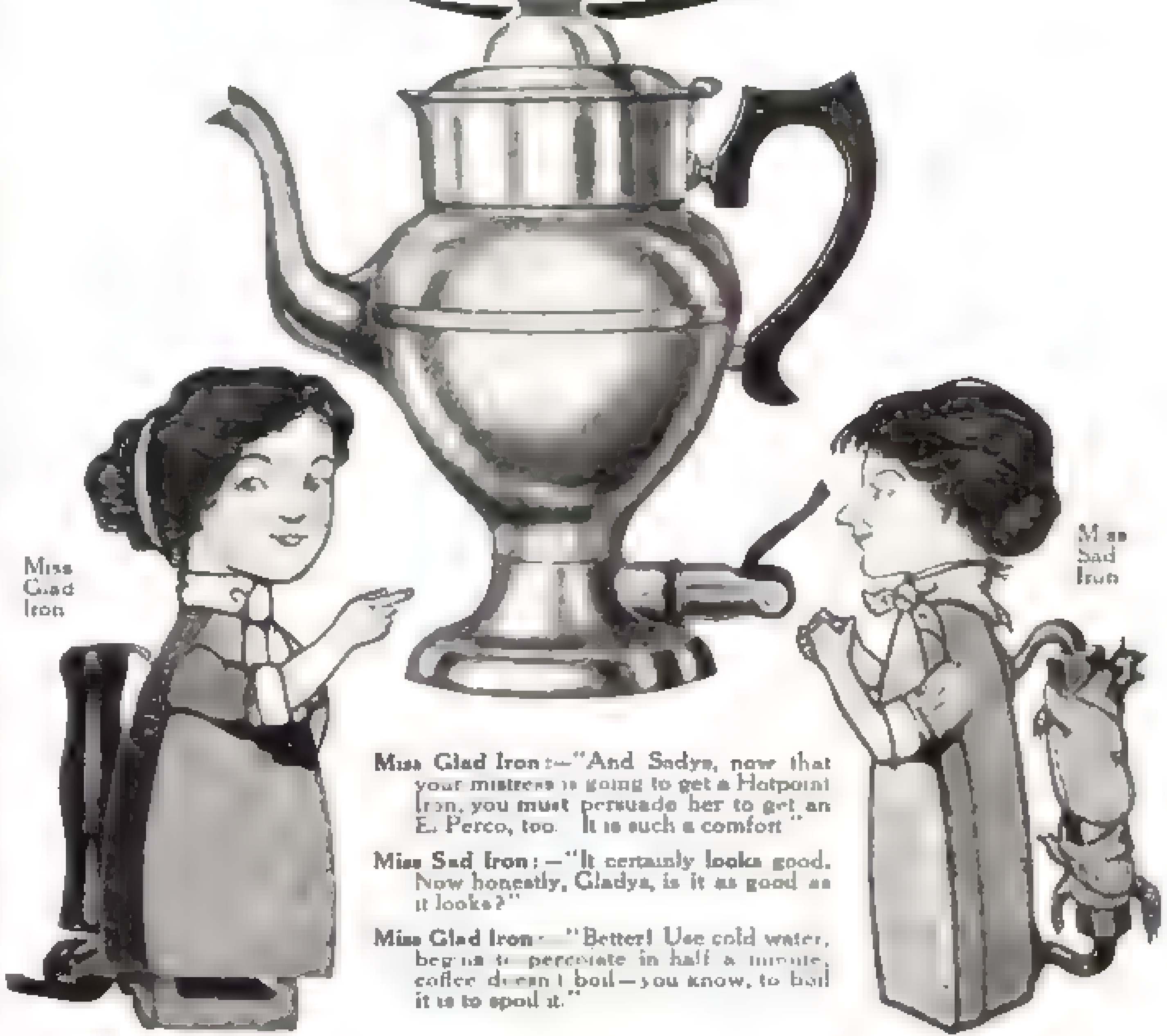
Quixtus was there at the station to see them off, his arms filled with packages. As he could not raise his hat when the party approached he smiled apologetically, looking, according to Tommy, like Father Christmas detected in midsummer. There was a great bouquet of orchids for Clementina — such a handy, useful thing on the journey from Paris to London! — an enormous bonbonnière of sweets for Etta; a stupendous woolly lamb for Sheila, which, on something being done to its anatomy, opened its mouth and gramophonically chanted the jewel song from Faust; and a gold watch for Tommy.

The singing of the lamb, incautiously exploited on the platform, to Sheila's ecstasy, caused considerable dislocation of railway business. A crowd collected to see the gaunt, scholarly Englishman holding the phantasmagorical beast in his arms, all intent on the rapture of the tiny flower-like thing standing open-mouthed before him. Even porters forgot to say, "*Faites attention!*" and stopped their barrows to listen to the magic song and view the unprecedented spectacle. It was only when the lamb bleated its last note that Quixtus became conscious of his surroundings.

"Good Heavens!" said he.

"Do it again!" said Sheila in her clear contralto, whereat the bystanders laughed.

El Perco



Miss Glad Iron: — "And Sadye, now that your mistress is going to get a Hotpoint Iron, you must persuade her to get an El Perco, too. It is such a comfort."

Miss Sad Iron: — "It certainly looks good. Now honestly, Gladys, is it as good as it looks?"

Miss Glad Iron: — "Better! Use cold water, begins to percolate in half a minute, coffee doesn't boil — you know, to boil it is to spoil it."

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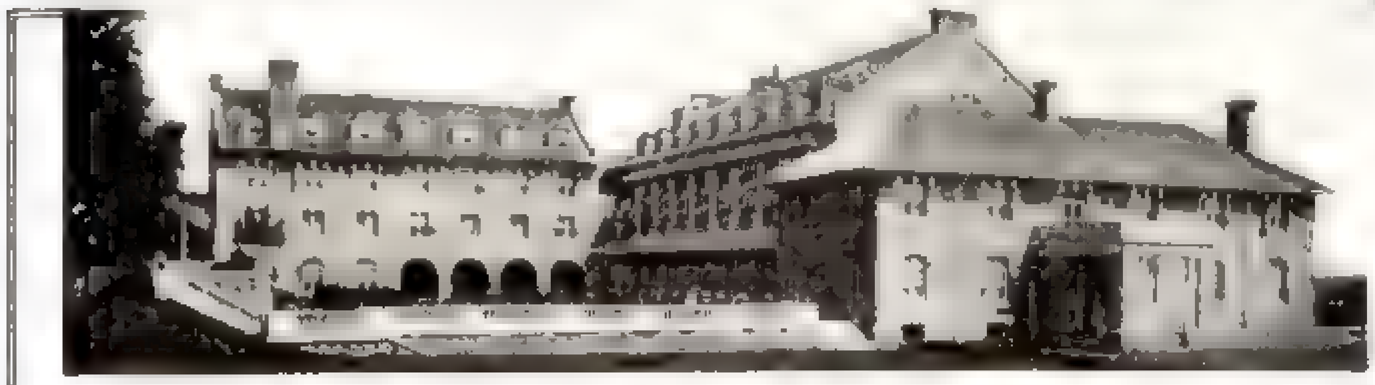

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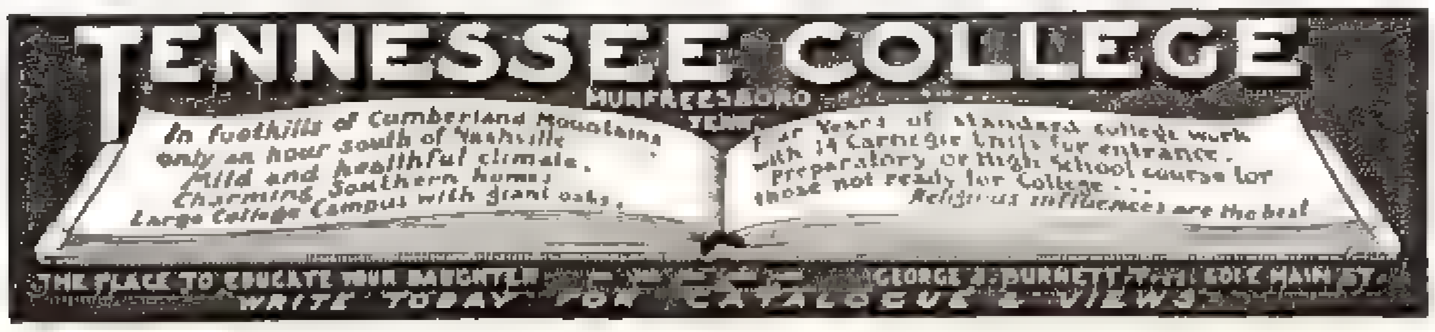

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"Not for anything in the world, my dear. Tommy, take the infernal thing. My dear," said he, lifting Sheila in his arms, "if I know anything of Tommy he will have that tune going for the next seven hours."

She allowed herself to be carried in seraphic content to the entrance of the car in which was the compartment reserved for the party. Tommy carried the lamb, and Clementina and Etta followed.

"That kid," said Tommy, "would creep into the heart of a parsnip."

Clementina, to whom the remark was addressed, walked three or four steps in silence. Then she said:

"Tommy, if I hear you say a thing like that again I'll box your ears!"

He stared at her in amazement. He had paid a spontaneous and sincere tribute to the child over whom she had gone crazy. What more could she want? She moved a step in advance, leaving him free to justify himself with Etta, who agreed with him in the proposition that Clementina for the last two days was in a very cranky mood. Very natural, the proposition of the two innocents. How could they divine that the moisture in Clementina's eyes had nothing whatsoever to do with Sheila's appreciation of the vocal lamb or her readiness to be carried by Quixtus? How could they divine that at the possibility of which the cruelty and insolence of youth would have caused them both to shriek with inextinguishable laughter? And how was Tommy, generous-hearted lad that he was, to know that this one unperceptive speech of his sent him hurtling out of the land of romance down to common earth? Henceforward Tommy, though retaining his chamber in Clementina's heart, was to walk in and out just as he chose. Not the tiniest pang was he again to cause her. But what could Tommy know—what can you or I or any other male thing ever born know—of a woman? We walk—good, easy men—with confident and careless tread, through the familiar garden; and then, suddenly terra firma miraculously ceases to exist—and, head over heels, we go down a precipice. How came it that we were unaware of its existence? *Mystère!* Who could interpret the soul of La Gioconda? Leonardo da Vinci least of all. It is all very well to give a man a vote; he is a transparent animal and you know the way the dunderhead is going to use it; but the incalculable and pyrotechnic way in which women will use it will make humanity blink. Let us, therefore, pardon Tommy for staring in amazement at Clementina. He sought refuge in Etta. From Scylla, perhaps, to Charybdis; but, for the present, Charybdis sat smiling, the most innocent and bewitching monster in the world.

Leaving the three children in the compartment, Clementina and Quixtus walked, for the last few moments before the train started, up and down the platform.

"I suppose you'll soon be coming back to London?" said Clementina.

"I think so," said he. "Now that the Grand Prix is over, Paris is emptying rapidly."

"Parrot!" thought Clementina, once more confounding the instructress; but she said blankly: "What difference in the world can it make to you whether Paris is empty or not?"

He smiled good-naturedly. "To tell the honest truth, none. Yes. I must be getting home again."

"Of course there'll be a certain amount of worry with Hammersley's affairs," she said; "but I hope you've got something else to do to occupy your mind."

"I want to settle down to systematic work," replied Quixtus.

"What kind of work?"

"Well," said he, with an apologetic air, "I mean to extend my little handbook on The Household Arts of the Neolithic Age into an authoritative and comprehensive treatise. I've been gathering material for years. I'm anxious to begin."

"Begin tomorrow," said Clementina. "And whenever you feel lonely come and read bits of it to Sheila and me."

And thus came about the surprising and monstrous alliance between Clementina and prehistoric man. Dead men's jawbones had some use after all!

"*En voiture!*" cried the guard.

"Goodby, my dear Clementina!" said Quixtus. "We have had a memorable meeting."

"We have, indeed. You are sending away three very happy people."

"Why not four?"

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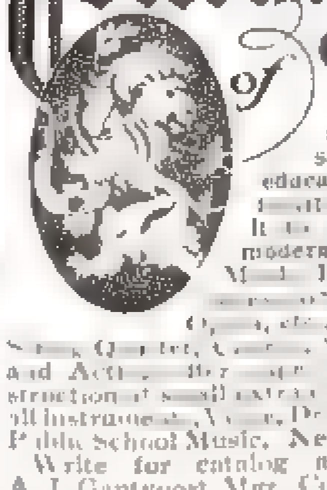

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But she only smiled wryly and said: "Goodby. God bless you! And keep out of mischief!" And she clambered into the train.

The train began to move to the faint strains of the jewel song in Faust, and Sheila blew him kisses from the carriage window. He responded until the little white face disappeared. Then he thought of Clementina.

"The very best but the most enigmatic woman in the world!" said he. Which was a very sweeping statement for a man of his scientific accuracy.

Entirely unsuspecting the word of the enigma, he went back to the spotless flower of insulted womanhood, who took him off to lunch with her French friends. She welcomed his undivided homage. That fishfag of a creature, as she characterized Clementina in conversation with Lady Louisa, made her feel uncomfortable. Even now that she had gone, the problem of Quixtus' removal from her sphere of influence remained. The child was the stake to which he was fettered within that sphere. Could she break the chains? Therein seemed to lie the only solution—unless by audacity and adroitness she uprooted the stake and carried it, with Quixtus, chains and all, into her own territory.

She had a talk after lunch with Huckaby. The luncheon party had broken up into groups of two or three, who wandered about the cool inclosure of the Bois de Boulogne restaurant, where the feast had been given; and half by chance, half by design, the two had joined company. Their conversation on the evening of Quixtus' departure from Paris had deeply affected their mutual relations. Each felt conscious of presenting a less tarnished front to the other; and each, not hypocritically, began to assume a little halo of virtue in the pathetic hope that the other would be impressed by its growing radiance. During the few days of Quixtus' absence they had become friends and exchanged confidences. Huckaby convinced her of the sincerity of his desire to reform. He described his life. He had worked when work came his way—but work has a curious habit of shrinking from a drunkard's way—a bit of teaching, a bit of free-lance journalism, a bit of hack compilation in the British Museum; he had borrowed far and wide; he had not been overscrupulous on the point of financial honor. Hunger had driven him.

Lena Fontaine shivered at the horrors through which he had struggled. All he desired was cleanliness in life and body and surroundings. She understood. Material cleanliness had been and would be hers; but cleanliness of life she yearned for as much as he did. But for him, the man, with the given boon of honorable employment, it was an easy matter. For her, the woman, tired and soul-sick, what avenue lay open? She, in her turn, told him of incidents in her career at which he shuddered. "Throw it up! Throw it up!" he counseled. She smiled bitterly. What could be the end of the bird of prey who assumed the habits of the dove? She could marry, he replied, before it was too late. Marry, ay! But whom? She had not dared confide to him her hope. So close, however, being their relations, Huckaby had not failed to acquaint her with the important scope of his conversation with Quixtus the day before.

Quixtus' changed demeanor, obvious to her at once, confirmed his announcement. She welcomed it with more joy than Huckaby could appreciate. For, behind the pity that had paralyzed beak and talon, the newborn hope and the curious liking she had conceived for the mild, crazy gentleman, stalked the instinctive aversion which the sane feel toward those whose wits have gone ever so little astray. The news had come as an immense relief. Now she could meet him on normal ground. All was fair.

They found two chairs by a little table under a tree, at the back of the Châlet Restaurant and secluded from the gayety and laughter of the front. Nothing human was in sight save, through the tall masking acacias and shrubs, the white gleams of cooks and hurrying aproned waiters.

"Let us sit," she said. "How good it is to get a little cool and quiet! This *vie de cabaret* is getting on my nerves. I'm weary to death of it!"

Huckaby laughed. "It's still enough novelty to me to be pleasant."

She accepted a cigarette. They smoked for a while.

"How's goodness getting on?" she asked.

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"I'm going to collaborate with our friend in the new book he's talking about," replied Huckaby, with a surviving touch of boastfulness. "There is also a possibility of my taking over the secretaryship of the Anthropological Society."

"You're lucky!" said Lena Fontaine.

"How's goodness with you?"

"The usual slump. Shares going dirt cheap. No one seems to have any use for virtue in a woman."

"Husbands seem to have, as I've already suggested to you."

"Have you any particular husband to suggest?"

He cast on her a glance of admiration, for in her outward seeming she was an object for any man's forgivable desire; and he said in a tone not wholly of banter:

"The humble individual in front of you would have no chance, I suppose?"

She laughed. "None whatever."

"You'll pardon my presumption in making the offer; but could I, *en galant homme*, do otherwise?"

"No," she replied good-humoredly, "you couldn't. If you had five thousand a year it would pay me to think, for you're not unsympathetic. But, as you haven't, I've no use for you—as a husband, *bien entendu*."

It was a jest. They laughed. Presently a cloud obscured the sunshine of her laughter. She leaned over the table.

"Eustace Huckaby, are you or are you not my friend?"

For once in her dealings with a man whose good will she desperately craved, she was sincere. She dropped the conscious play of glance and tone; but she forgot the liquid splendor of her eyes and the dangerous nearness of her face to his.

"Your friend!" he cried, laying his hand on her wrist. "Can you doubt it? I am, indeed. I swear it!"

"Do you know why I'm staying here—apparently wasting my time?"

"I've supposed something was up; but my supposition seemed too absurd!"

"Why absurd?"

"Quixtus as a husband?"

"Yes. Why not?"

He released her wrist and fell back in his chair. He frowned and tugged at his beard.

"Do you care for him?"

"Yes—in a way—I sincerely do. If you mean—have I fallen desperately in love with him?—well, I haven't. That would be absurd. It's not my habit to fall in love."

"What would you get out of it?"

She made an impatient gesture. "Rest. Peace. Happiness. He's a wealthy man and would give me all the comfort I need. I couldn't face poverty. And he would be kind to me."

"And he—pardon the brutality of my question—what would he get out of it?"

"I'm a lady, after all," she said, "and I know how to run a large house; and as a woman I'm not unattractive. And I'd run straight. Temperamentally I am straight. That's frank. Whatever impulses I've had within me with regard to running off the rails have been the other way. Oh, God! yes!" she added, with a little shiver and averted eyes. "I'd run straight."

"What about ghosts of the past rising up and queering things?"

"I'd take my chance."

Huckaby lit another cigarette. "He looks on you as a spotless angel of purity," said he. "If he married you on that assumption and learned things afterward there would be the devil to pay. He's been hit like that already and he went off his head. I shouldn't like him to have another experience. Why not tell him something—just a little?"

She raised both hands in nervous protest. "Oh, no, no! The woman who does that is a fool. It never comes off. Let him take me for what he thinks I am and I'll see that I remain so. Trust me. It will be all right. You're the only impediment."

"I?"

"Of course. You have it in your power to give me away at any time. That's why I asked you whether you were my friend."

Huckaby tugged at his beard and pondered deeply. He meant, with all the fresh energy of new resolve, to be loyal to Quixtus. But how could he stand in the way of a woman seeking salvation? Lena Fontaine held out her hand across the table.

"Speak!" she said.

He took her hand and pressed it.

"I'll be your friend in this," said he.

She thanked him with her eyes and rose.

"Let us go back to the others or they'll think we're having a horrible flirtation."

On this and on the succeeding days she discovered a subtle change in Quixtus' attitude toward her. His manner had grown, if possible, more courteous, it betrayed a more delicate admiration, a more graceful homage to the beautiful and charming woman. Before his Marseilles visit she had found it an easy task to appeal to the fool that grins in every man. A trick of eyes and voice was enough to set him lovemaking in what she had termed the Quixtine manner. Now the task was more difficult. She found herself confronted by a greater sensitiveness that did not respond to the obvious invitation. He was up in the clouds, more chivalrous, more idealistic. With a sigh she gathered her skirts together and climbed to the higher plane.

And all this on Quixtus' part was sheer remorse—atonement for the unspeakable insult. The thought of having dared to make coarse love to this exquisite creature filled him with horrified dismay.

So began the little comedy of the seductress seeking to captivate the man who shrank with horror from playing the part of the seducer.

The fine weather broke. Torrential rains swept Paris. Lena Fontaine began to reflect. Summer Paris in rain is no place for junketing, even on the high planes. She knew the elementary axiom of sex relations, that the woman who bores a man is lost. The high planes were all right when you looked down from them on charming objective things; but, after all, a man has to be amused, and fun on the high planes is a humor dangerously attenuated. She announced an immediate departure from Paris.

"If you would accept the escort of Huckaby and myself, we should be honored," said Quixtus. "Unless, of course, we should be in the way."

She laughed. "My dear friend, did you ever hear of men being in the way when women were traveling? A lone woman is never more conspicuously lonesome than *en voyage*. All the other women around who have men to look after them look at one with a kind of patronizing pity, as though they said: 'Poor thing, that can't rake up a man from anywhere!' And it makes one want to scratch!"

"Does it, really?" smiled Quixtus.

"It does." She laughed again and sighed. "A lone woman has much to put up with—malicious tongues not the least."

"My dear Mrs. Fontaine," said he, "what tongue could be so malicious as to speak evil of you?"

"There are thousands in this gossipy world. Our little friendship and *camaraderie* of the last fortnight—sweetness and innocence itself!—who knows what misinterpretation slanderers might put on it?"

Quixtus flushed and drew his gaunt body to its full height. "I'm not pugilistic by habit," said he; "but if any man made such an insinuation I should knock him down."

"It would be more likely a woman."

"Then," said he, "I think I could manage to convey to her, without brutality, that she was a disgrace to her sex."

She fluttered a glance at him. "I should like to have you always as a champion."

"If I understand the word gentleman aright," said Quixtus, "he is always the champion of the unprotected woman."

"I happen to be a woman," she said, "and seek the particular rather than the general. I said my champion, Doctor Quixtus. Now don't say that the greater includes the less, or I shall fall through the floor."

He was too much in earnest to smile with her in her coquetry.

"Mrs. Fontaine," said he, with a bow, "no one will ever dare speak evil of you in my presence."

She rose—they were sitting in the lounge.

"Thank you," she said, falling in with his earnest mood. "Thank you. I shall go back to London with a light heart."

And, like a wise woman, she cut short the conversation there, and went upstairs to dress for dinner.

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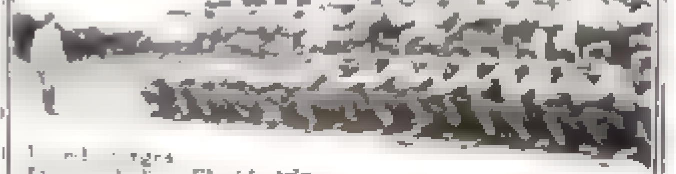

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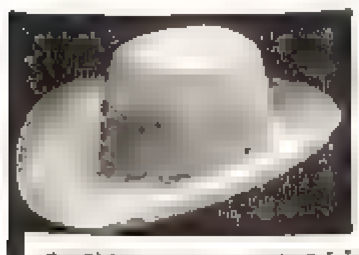

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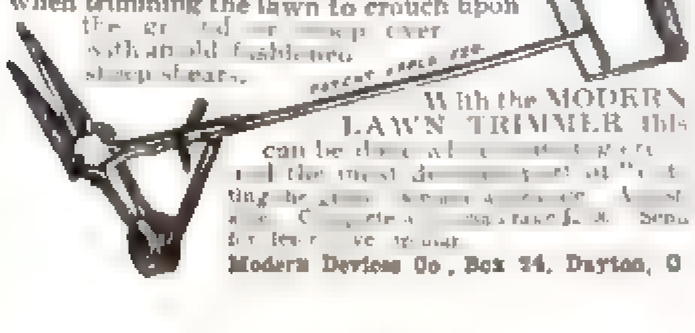
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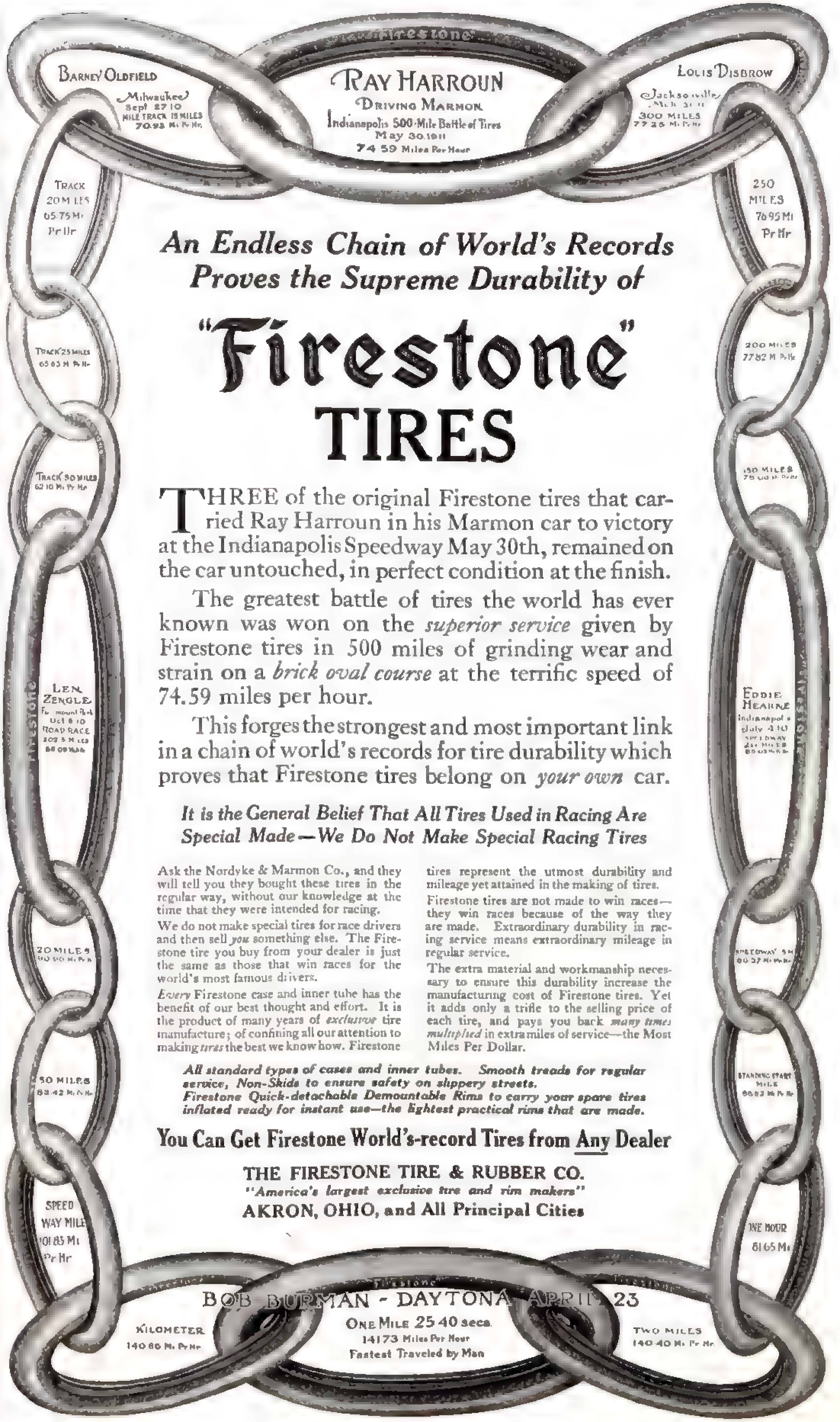
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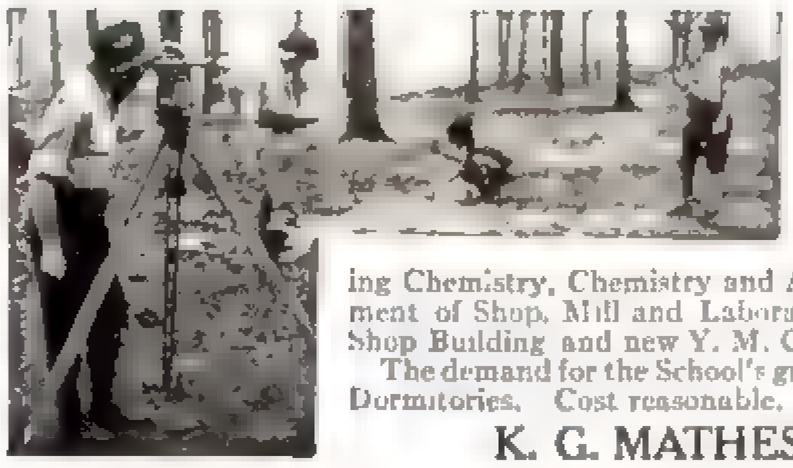

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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 14)

The thoroughfare was crowded, the day bright and fair, the time twelve o'clock noon. Presently the oil merchant approached and the bravo, first glancing about him to make sure that he had a "gallery," went up to him, placed the pistol at his head and fired. He was immediately arrested and indicted for murder.

Now twenty witnesses had seen him fire the fatal shot. Yet there was not the slightest reason in the world why he should have done such a thing. Upon the trial my client insisted on simply denying that he had done anything of the kind. I had naturally assumed that he would either claim that the shooting had been accidental or that he had fired in self-defense, after he had first been attacked by the deceased. But no—he had had no pistol, did not know the man and had not killed him. Why should he have killed him? he inquired. No one could answer the question, least of all the jury. The twenty witnesses were positive that he had done so, but he was equally positive that he had not. No one could offer the slightest explanation of the deed—if it had in fact taken place. The jury puzzled over the case for hours, at one time, I am informed, being on the point of acquitting the prisoner for lack of proof of any motive. They reasoned, with perfect logic, that it was almost if not quite as improbable that the defendant should in broad daylight on a public street have shot down a man against whom he had not the slightest grudge, as that twenty commonplace citizens should be mistaken as to what they had seen. Whether they were aided in reaching a verdict by "the implements of decision" I do not know, but in the end they found my client guilty and in due course he paid the penalty upon the scaffold. The plain fact was that the man was a "bravo" who took a childish and vain pride in killing people. He killed for the love of killing, or rather for the egotistic satisfaction of being talked of as a killer. At any rate there are many like him. While his defense was unsuccessful, he came near enough to escaping to point out the value of a bold denial in many a criminal case.

Our clients consisted, for the most part, of three clearly defined classes of persons: Criminals, their victims, and persons involved in marital or quasi-marital difficulties. These last furnished by far the most interesting quota of our business and, did not professional confidence seal my lips, I could recount numerous entertaining anecdotes concerning some of what are usually regarded as New York's most respectable, not to say strait-laced, households. A family skeleton is the criminal lawyer's strongest ally. Once you can locate him and drag him forth you have but to rattle his bones ever so little and the paternal bank account is at your mercy. New York is prolific of skeletons of this generic character, and Gottlieb had a magnificent collection. When naught else was doing we used to stir them up and revive business. Over this feature of the firm's activities I feel obliged, however, from a natural feeling of delicacy, to draw a veil. Our function usually consisted in offering to see to it that a certain proposed action, based on certain injudicious letters, should be discontinued upon the payment of a certain specified sum of money. These sums ranged in amount from five to twenty thousand dollars, of which we retained only one half. I understand that some lawyers take more than this percentage, but for such I have only contempt. A member of a learned and honorable profession should be scrupulous in his conduct, and to keep for oneself more than half the money recovered for a client seems to me to be bordering on the unethical. But perhaps I am over-squeamish.

Of course we had a great deal of the ordinary "knockdown-and-drag-out" variety of assault, robbery, theft and homicide cases. Most of these our clerks attended to, but the murder cases Gottlieb defended in person, and in this he was so singularly successful that there was hardly a celebrated trial in which he was not retained in some capacity or other. For he was an adept in all those little arts that make a jury feel well disposed toward a lawyer, and as a word artist he was unsurpassed. Gottlieb could, I believe, have wrung tears from

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

The Bingham School
Orange County, near Mebane, North Carolina
Established 1793.
A [illegible] home for boys, on Southern Railway, [illegible] Principal, Box 8

PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, B. L., Principal, Box 8

Your boy needs Western training to widen his scope of practical knowledge, to develop broad ideas of business and life. The dry, invigorating climate and cool, bracing air of New Mexico form an unequalled health-producing combination. The sun shines every day, and outdoor work is always pleasant at

New Mexico Military Institute

Your son will receive thorough military training. [illegible] U. S. War Dept. [illegible] 10 best Military Academies of America. [illegible] One year of college work. Graduates prepared for duty as army officers, for business life or for universities. Send for catalogue.
Col. JAMES W. WILLSON, Supt.
Box F. Roswell, N. M.

HORNER MILITARY SCHOOL

For over 60 years this school has trained young [illegible] strong boys. [illegible] Athletics encouraged.

This school is endorsed by Governor [illegible] Gen. Julian S. Carr [illegible] Clark of North Carolina.

For handsome catalog, write
COL. J. C. HORNER. Oxford, N. C.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

In the famous Blue Grass region of [illegible] Tennessee. Healthful climate. Not a serious case of sickness in the history of the school. Large and experienced faculty. Careful personal instruction and supervision. High [illegible].

$400,000 equipment. Every means provided for development, comfort and pleasure. Ranked by U. S. Government as one of the "A" grade schools. Prepares for all University and for West Point and Annapolis. Under supervision of U. S. Government.
For catalog, address
HARDY and EDGERTON, Principals, Columbia, Tenn.

Wenonah
Military Academy
10 miles from Philadelphia.

Preparation for all colleges, technical schools and business. Military training in **Artillery, Cavalry** and **Infantry.** Largest [illegible] in New Jersey. **Rural life. No Saloons** or **factories in the town.** [illegible] Junior school for young boys. [illegible] "Wenonah is a growing school and is doing a good and great work." Opens Sept. 20th, 1911. Send for catalogue and year book.

Major JOHN R. JONES, Supt., Box 114
Wenonah, Gloucester Co., N. J.

Missouri Military Academy

A thoroughly modern military home school. University or Business Preparatory. School work of highest order. Fine equipment, beautiful campus, delightful situation, healthful climate all year round. Military and athletic training. Character development. Teacher for every ten boys. Number limited. Terms $325
For Catalogue address,
Col. Walter Kohr, Pres.
Box 102, Mexico, Missouri.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Certificate admits to all Colleges
The Misses Spaids' School
FOR GIRLS CHICAGO
Beautiful! Exclusive! All inclusive! A [illegible]
[illegible]
MISS KATE LOUISE SPAIDS, 3138 Michigan Avenue

Margaret College FOR GIRLS
A thoroughly modern home school. [illegible] Preparatory or junior collegiate training. Extensive grounds. Healthful community. New building. Faculty of college Graduates. Gymnasium.
Address Rev. Jas. M. Maxon, Prest., Versailles, Ky.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
For Women [illegible]
[illegible]
Terms $300 per year
[illegible] the President
Rev George Frederic Ayres, Ph D., Box 286, St Charles, Mo.

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
[illegible]
INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
133 E. Ohio St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Elmhurst Connersville, Ind. [illegible]

GRAHAM HALL
A [illegible] school for girls with [illegible] standards of work. [illegible] preparatory and elective [illegible] Certificate [illegible]
Minneapolis, Minnesota

HILLSIDE NORWALK Connecticut
Founded by Elizabeth B Mead, 1883
[illegible] Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith or Mt Holyoke. General and Special Courses.
Margaret R Brendlinger, A.B., Vassar, Principal

HOWARD SEMINARY For Girls and Young Ladies
West Bridgewater, Mass. Healthful and [illegible] two years [illegible] Art and M[illegible]
MISS SARAH E. LAUGHTON, A M Principal

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
FOR YOUNG WOMEN Columbia Mo [illegible]
MRS LUELLA WILCOX ST CLAIR, President, 20 College Place

BUFORD COLLEGE
Nashville, Tenn. Limited, Select Home College. Higher [illegible] Women. Splendid location, equipment, opportunities. Four year College Course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music, Expression. Corresponding degrees. Re opens 1911 9 21. Year book [illegible]
MR. E. G. BUFORD, Regent. MRS. E. G BUFORD President

WESTBROOK SEMINARY
388 Stevens Ave., Portland, Maine
Especial advantages for young men and women [illegible] preparation for college [illegible] for the work of every [illegible] 81st year opens Sept. 18th [illegible] Catalog
Arthur C Yeaton, President

Oxford College for Women
[illegible] Oxford College" [illegible] In University town [illegible] B A [illegible] Art [illegible]
Jane Sherzer, Ph D [illegible] Box 20, Oxford, O.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 18 Huntington Avenue.
Perry Kindergarten Normal School
Prepares for Kindergarten, Primary and Playground positions
MRS. ANNIE MOSELEY PERRY, Principal.

BOWLING GREEN SEMINARY for Girls and young Women
Bowling Green, Virginia. Terms, including tuition and board, $187.50. 45th year [illegible] In one of the beautiful and historic towns of Virginia. Careful work. Homelike attention to [illegible] health. Address Rev C. K. MILLICAN, A B., Pres., Box 441

Wheaton Seminary for Young Women Norton Mass.
77th year. Large endowment permits moderate terms. [illegible] cates to College. Advanced courses for high school graduates and others. Art and [illegible]
Rev Samuel V Cole A M, D D Pres

Abington Friends' School
10 miles from Philadelphia. Co-educational. Prepares for leading colleges. Art and Music. Athletic Field. Rate $280. Endowed. Homelike surroundings. Careful moral training. Address
Principal Abington Friends' School, Jenkintown, Pa

a lump of pig iron, and his own capacity to open the floodgates of emotion was phenomenal. He had that rare and priceless gift shared by some members of the theatrical profession of being able to shed real tears at will. His sobs and groans were truly heartrending. This, as might be expected, rendered him peculiarly telling in his appeals to the jury, and he could frequently set the entire panel sniveling and wiping their eyes as he pictured the deserted home, the grief-stricken wife and the starving children of the man whom they were asked to convict. These unfortunate wives and children were an important scenic feature in our defense, and if the prisoner was unmarried Gottlieb had little difficulty in supplying the omission due to such improvidence. Some buxom young woman with a child at the breast and another toddling by her side could generally be induced to come to court for a few hours for as many dollars. They were always seated beside the prisoner, but Gottlieb was scrupulous to avoid any statement that they belonged to the client. If the jury chose to infer as much, that was not our fault. It was magnificent to hear (from the wings) Gottlieb sum up a case, his hand, in which was concealed a pin, caressing the youngest little one.

"Think, gentlemen, of the responsibility that rests upon you in rendering this woman a widow and depriving this poor innocent babe of a father's protecting love!"

Here Gottlieb would hiccough out a sob, sprinkle a few tears upon the counsel table, and gently thrust the pin into the infant's anatomy. Sob from Gottlieb—opportune wail from the baby. Verdict—not guilty.

There was a certain class of confidence men for whom we soon became the regular attorneys. They were a perennial source of delight as well as profit, and much of my time was given up to the drafting of circulars and advertisements for the sale of stock in such form that, whereas they contained no actual misstatement of an existing fact, they nevertheless were calculated to stimulate in the most casual reader an irresistible desire to sell all that he had and invest therein.

Originally the dealers in valueless securities did not take the trouble to purchase any properties, but merely sold their stock and decamped with the proceeds. Of course such conduct was most ill-advised and unnecessary. It was obviously criminal to sell stock in a concern that had no existence, and several of my clients having been convicted of grand larceny for this reason I took it upon myself to advise the others actually to purchase lands, mines or other property and issue their stock against it. In this way their business became absolutely legitimate—as strictly honest and within the law as any of the stock-jobbing concerns of the financial district. To be sure the mine need not be more than the mere beginning of a shaft, if even that, the oil well might have ceased to flow, the timber land might be only an acre or so in extent, but at any rate they existed. Their value was immaterial, since the intending purchaser was not informed in the advertisement as to the amount of gold, silver or copper mined in any specific period, the number of gallons of oil per minute that flowed from the well, or the precise locality of the timber forests, but merely as to the glorious future in store for all who subscribed for the stock.

This vital distinction has always existed in civil as well as criminal law between what is fraud and what is legitimate encouragement to the buyer. To tell the prospective vendee of your old gray mare that she is the finest horse in the county is no fraud even if she is the veriest scarecrow, for it merely represents your opinion—perhaps colored in part by your desire to sell—and is not a matter of demonstrable fact.

To assure him, however, that she has never run away, had blind staggers or spring halt, when these assertions are not true, is "a false statement as to a past or existing fact," and as such constitutes a fraud—if he buys your horse.

Now it frequently has happened in my experience that gentlemen desiring to find purchasers for securities or property of little value have so carelessly mingled statements of fact with opinions, laudations and prophecies as to their goods, that juries have said that they were guilty of fraud in so doing. Thus the lawyer becomes at every turn indispensable to the business man. The following circular was drawn

SEALPACKERCHIEF
You select from a sample: your handkerchief has not been "pawed over"
FOR MEN and WOMEN ALL PRICES

THE SEALPACKERCHIEF WAY

THE PAST WAY

This imprint on the package means | SEALPACKERCHIEF [illegible] N.Y. | no finger prints on the handkerchief

THERE'S nothing more *personal* than a handkerchief, yet before SEALPACKERCHIEF was known, handkerchiefs were sold *loose* and everybody could handle them. SEALPACKERCHIEF has modernized and standardized the buying of handkerchiefs. You *select* from the samples which hang on the counter case (see illustration above), but you *buy a sealed package*, guaranteed to contain the same quality as the hanging sample

SEALPACKERCHIEF

insures absolute cleanliness. The quality of the handkerchiefs at the various prices stands the most rigid comparison. They come to you white, soft-laundered and ready for use and they re-launder equal to new

Men's Packages	Containing
Banner	—1 for 10 cts
Pioneer	—3 for 25 cts.
True Blue	—2 for 25 cts.
Cheverage, Pure Irish Linen	—3 for 50 cts
Gilt Edge, Pure Irish Linen	—1 for 25 cts

Ladies' Packages Cambric	Pure Irish Linen Sheer	Containing
No [illegible]	No 8	1 for [illegible]
No 1	No 2	[illegible] for 15 cts
No 3	No 4	2 for 25 cts
No 5	No 6	3 for 50 cts
No 9	No 10	1 for 25 cts

You will find it worth while to insist upon SEALPACKERCHIEF. Look for the name. Refuse substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send, prepaid, on receipt of price.
Simply address
SEALPACKERCHIEF, 137th Street, New York

5 ROOMS $1500.

5 ROOMS $2000.

6 ROOMS $2500.

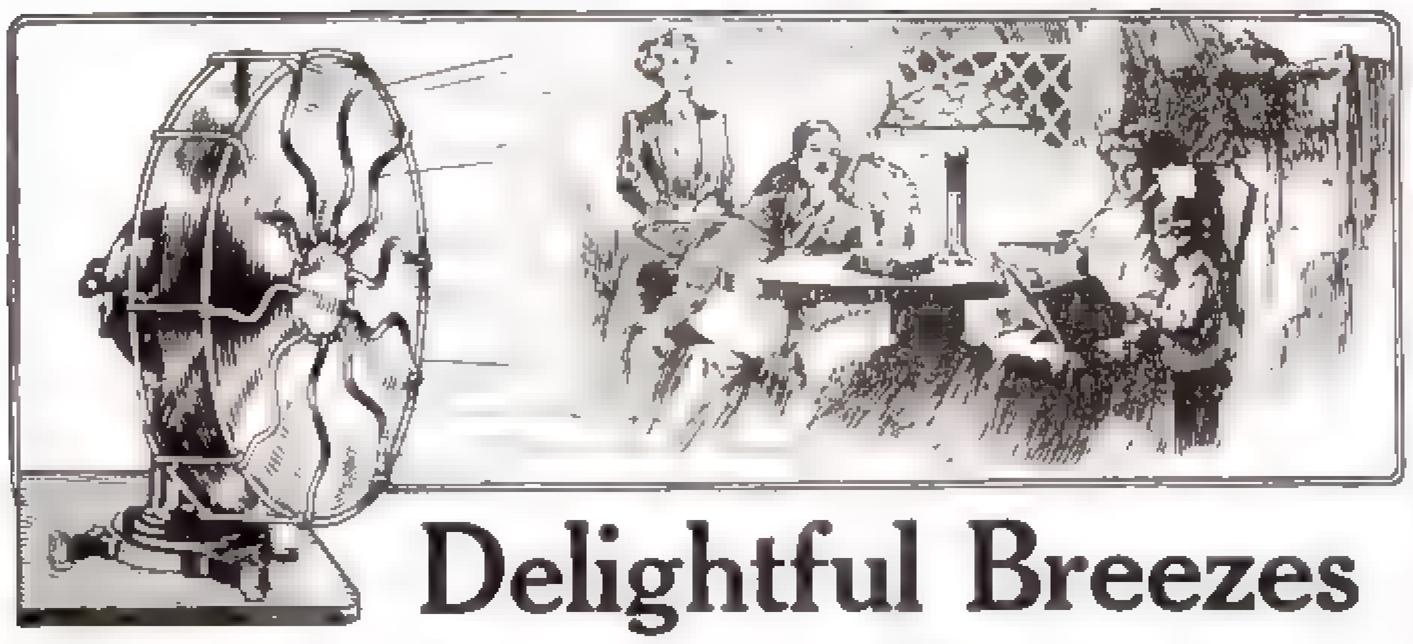
7 ROOMS $3000.

"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
of Southern California
Complete book of
100 HOMES
Suited to any climate
One and Two story
[illegible] Pages [illegible] Photos
Reliable Cost [illegible]
We have built 1000 houses and WE KNOW.
Price 50 cts.
Check, Order or Stamps
LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.
Fourth near Hill Los Angeles, Cal.

$6 $15.00 Value

Genuine Panama $6
[illegible] genuine Panama straw [illegible] a genuine $15.00 value South American Panama, sent express prepaid for $6.00. We import thousands of Panamas yearly direct from South America through the Port of Galveston. This saves you two profits. Order to-day. State size and whether the above style or Fedora, Telescope or Peak style is wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Address
HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A
"Panama Hat Kings" Houston, Texas

Here's summer comfort for you—
One ounce per pair!
Can't you imagine how comfortable, cool and contented your feet will be in this Iron Clad No. 598—a sock practically without weight; only *one ounce per pair*, and so light and sheer that every breeze goes through.
IRON CLAD No. 598—only 25c
is the silkiest, handsomest gauze sock you ever saw at anything like its price; and the most *durable*. Light as it is it wears as well as much heavier hose because the heels and toes are double-knitted of Iron Clad's strongest "extra twist" yarn.
The "sizzling" hot weather is with us now—and, my, how delightful these cooling, featherweight Iron Clad socks would feel. Why not provide yourself *now?* If your dealer cannot supply you, just send us 25c direct for each pair wanted, stating size and colors (Colors, Wine, light and dark grey, lavender, navy blue, heliotrope, tan, champagne, black). Sizes 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. We mail *prepaid*.
Send for our handsome catalogue, in colors, showing Iron Clad for the whole family. Mailed free.
TRADE Iron Clad MARK
COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.



Delightful Breezes for Your Home!

Enjoy the Good Old Summer Time as You Should—Keep Cool

It is easy enough when you have a Robbins & Myers **"STANDARD"** Fan in your home. It circulates cool, fresh, invigorating air—**turns your own home into an ideal summer resort.** We have a special 8 inch **"STANDARD"** Fan for home use. Beautiful in design and finish. Light and can be moved wherever there is an electric light socket. No noise. Requires no attention. Easily regulated to any speed. Costs half as much to operate as a small electric light.

But be sure you get a Robbins & Myers **"STANDARD"** Fan. Our fans are backed by sixteen years of specializing in manufacture. They have won a world-wide reputation for highest efficiency and durability—greatest economy of power. To be sure of real fan satisfaction ask your dealer for

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

Ceiling, Desk, Bracket, Oscillating, Ventilating Fans—for Office, Factory and Home. Direct or Alternating Current. **Select the Fan You Want From Our Handsome Fan Book.** Shows our complete line. A postal brings it. **Write for it.**

"STANDARD" Fans are sold by leading electrical dealers everywhere.

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1305 Lagonda Avenue SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Rochester and Atlanta.

We Are Also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 15 H. P.—for All Purposes

(33)

"LINANE" Makes Old Straw Hats as Good as New

at a cost of 3 cents each

"Linane" will make a tan [illegible] straw hat as bright as new in a few minutes. Removes all spots and stains and restores original [illegible] of the straw. [illegible] Also [illegible] baskets [illegible]. Sold in 10 and 25c packages, enough for 3 hats, at drug and Department stores, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

Higgins Drug Co., 1 Arcade, Springfield, O.

Salesmen Wanted

An Exceptional Opportunity for Bright Men

Be our representative, sell our new accident [illegible] [illegible]. Agents make [illegible] in good permanent business, fine chance for an energetic man, can handle in spare time. WRITE AT ONCE

North American Accident Ins. Co., Dept. Y, 217 La Salle St., Chicago

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write **today** for colored maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg. Chicago.
29 Broadway New York

The right hat for your vacation

Superior to straw hats in [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] we cut the retail price from $3.00 to

$2 French Pocket Hat

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the big game hunters!

Send us $2.00 and the size and color desired [illegible]

Money back if you don't like the hat.

We'll make your old Panama over new for $2.00.
Write for Style Book, Free

French Pocket Hat Co.
38 So. 8th St., Philadelphia.

The RANCHER

The COLLEGIAN

The GOVERNOR

Story-Writing and **JOURNALISM** taught by mail. MSS. revised and [illegible] free booklet "Writing for Profit" [illegible]

The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

PARIS GARTERS
No Metal Can Touch You
Look for the name PARIS on every Garter
A. STEIN & CO., MAKERS - CHICAGO, U.S.A.
25¢ and 50¢
The Choice of the Tennis Court

up for one of our clients and is an excellent example of a perfectly harmless and legal advertisement that might easily become fraudulent. We will suppose that the corporation owned one-quarter of an acre of wood lot about ten miles from a region where copper was being mined.

SAWHIDE COPPERS

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY THIS STOCK AT PRESENT FIGURES!

The Company's lands are located near the heart of Copper district, not far from properties now paying from forty to sixty per cent a year. There is no reason in the world why Sawhide should not do as well if not better. With immense quantities of ore just beneath the surface, when our new smelter is completed Sawhide will undoubtedly prove one of the best dividend payers in the country! As the Rosensteins and other well-known financiers are largely interested in the stock, it is only a question of time before it will be marked up out of sight. The properties have great surface value and are rolling in timber and mineral wealth.

This is a fair example of a perfectly safe variety of advertisement that does not commit the author to anything. As long as there is a piece of land somewhere and an actual incorporated company the stock of which, however valueless, is being offered for sale, the mere fact that the writer indulges himself in rosy prophecies does not endanger him so far as the criminal law is concerned. It is only when he foolishly—and usually quite as unconsciously—makes some definite allegation, such as, for instance, that the company "owns six hundred acres of fully developed mining property," or has "a smelter in actual operation on the ground," or "has earned sixty-five per cent on its capital in the past year," that the financier runs the slightest risk. It may be that a purchaser would find it so difficult to prove the falsity of any of the statements upon which he had relied in purchasing the stock that the vendor would practically be immune, but in these days of muckraking and of a hysterical public conscience prosecutors sometimes go to the most absurd lengths and spend ridiculous amounts of money out of the county treasuries to send promoters to jail.

They are apt to have a hard time of it, however. I recall one scheme in which a client of mine was interested, involving the flotation of about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of railroad stock. The circulars, printed by a famous engraver and stationer, were twenty pages in length and contained the minutest description of the company's board of directors, rolling stock, capitalization, bond issues, interests in other railroads, government grants of land, and the like. They were embellished with beautiful photogravures of deep cuts, suspension bridges, snow-sheds, railroad yards and roundhouses. The promoter did a mail-order business and sold the stock by the bagful to elevator men, trained nurses, policemen, porters, clerks and servant girls.

After he had salted away about forty thousand dollars some of the purchasers began to get anxious about their dividends. None were forthcoming, and as the promoter was inclined to be indefinite as to future prospects he was presently arrested. But when the case came to trial I pointed out a fact that, strange as it may seem, practically no one of the multitude of stockholders had previously noticed, namely, that the circulars made no actual statement as to *where the railroad was located.* By inference it might well have been supposed to be somewhere in Canada; but there was no such fact clearly alleged. Of course it was impossible for the prosecutor to prove that my client did not own a railroad *somewhere* in the world, and the indictment had to be dismissed. Negations are extremely hard to establish, and therein lies the promoter's safety. If he sticks to generalities, no matter how they glitter, he is immune. Had my railroad promoter inserted a single word descriptive of the location of his franchise or his terminals he would now be in Sing Sing instead of owning a steam yacht and spending his winters in Florida.

From the foregoing the reader will observe that the first-class criminal lawyer by no means devotes his time to defending mere burglars and "strong-arm" men. The élite of the profession do as gilt-edged an office practice as the most dignified corporation attorneys. Indeed, in many respects their work is strictly identical.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

CASCADILLA
Has prepared over 1000 Boys for Cornell University

"One of the best preparatory institutions in the country." —PRESIDENT SCHURMAN.

Send for Catalog

[illegible] Terms [illegible]

C. V. Parsell, A.M., Principal, Ithaca, N. Y.

Practical Electricity Steam Engineering School

Qualify as an expert electrician or high paid steam engineer. Reference, any of our 3000 graduates. Our students [illegible] actually running our great plant of [illegible] and electric apparatus. If you have the least interest in machinery, write for catalog.

Hawley School of Engineering, Boston, Mass.

Largest and Oldest Teaching Electricity Only

Electricity in One Year

Complete—Thorough—Practical—Authoritative. No superficials or non essentials. Actual construction, installation and testing. Admits only young men of character and stickativeness. Its graduates are "making good" all over the world. Write for new illustrated catalogue. *Opens Sept. 20*

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 75 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

YEATES SCHOOL.

Endowed. Established 1854. Calls out the best in every boy by its high standards [illegible] entire sympathy. Canoeing [illegible], and all regular field and track sports. New gymnasium and pool. Only a limited number taken. [illegible] GARDNER, A.M. (Harvard), Headmaster. Box 529, LANCASTER, PA.

CONNECTICUT, New Haven, 307 York St.

New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics

[illegible] medicinal and recreative [illegible] and playground work [illegible] field. Summer session. Catalogue.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL
563 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.), Boston, Mass.

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for **Massachusetts Institute of Technology** and other [illegible]. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

University School of Music
ANN ARBOR, MICH. A. A. STANLEY, A. M., Director

[illegible] of Michigan. Thirty artist teachers. Symphony orchestra 50 pieces. [illegible] May Festival four days. Faculty [illegible] historical recitals. For catalogue [illegible]
CHAS. A. SINK, Secretary.

ROCK RIDGE HALL FOR BOYS. [illegible] [illegible] of New England [illegible]

TABOR ACADEMY Marion, Mass.

On the shores of Buzzards Bay. Modern [illegible] school. Co-educational. Course preparing for college and business. Gymnasium. Athletic fields. Address
CHARLES E. PETHYBRIDGE, Principal, 16 Spring Street

SHENANDOAH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC

(Near Washington, D. C.) Co-educational. College preparatory. Broad variety of musical courses, including pipe organ and orchestra. [illegible] Certificate admits [illegible] Terms $150 to $200 per year. [illegible] Address **S. C. I., Box 105 Dayton, Va.**

MARYLAND, St. Mary's Co., Charlotte Hall.

Charlotte Hall School Founded 1774. A thorough [illegible] established Military Academy. In proximity to Baltimore and Washington. Estate of 325 acres. Healthy location. Safe home for boys. Board, wash and [illegible] per [illegible] year. **GEO. M. THOMAS, A.M., Prin.**

BLAIR ACADEMY
Blairstown, New Jersey.

64th year. Prepares for any American College. Campus 100 acres. Thorough equipment; liberal endowment justifies low rate of $350. Opens September 14th.
JOHN C. SHARPE, A.M., D.D., Principal, P. O. Box T

Newton Academy Newton, N.J. A high-class home preparatory school; semi-military organization; 60 miles from N. Y. on D. L. & W. Special attention given younger boys and those lacking application. Academic, Classical, Commercial courses. Healthful location. Gymnasium. Academy open in Summer. Horseback riding. Rates $400. P. S. WILSON, Prin., Box H

Kiskiminetas Springs School FOR BOYS

In the beautiful foothills of Chestnut Ridge. [illegible] outdoor sports; entertainment and [illegible]. Prepares for College or Professional Schools [illegible] Address Dr. [illegible] Kiskiminetas Springs School, Saltsburg, Pa.

KEE MAR COLLEGE Hagerstown, Maryland

For Women. [illegible] Preparatory [illegible] courses, with unusual advantages in Art and Music. $300 a year. For illustrated catalogue address
S. M. NEWMAN, D. D., President

Miss Annie Coolidge Rust's 20th Year
Froebel School of Kindergarten Normal Classes. BOSTON, MASS., PIERCE BLDG., COPLEY SQ.

Prepares for kindergarten, Primary and Playground positions.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE
100 South Darling Street, Angola, Indiana

Preparatory, [illegible], Teacher-Training and Commercial. $150 pays board, furnished room, tuition and library fee for 48 weeks. No entrance examination. Enter any time.

"Fish aren't bitin'? Well doggone it, who cares? Isn't the sun shinin', and the water rippin' an' the birds singin'? An' don't I have my trusty old jimmy pipe an' a tin of Prince Albert?

"Fishin' isn't just a matter of catchin' fish, anyway. Fishin' is enjoyin' yourself.

"And, for solid enjoyment, I tell you a good satisfyin' smoke like this has most things faded.

"Prince Albert doesn't bite neither. I've been a fishin' here all mornin', keepin' the old jimmy goin' steady, and Mr. Tongue is lollin' round as happy like, havin' a right good time."

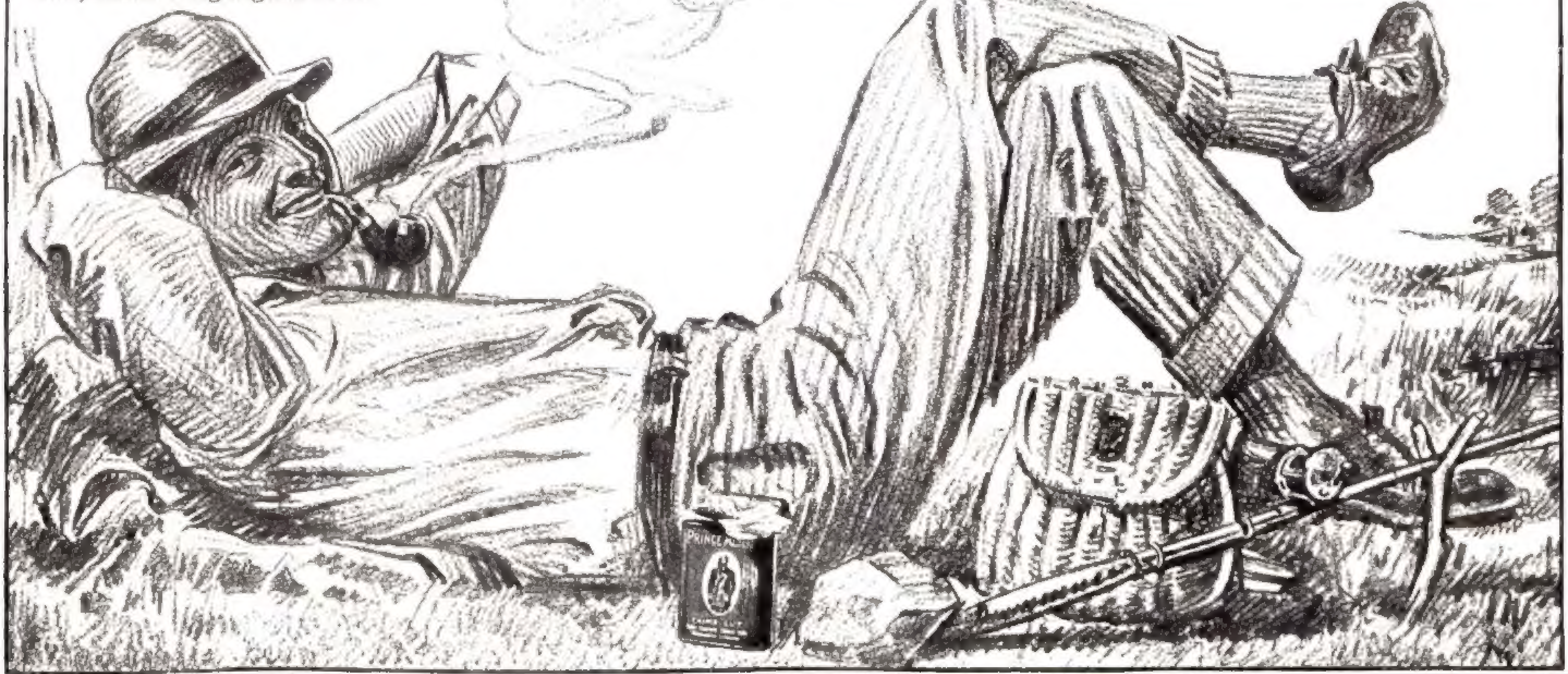
PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

Prince Albert can't bite your tongue. Let that sink in good and plenty. It's produced by patented, exclusive process that takes out the bite and leaves pure smoking satisfaction. Cool, long burning, close-fire and burns down to dust fine ashes. Fragrant and flavorous.

You can swap U. S. coin for the joy smoke at all up-to-date tobacco emporiums. 10c for the tidy red tin, 5c for red cloth bag lined with waterproof paper, pound and half-pound humidors.

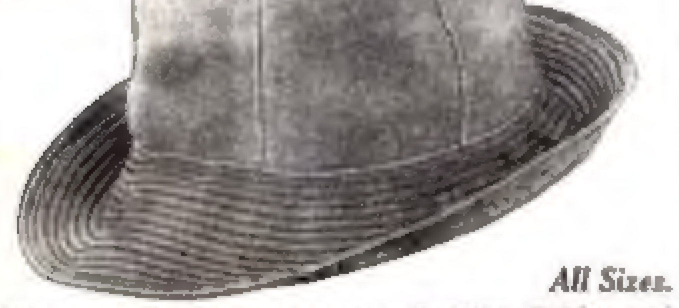
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Vest-Pocket Silk Hat

$1.50

Entirely Different



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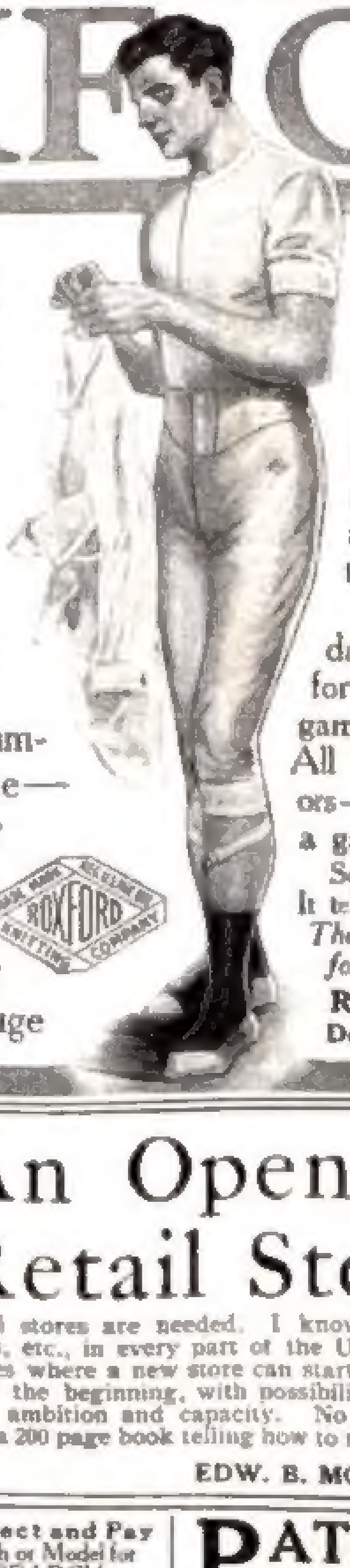

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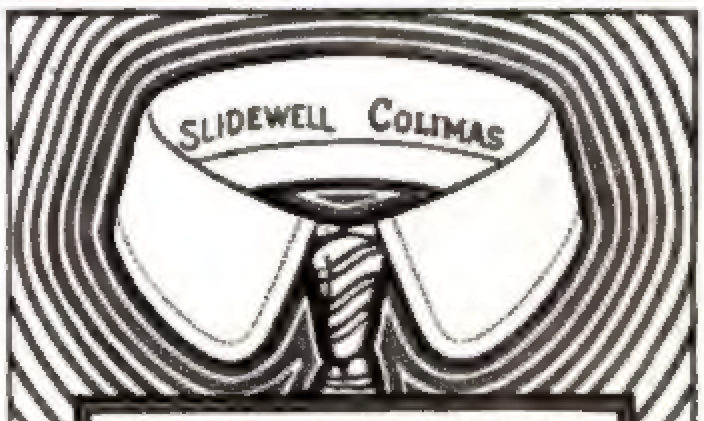

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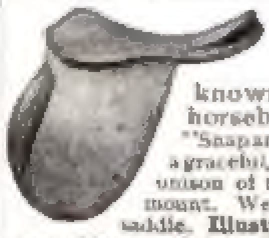

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We will make from your negative an 8 x 10 Enlargement, framed in black frame, with glass, for 35c. Cash with order. Send us glass negatives by express prepaid. Films by mail. Order 3 and enclose One Dollar and we will send our Exposure Scale FREE. HASTINGS & MILLER, 118-120 Nassau St., New York. (Established over 16 years.)

THE WRONG HAND

(Concluded from Page 6)

"I do not know that," said Gaul.

"I will tell you," said Abner; "we found a bloody handprint on your brother!"

"Is that all that you found on him?"

"That is all," said Abner.

"Well," cried Gaul, "does that prove that I killed him? Let me look your ugly suspicion in the face. Were not my brother's hands covered with his blood and was not the bed covered with his fingerprints, where he had clutched about it in his death-struggle?"

"Yes," said Abner; "that is all true."

"And was there any mark or sign in that print," said Gaul, "by which you could know that it was made by any certain hand"—and he spread out his fingers—"as, for instance, my hand?"

"No," said Abner.

There was victory in Gaul's face.

He had now learned all that Abner knew and he no longer feared him. There was no evidence against him—even I saw that.

"And now," he cried, "will you get out of my house? I will have no more words with you. Begone!"

Abner did not move. For the last five minutes he had been at work at something, but I could not see what it was, for his back was toward me. Now he turned to the table beside Gaul and I saw what he had been doing. He had been making a pen out of a goosequill! He laid the pen down on the table and beside it a horn of ink. He opened out the deed that he had brought, put his finger on a line, dipped the quill into the ink and held it out to Gaul.

"Sign there!" he said.

The hunchback got on his feet, with an oath.

"Begone with your damned paper!" he cried.

Abner did not move.

"When you have signed," he said.

"Signed!" cried the hunchback. "I will see you and your brother Rufus, and Elnathan Stone, and all the kit and kittle of you in hell!"

"Gaul," said Abner, "you will surely see all who are to be seen in hell!"

By Abner's manner I knew that the end of the business had arrived. He seized the will and the envelope that Gaul had brought from his secretary and held them out before him.

"You tell me," he said, "that these papers were written at one sitting! Look! The hand that wrote that envelope was calm and steady, but the hand that wrote this will shook. See how the letters wave and jerk! I will explain it. You have kept that envelope from some old letter; but this paper was written in this house—in fear! And it was written on the morning that your brother died. . . . Listen! When Elnathan Stone stepped back from your brother's bed he stumbled over a piece of carpet. The under side of that carpet was smeared with ink, where a bottle had been broken. I put my finger on it and it was wet."

The hunchback began to howl and bellow like a beast penned in a corner. I crouched under Abner's coat in terror. The creature's cries filled the great, empty house. They rose a hellish crescendo on the voices of the wind; and for accompaniment the sleet played shrill notes on the windowpanes, and the loose shingles clattered a staccato, and the chimney whistled—like weird instruments under a devil's fingers.

And all the time Abner stood looking down at the man—an implacable, avenging Nemesis—and his voice, deep and level, did not change.

"But, before that, we knew that you had killed your brother! We knew it when we stood before his bed. 'Look there,' said Rufus—'at that bloody handprint!' . . . We looked. . . . And we knew that Enoch's hand had not made that print. Do you know how we knew that, Gaul? . . . I will tell you. . . . The bloody print on your brother's right hand was the print of a right hand!"

. . . .

Gaul signed the deed, and at dawn we rode away, with the hunchback's promise that he would come that afternoon before a notary and acknowledge what he had signed; but he did not come—neither on that day nor on any day after that.

When Abner went to fetch him he found him swinging from his elm tree.

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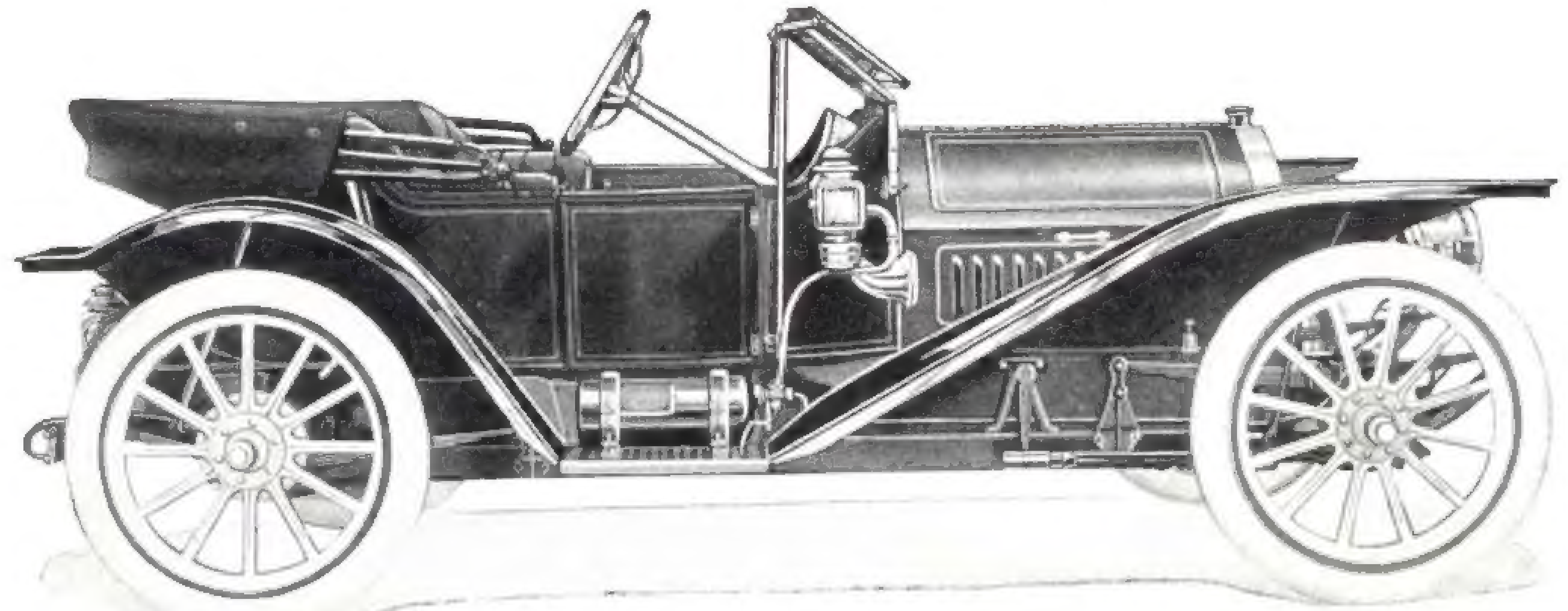

Regal "20" Underslung Roadster $900

THERE'S A PICTURE of what Underslung means. The first Underslung Roadster sold for less than $4,000—and sold for *so much less* that the Regal "20" at $900 has been eagerly purchased everywhere.

WE WILL GIVE YOU A FEW of the many "reasons why." And there are many more than we can give at this writing.

SO RAPID have been the changes in automobile design that new words and expressions have constantly crept into the Motor Car Vocabulary—but the word "Underslung" means more than any of them.

THIS MAGIC WORD is intimately related to at least two-thirds of those essentials every present or prospective automobile owner associates with automobile perfection.

THE PERFECT MOTOR CAR will never be built, but in the Regal "20" Underslung Roadster there are many elements of perfection.

IT'S A REAL ROADSTER. We mean—built a Roadster from the ground up. There's more in *that* perhaps than you think. It isn't a Roadster Body on a Touring Car Chassis.

IT'S AN "UNDERSLUNG"—The Regal Motor Car Company have ideals. It's proven in this car. The Underslung type of construction is the construction of the future. The Regal habit of looking ahead has forestalled competition. This car in a year will be the most widely copied car in the country because the advantages of the Underslung are overwhelmingly superior to all other types of suspension. Let us see:

SAFETY—Every man wants a safe car. Seventy-five per cent of automobile fatalities are caused by "turning turtle"—Anglo-Saxon for tipping over. The Underslung frame—having such a low center of gravity—defeats this eventuality. You can take any degree of "turn" without even a "swaying motion" to the body. The Underslung Regal "20" is pre-eminently a "safe" car.

ECONOMY—In automobile parlance a much-abused word. The most deadly factor in the life of tires is what is called "sidelash." If you care to examine the tires on a Regal Underslung "20" you will notice an "even wear" no matter how far the car has been run. Besides, the power plant being placed very low, the maximum horse power by a straight line drive is delivered from motor to rear wheels—a big saving in gasoline.

COMFORT—And you must sit in a Regal "20" Underslung to get a new interpretation of that word. You do not *ride* over the ground—you *skim* over it. Here is a car that "smoothes" the roughest road. The frame being retained in a horizontal position carries you always *forward*—there is no side-swaying motion—less tendency to skid. Comfort is built into every inch of the design—mathematically—prove it yourself.

SPEED—The Regal "20" Underslung is even faster than it looks. Every man likes a tilt once in a while against distance and time. We call the horse power "20," but the motor develops a lot more than that. This car won't take any cars' dust if you care to open the throttle. And it "sticks to the road" under any and every condition.

DESIGN—The frame is slung below the axles—every ounce of weight being well between the wheels, giving an ease of suspension that means long life to the chassis and an accessibility to motor and transmission that is exceptional.

BEAUTY—The Regal "20" Underslung is an exceptionally beautiful car. Wherever it is operated people turn to look at it. It is so conspicuous because it's so unique. The illustration at the top of this advertisement only gives an outline of its *real* beauty. Every line about it is attractive and masterful—7500 owners are each and every one proud of their Regal "20." To *see* it is to *want* it. To *ride* in it is to *buy* it.

SALES—So great is the demand for the Regal "20" Underslung Roadster that we have had to treble our manufacturing facilities to satisfy our customers. The more prospective purchasers *compared* it the more reasons the car gave them to *buy* it. It sold itself.

REPUTATION—We have carried on our business in a quiet and unostentatious way, and the *bigness* of our business is an overwhelming argument of the *quality* of our business. The reputation the Regal "20" Underslung has won for itself is your guarantee of satisfaction.

PRICE—We will emphasize *that*—$900. There's information for you behind this remarkable figure. The Regal Motor Car Company is managed by conservative business men who *build and sell automobiles for permanence.* What Regal Cars are sold for is a tribute to certain ideals in quality and production. We have never bragged in the press about the quantity of cars we sell—the *quality* at the *price* we *do* sell Regal Cars has suggested quantity production, for we are satisfied with a fair profit and every Regal owner has shared, not only in a generation of exceptional experience in the production and marketing of automobiles, but also in a distribution of profit that is warranted by making and selling thousands of cars every year.

THAT IS ONE OF THE "REASONS WHY" the Regal "20" Underslung Roadster gives such excelling value in *Safety*, *Economy*, *Comfort*, *Speed*, *Design* and *Beauty*.

An Incontrovertible Proof—This Car at $900

SEE THIS CAR—It will impress you. We have but given you the veriest suggestions. Regal dealers are everywhere. Visit one—have a demonstration—or write us and we will see that you get Regal Service.

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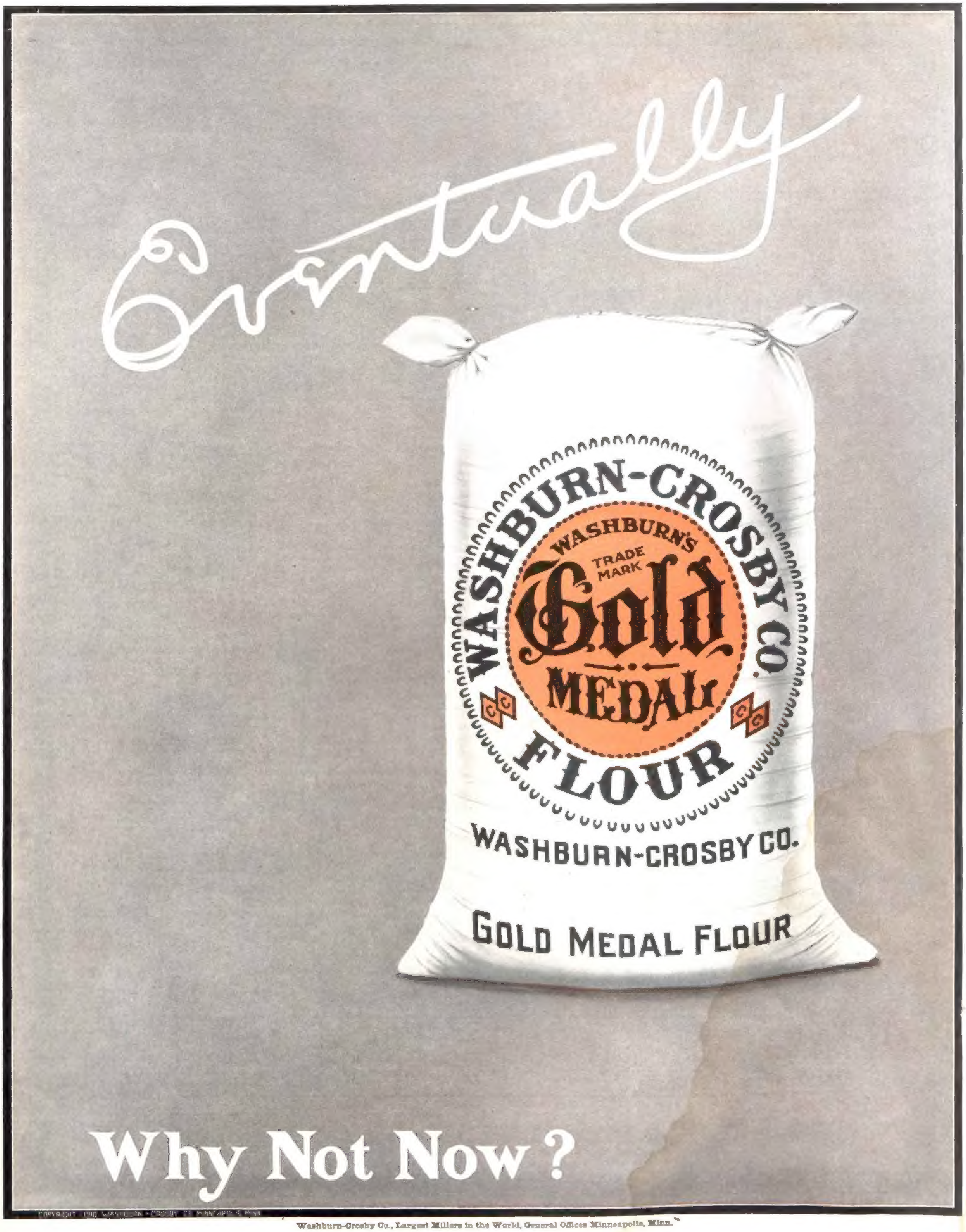
THE DEALERS who handle Regal Cars are especially chosen for a high standard of *service*. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the *foundation* of *service*. Their interest in customers does not *end* with the *sale* of a car, but *begins* with the *purchase* of a car. We are always looking for the **"REGAL STANDARD"** among dealers. *Wire* or *write*.

Regal Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan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